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THE
GREAT
COMMANDERS





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MEMOIRS

OF

GREAT COMMANDERS

BY

G. P. R. JAMES

AUTHOR OF "DARK SCENES OF HISTORY"

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS IN COLOURS

LONDON

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS

BROADWAY, LUDGATE HILL

NEW YORK: 416 BROOME STREET

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**GREAT BATTLES OF THE BRITISH
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By JAMES GRANT.

P R E F A C E.

THE greater part of the following pages were written nearly a year and a half ago; since which time various circumstances have intervened to obstruct the author and impede the publication. He trusts, nevertheless, that these occurrences, however annoying to himself, have not had any effect in injuring the work; for, favoured by the public far more than he is conscious of deserving, there is no labour he would not undertake, no effort he would not make, to secure the continuance of their approbation.

As some of the lives are much more brief and general than others, the word "Memoirs" has been used, perhaps erroneously, as having a more confined meaning than "Lives:" but at the same time the author thinks it necessary to say a few words in regard to the causes which prevented some of these sketches from being as much finished and as minute as others. In one instance, the character he was called upon to portray, though necessarily included in the series, possessed so few points on which the writer's mind could rest with pleasure, that, notwithstanding his efforts to the contrary, he unconsciously



abridged the detail. In another, he found that a far superior pen to his own was engaged in giving a lengthened and accurate account of the person to whom the memoir he had commenced referred ; and nothing remained for him but to confine himself to the general outline. In regard to a third, although an infinity of unauthenticated anecdotes and doubtful statements were to be found, for which the writer could discover no clear authority, yet very little precise information was to be obtained.

It is true, that these circumstances must, more or less, affect every volume of biography ; but the excuse, the author trusts, will not on that account be held the less valid, his work not being in all instances as full and circumstantial as he could have wished.

MEMOIRS OF GREAT COMMANDERS.

HENRY V.

KING OF ENGLAND.

Born at Monmouth—At the age of thirteen became prince of Wales—Early appearance of warlike abilities—Commands an army against Glendower and the Welch—Commands an expedition on the Scotch borders—Becomes king—Makes claims upon France—Prepares to enforce them—Lands in France—Besieges Harfleur, which surrenders—Battle of Agincourt—Henry returns to England—His conquests in Normandy—Lands with an army again in France—Besieges Ruen, which capitulates—Assassination of the duke of Burgundy—Treaty of Troyes—Henry marries Catherine of France—Siege of Montreau—Siege of Melun—Henry governs France—Duke of Clarence defeated and killed at Baugy in Anjou—Henry returns to France—Siege of Meaux—Meaux taken—Resides at Senlis—Sickness and death.

HENRY, the fifth English monarch of that name, was born at Monmouth, on the banks of the pleasant Wye, in the year 1384-5. He was the eldest son of Henry earl of Derby, and of Mary de Bohun, daughter of the earl of Hereford. During his infancy reverses and successes passed rapidly over his father's head; at the age of thirteen years he found himself the eldest son of the king of England, and was created by his father prince of Wales, duke of Cornwall, and earl of Chester. What the early education of Henry V. was, we are unable to ascertain, but it may be inferred that, during the life of his mother, principles of honour and virtue had been instilled into his bosom, which, though rendered dormant for a time, were not extinct. But, as he advanced towards manhood, his position drew around him evil companions, who, to answer their own interested purposes, encouraged the indulgence of passions engendered by idleness and high animal spirits.

The tales of his debauchery, and the depravity of his taste, while a youth, have been doubted and contradicted,

but not disproved by modern historians. The positive assertions of older writers, whose means of information were great and immediate, must always be considered more trustworthy than the theoretical doubts of persons who lived when a thousand sources of knowledge have been buried under the lumber of ages. Even supposing the accounts of Henry's wildness to be highly coloured, as traditions generally are, still traditions have always some truth as a foundation, and there is little more reason to doubt the excesses of Prince Hal than the eulogiums of the precocious virtues and talents that are handed down to us of other princes. His short reign proved him to be a man of clear sense and strong will; and as, even in the midst of his follies, scintillations of superior feelings and purposes were occasionally apparent, we think we must accept them as the wild shoots of a vigorous plant which the hand of time had not trained or pruned.

Out of a multitude of events which might be brought forward to prove this fact, one of the best authenticated, and the most striking, is his submission to Chief Justice Gascoign.

Henry, it would appear, had entered the court of justice in support of one of his dissolute companions, who had rendered himself amenable to the laws of his country. Notwithstanding the presence and influence of the prince, the magistrate did his duty towards the offender, without fear or favour, and in the heat of the moment Henry struck the judge upon the judgment-seat. Still unmoved and unruffled, the chief justice, without a hesitation on the score of the prince's rank or power, at once committed him for contempt of court.

Time had been given for the better spirit to assume its influence, and struck with the conscientious courage of the judge, the heir-apparent of the throne submitted to the punishment he had merited, and suffered himself without opposition to be led to prison, thus setting a noble example of obedience to the laws. His father was of a mind well qualified to appreciate the conduct both of his son and of his son's judge, and when the news was brought him—probably by those who sought to inflame the monarch's mind against the punisher of his son—he exclaimed with

joy: "Blessed is the king whose magistrates possess courage to execute the laws upon such an offender; and still more happy is he who has for a son, a prince willing to endure such wholesome chastisement."

Although, from all accounts, it would appear that many parts of the prince's conduct gave great pain and offence to his father, yet we find that Henry IV. never scrupled to entrust to his care some of the greatest and most important military operations of his reign. Whether the prince had already displayed the qualities of a soldier, in a degree sufficient to attract the notice of his father, or whether the king sought only to habituate him early to that inevitable career of arms which was in those days one of the misfortunes of royalty, we are not informed; but so early as his sixteenth or seventeenth year he fought at the battle of Shrewsbury, in which Henry Hotspur was slain. What was the part assigned to the prince on this occasion I do not find stated precisely; but all accounts agree that he proved of infinite assistance and service to his father both by action and example, and fought for a long time in the thickest of the battle, after being severely wounded by an arrow in the face.

The death of Percy spread dismay amongst his soldiers and allies, and after a fight of nearly four hours the party of Northumberland fled, leaving the king master of the field of battle, and a number of noble prisoners. Many of these were executed, either at Shrewsbury or London; and the earl of Northumberland, the chief support of the rebellion, made his peace for the time, to meditate fresh rebellions.

Owen Glendower, however, one of the confederates, was still in arms in Wales; and while Henry IV. returned in triumph to London, he despatched his eldest son, at the head of considerable forces, to reduce the principality to obedience. The unhappy Glendower, unable to oppose the army led against him, was forced to fly, and, abandoned by his friends and followers, is said to have died of starvation, among the caves and wildernesses in which he sought refuge. In the meanwhile the prince of Wales conducted his expedition with skill and wisdom; the whole country submitted to his power; and having re-established order

and tranquillity, he joined his father in London to receive public honour and paternal praise.

Although the earl of Northumberland had made submission, and had been permitted by the king to remain unmolested in his estates and dignities, but a short time elapsed before he was again deep in conspiracy against the monarch. The plot, however, was detected before it was ripe. The principal conspirators were arrested and beheaded, and the earl of Northumberland himself fled into Scotland, which had promised him aid and support, and thence into France, in search of more efficient succour. The king meanwhile took possession of all Northumberland, and while he made himself master of the strong places which had been garrisoned by the troops of the earl, he sent the prince of Wales forward into Scotland, upon one of those cruel expeditions which disgrace the records of the borders. Massacre, ruin, and destruction were the end and object, and no ultimate advantage was pretended or obtained by any party. The weak, mild, and unhappy Robert king of Scotland was then struggling through the latter years of his life; and his country, desolated by factions and weakened by intestine strife, was in no state to offer effectual opposition to the English invasion. After a long march through the country, in which an immense quantity of property was destroyed and plundered, the prince of Wales concluded a truce of some months with the border chiefs, and returned with all the honour his expedition deserved.

Little more occurs in the history of Henry as prince of Wales which is in itself interesting, if stripped of the embellishments added to it by the fancy of our great poet. A project of marriage between the heir of the English crown and a daughter of the duke of Burgundy was entertained for some time, but died away, and the opposite, or Orleans, party in France, was afterwards supported by the English crown. At length, Henry IV., on the eve of an expedition to the Holy Land, undertaken, it is said, in expiation of his usurpation of the throne, was struck with apoplexy; and a tale, in regard to his death, is current amongst the historians of the period, on which Shakspeare has founded one of the most beautiful scenes in

his historical dramas. The poet, however, is far more indebted for the splendour of his materials to his own imagination, than to any historical record. The facts, as related by the best authorities, are simply as follow.

After the first attack of apoplexy the king was carried to a chamber in the house of the abbot of Westminster, and put to bed, and at his own desire the crown was laid upon his pillow. He languished in a state of great weakness for some time, and at length, after a second attack, appeared to those who were watching him to have yielded the spirit. The chamberlain immediately spread a linen cloth over the face of the king, and hastened to communicate his supposed death to the heir-apparent, who, entering the room to take a last look at his father's body, removed the crown from his pillow, and carried it into another apartment. After a short time the monarch revived, and sending for his son, demanded, angrily, why he had removed the crown. The prince replied, that all men had thought him dead, and therefore he had taken the symbol of royalty as his by right.

"What right I have to it myself, God knows," replied the king, "and how I have enjoyed it."

"Of that," replied the prince, "it is not for me to judge; but if you die king, my father, I will have the garland, and will defend it with my sword against all enemies, as you have done."

Not long after this conversation Henry IV. expired, and his son, the prince of Wales, was immediately proclaimed king, by the title of Henry V. But his change was not alone in name or station; his vices and his follies he cast from him, as an unworthy garment, and assumed with royalty a royal mind. The debauched companions of his youth were banished from his presence and his counsels, and forbidden to approach within ten miles of his dwelling. But at the same time we are assured that they were not left in indigence or necessity. Wisdom and virtue became the only recommendations which raised any one to his service; and those who had proved themselves most worthy, under the government of the former monarch, found themselves most readily welcomed by the new king.

It is not, of course, my purpose here to trace the life of Henry V. in the civil government of his realm, but never-

theless one of his first actions after coming to the throne deserves some notice, as exemplifying the character of him whose life as a commander I am about to sketch. The body of the unhappy King Richard II. had remained unhonoured at Langly during the period which had elapsed between his death and that of him who had deposed him; but although there were still living many claimants to the crown of England whose right was unquestionably better than his own, Henry V. had the boldness or the magnanimity to remove the dust of the murdered monarch to Westminster, and solemnly mingle it with that of former kings. He knew that there is but one title by which a king can hold his throne against internal enemies—the consent of his people; and but one means by which he can guard it against external foes—the sword; and he felt himself qualified to rely on both.

It is said that the first warlike expedition of the young king was prompted by the archbishop of Canterbury, on those motives which Protestant writers are somewhat too fond of attributing to Roman Catholic prelates. We are told that, at the Parliament of Leicester, the Commons demanded that a bill should be reconsidered and passed, which had been brought in during a former session for appropriating the lands and moneys bestowed by devotees upon the church, to the more popular purpose (as it was at that time) of providing a standing army. To turn the mind of the king from this subject, the archbishop is supposed to have revived the antiquated claims of the English monarchs, not only to the great portion of the French territory which had been actually held by former English sovereigns, but to the crown of France itself; and to have filled the mind of a young and warlike prince with the desires of military glory and territorial aggrandizement.

It is far more likely, however, that such desires were already germinating in the heart of the young king, and that the political necessity of giving active employment abroad to the factious and turbulent nobility, which formed the military strength of that day, supported the natural wishes of an ambitious prince. No moment could have been more favourable for prosecuting such claims upon the throne of

France than the period of Henry's accession. The unhappy monarch Charles VI., in a state of mental imbecility, was but a tool in the hands of others. His infamous queen, Isabella of Bavaria, laboured to divide and ruin her husband's kingdom, rather than to tranquillize and consolidate it. The Burgundian and Armagnac factions committed every excess unpunished, and desolated their native land with continual strife; while the Dauphin, plunged in pleasures and debaucheries, an object of anger to some and contempt to others, abandoned to its fate a country he had not energy to govern.

Henry appears early to have conceived the design of taking advantage of this state of disorganization, and of adding another crown to that which his father had usurped. His first step was to send as ambassadors to the court of France, the earl of Dorset, Richard Lord Grey, and the bishops of Durham and Norwich, to require in marriage the daughter of the French king; but together with this pacific proposal was coupled the extraordinary demand of the duchies of Aquitaine and Normandy, with the counties of Ponthieu, Maine, and Anjou. The ambassadors were received by the French monarch during one of the intervals of his malady, and were splendidly entertained in Paris; but after a short time returned without a satisfactory answer, the French monarch declaring that he would send his own envoys to treat with the king of England.

Henry did not pause for their arrival, but immediately began to concentrate all the forces he could collect at Southampton, and sent two men of the name of Clitherow and Fleet to Holland, for the purpose of obtaining the necessary shipping to transport his large army to the invasion of France. The news of these preparations hastened the journey of the French ambassadors, and various negotiations took place, which, of course, when one party was determined upon war, did not terminate in peace.

Some authors have asserted that on the first extravagant demands of the English king, the Dauphin, unaware of the change that had taken place in his character since his accession to the throne, sent him over a ton of tennis-

balls in contempt; to which Henry replied, that he would soon return the present with balls which the gates of Paris would prove too weak as rackets to send back.

This tale is apparently fabulous; for neither do we find it confirmed by the best historians, nor is it rendered more probable by the character of the Dauphin; who was far too debauched himself to presume to sneer at the debaucheries of another prince. No sooner was the truce at an end which then existed between France and England, than Henry himself proceeded to Southampton to take the command of his army in person. The very night previous to the appointed day of embarkation, however, the monarch discovered a conspiracy amongst his most familiar followers, which caused a temporary delay.

The earl of Cambridge, Henry Lord Scroop, and Sir Thomas Gray were accused of combining to take the king's life, and on being arrested confessed their treason. In regard to the motives which could induce three men of high rank and unblemished character, to undertake the commission of so base a crime against a monarch who loved and trusted them, there seem to be many doubts. A bribe from France, which has been stated as the cause, seems to be totally inadequate to the effect; and it is much more probable that the purpose of elevating to the throne the earl of March, the true and direct heir of the unhappy Richard II., was that which the conspirators had in view, as stated by the best French historians. To the earl of March himself, however, Henry was invariable in his kindness, and even when the conspirators were executed, the confidence of the king in his less happy cousin does not seem to have been at all shaken.

As soon as justice was done upon the traitors, the English armament put to sea, and notwithstanding great preparations which had been made for defending the French coast, Henry landed his troops in safety at the mouth of the Seine: and immediately laid siege to Harfleur, at that time the principal sea-port of Normandy. His forces are said by Monstrelet to have consisted at this period of six thousand men-at-arms, or such as wore helmets, and twenty-four thousand archers, besides a large and well-

appointed train of artillery, which was now rapidly coming into use in sieges.

The operations against Harfleur detained the English monarch for some time, the walls being strong and thick, protected by a deep ditch, and flanked by many towers of considerable size: and during the space thus employed, great efforts were made on the part of the French to repel the invasion of their island enemies.

The Dauphin himself advanced to Vernon on the Seine, and the famous Marshal Boucicault, one of the most celebrated knights of his time, gathered together a large force, and advanced towards the English army. Still it was not judged prudent to attack King Henry in his camp; and Boucicault confined his efforts to cutting off the supplies of the British forces. This proved the more detrimental, as a great part of the provisions brought from England had been spoiled by the sea air, and a severe species of dysentery began to manifest itself in the camp, of which more than two thousand men perished in a few days.

Nevertheless, Henry did not suffer his courage to fail, and the siege was continued with unabated vigour. At length the means of defence began to diminish fast within the town. Two waggons of powder, which the French attempted to introduce, fell into the hands of the English; the walls were ruined by the effects of the artillery, and at length the governor agreed to surrender, if he should not be relieved within three days. The three days expired without succour, and Harfleur was surrendered to the king of England.

This first conquest had already cost the English monarch dear; not so much by the efforts of his enemies as by the pestilence which afflicted his army, and which had already spread to nearly one-half of his troops. He seems, therefore, to have entertained the idea of contenting himself, for the time, with what he had already acquired; and, after repairing the fortifications of Harfleur, and supplying it with a strong garrison and abundant provisions, he sent back a considerable part of his army, under the command of the duke of Clarence, and with the rest, who were in a more healthy condition, he proceeded to march for Calais.

His forces now amounted only to two thousand men-at-arms and thirteen thousand archers; and by proclamations and manifestoes of every kind that could stir up the spirit of a warlike people, the Dauphin and the French council were striving to raise a sufficient body of forces to cut off the English army on its march. Nor were their efforts unseconded by the nobility of the country. The duke of Orleans and the Armagnac faction made every exertion in defence of their native land; and though the duke of Burgundy, who was by this time in treaty with the English monarch, neglected to send his contingent, and impeded his subjects, as far as possible, in their attempts to join the defenders of France, the gallant nobility of Burgundy were not to be restrained, and every day flocked to the standard of the Constable D'Albre and the Marshal Boucicault.

Tidings of gathering hosts did not fail to reach the small and weakened English army, and Henry with all speed approached the river Somme, and attempted the passage at the ford of Blanchetache, where his great-grandfather, King Edward, had passed prior to the battle of Crecy. The ford, however, was already defended by so strong a force, that Henry was obliged to relinquish his design; and, ascending the banks of the river, he endeavoured to find some other spot where the same precautions had not been taken by the enemy. At every passage, however, he found them prepared to receive him; the bridges were burned, the fords were guarded or destroyed, and at Abbeville the constable and Boucicault had already assembled a force infinitely superior to his own. Marching onward, however, with a bold aspect, the English monarch still ascended the course of the river, while the French army, on the other side, followed him step by step. On more than one occasion Henry paused on his march, in the best position he could find, and seemed to await the attack of the enemy; but no rencontre of any consequence took place between the English and the French armies, though at Corbie the armed peasantry, headed by some men-at-arms of that town, engaged the English advanced guard, and were driven with great slaughter to the gates. By this time the principal force of the French had advanced as far as Peronne; and between Corbie and that place the English discovered a ford, which had either

been neglected or was unknown, over which the army passed the river unopposed.

While these operations were taking place in the field, the council of the king of France were deliberating upon the question, whether it would be expedient to attack the retreating army of England, and risk a general battle, or still to hang upon its rear, and endeavour to destroy it piecemeal in its march towards Calais. The bolder measure was adopted by a large majority of the council; and it was published throughout France, that all noble and valiant men who sought to acquire glory in the field of battle should repair immediately to the Constable D'Albre, who proposed to give battle to the English invaders with all speed. Such a summons called immense multitudes into the field; and the hourly increase of the French army threatened but to render the destruction of the English too easy an achievement to redound greatly to the honour of the French knights.

From Mouchy, where the king of England had first paused after the passage of the river, he proceeded to a small town called Maisoncelles, while the French commanders hastened to endeavour to cut off his retreat, and took up their position at Roussauville and Agincourt. The certainty of the most brilliant success animated the hearts of the French, while all that the English could derive from their situation was the courage of despair. About one hundred thousand regular troops, besides a number of irregular partizans, were opposed to the English army, which, when it set out from Harfleur, consisted but of fifteen thousand men, and which, in passing through an enemy's country, had of course found no means of recruiting its forces; while it is but fair to suppose that many men had been lost by weariness, disease, and occasional encounters with the enemy.

Thus the two armies passed the night of Thursday, the 24th of October, 1415, within about three bow-shots of each other, lodging principally in the open field. The French spent the time at great fires, surrounding their various banners with much merriment and rejoicing; and, as usual on the eve of a great battle, a number of gentlemen received the honour of knighthood, to prepare them for the

following day. The English army generally received the sacrament, and afterwards, it is reported, cheered themselves with the sounds of their musical instruments during the greater part of the night. One of the French historians also relates, as an extraordinary fact, that, notwithstanding the excellent appointments and warlike provision of the French army, there were few, if any, instruments of music to be found in their host; and he adds that, during that night, it was remarked the horses of the French army did not even break the silence as usual by their neighings.

Early in the morning the dispositions for battle were made in both hosts. The French were divided into three large bodies, forming the van, the main, and the rear guard, each having its own centre and wings; but it was determined, at the same time, to await the approach of the English, who must necessarily pass them in the attempt to reach Calais.

Finding that the attack was not made by the enemy, as he had expected would be the case, Henry, after having refreshed his soldiers, marched forward to the unequal contest, throwing forward a body of about two hundred archers, who concealed themselves in a meadow not far from the vanguard of the French, behind a ditch which defended them from the charge of cavalry. The rest of the army was speedily arranged, the archers being placed in front, and furnished with pointed stakes, which, planted in the ground and shod with iron, formed a rampart against the enemy's men-at-arms. The horse supported the foot, and in the wings, we are told by Monstrelet, were mingled archers and cavalry.

The English force now advanced rapidly to the attack of the French army, keeping perfect order, and a bold and determined front, while their adversaries also placed themselves in array, and prepared to win the victory, of which they entertained no doubt. King Henry was now on foot, in the front of his forces, and an oration is attributed to him, which, as it was fabricated, beyond all doubt, long after his death, I shall not here repeat. Sir Thomas of Erpingham, an old and experienced knight, advanced before the rest, and when the whole army had arrived within bow-shot of the enemy, he threw up his warder in the air, which

was followed by that tremendous cheer that has in all ages preceded the onset of the British.

The English archers wore no defensive armour in the field of Agincourt, and the steel-clad thousands of the French beheld with contempt the handful of half-naked bowmen that advanced against them, few with even a coat upon their shoulders, many bareheaded, and almost all of them with nothing to defend them but their bow, their sword, or axe. But when they drew their cloth-yard shafts to the head, and the whistling messengers of death flew thick amongst the Gallic horse, the boldest knights were glad to bend their heads to their saddle-bows, to defend their faces from the searching arrows of the English.

The casting up of the warder in the air, and shouts of the advancing army, had been the signal for the concealed archers to open their discharge upon the flank of the French cavalry, and so fatally true were their arrows, that in a moment a body of eight hundred men-at-arms, who had been thrown forward to break the line of the English foot, were themselves cast into terrible confusion, and their horses becoming unmanageable from the galling wounds they received, only a hundred and forty reached the English lines. The rest, driven back in disorder, rushed in amongst the vanguard of their own army, carrying with them fear and disarray; while still the tremendous flight of cloth-yard shafts falling thick among the French, put the whole of the first division of the enemy to flight.

At that moment, abandoning their bows, and betaking themselves to their swords, their axes, and their bills, the English archers advanced rapidly to take advantage of the disorder of the enemy. The king, at the head of his men-at-arms, supported them powerfully, and advancing onward with steady determination, the way was cleared to the main body of the French, who found themselves assailed and broken almost before they knew that those who preceded them were defeated. The rearguard of the adverse army, still nearly double in number to the victorious English, fled in a body, with the exception of some of the more renowned leaders, who remained to strike one stroke still for the honour of France. But at this part of the engagement, the news was brought to Henry that a body of the

French were in his rear, and plundering the baggage of his army. The field was still full of the enemy, a moment's pause would have been sufficient to renew their courage; and imagining that a separate division, instead of a few plunderers, which was really the case, were hanging upon his rear, the king issued an order for every man to dispatch his prisoners. This was instantly executed, and a terrible slaughter was the consequence; but the motive for this bloody act was universally known, and, contrary to the custom of adverse nations, was not made the subject of animadversion even by his enemies.

The last effort on the part of the French to turn the fortune of the day was made by the counts of Marle and Faquembergue, who with six hundred men-at-arms cast themselves into the English lines when the battle was absolutely lost, and were all either slain or made prisoners. The rest of the army fled in every direction, and the remnant of fifteen thousand men which Henry had led to the field remained upon the plain of Agincourt, the conquerors of nearly ten times their number.

The king of England, when the battle was completely won, and the field clear, rode round the spot over which such a terrible day had passed, and calling to him the herald of the French monarch—who either came up after the battle, or in his sacred character had remained behind—he demanded of him to whom, according to his own confession, the victory belonged—to him, or to the king of France? Those who read the history of many battles will see that the question was not a needless one, even on such a field as Agincourt; and to the heralds of that day belonged the decision of all doubtful points in matters of arms. Mountjoie, king-at-arms, instantly replied that the victory was to be attributed, not to the king of France, but the king of England; and Agincourt remains one of the few fields which have been claimed only by the party that won them.

The loss on the two adverse sides was very differently apportioned; that of the English amounting to only sixteen hundred of every grade, whilst the French lost upwards of ten thousand men, of whom more than eight thousand were of noble birth, and from a hundred to a hundred and twenty,

whose rank entitled them to display their own banners in the field. Three thousand knights also, we are informed by the journal of a Parisian burgher, fell among the French, and the number of prisoners that remained, even after the slaughter of those first captured, was immense.

The fight lasted till near four o'clock in the afternoon; and the weary army of England retired to the same village in which it had passed the preceding night, and spent the evening in thanksgiving and rejoicing. Henry, however, did not attempt, with the small forces which he could still command, to pursue his victory any farther; but, after refreshing his men, followed the course in which the French army had endeavoured to stop him, and marched unopposed to Calais, whence he took ship, and proceeded by Dover to London.

Shortly after his return to England, Henry was visited by Sigismund emperor of Germany, accompanied by French ambassadors commissioned to treat for peace under his mediation. But while Henry continued to exact severe terms, the French gave him constant excuses for proceeding in the war, by their efforts to recover Harfleur, which, however, were constantly defeated by the activity of the English monarch and his commanders.

In the meanwhile the Armagnac faction continued to rule at the French court; and the duke of Burgundy, in open opposition to the Dauphin and his friends, made no scruple of ravaging the territories of his liege lord, or of negotiating openly with the enemies of his country. Nor did the death of the young duke of Aquitaine, at that time Dauphin, in any degree change the aspect of France; for his brother Charles—who succeeded, after the death of another brother—though of a more active disposition and more vigorous frame, was equally unable to repress the factions of the nobles, and equally an object of hatred to the house of Burgundy. That which put the final stroke to the ruin and divisions of France, however, was the infamous dereliction of every principle by the Queen Isabella of Bavaria. Her private vices had long been a scandal to the court, and at length becoming too glaring to be passed over even by her own son, she was removed from Paris to Tours, and there detained in close confinement. It is not, of course, my purpose to trace all the struggles that ensued between

the two factions of France: and it may suffice to say that the queen, making her situation known to the duke of Burgundy, was liberated by him, and by her influence obtained for her new ally the greater part of the large cities of France, including the capital. An active war immediately ensued between the duke and the Dauphin; and about this period Henry king of England once more took the seas with a large army, and landed at a place called Toucque, in Normandy.

To conquer the former patrimony of the British kings seemed the monarch's first object, and in a very short time he made himself master of almost all the principal cities of the duchy. Caen, indeed, resisted with devoted courage, and, after a severe siege, was taken by assault; but the governors of the other fortified places in Normandy, divided between the Armagnac and Burgundian parties, had no confidence in their soldiers or each other, and one after another submitted to the power of the conqueror. Nor, indeed, did Henry spare any means to obtain his purpose in such a bloodless manner. All his proclamations announced that those who submitted should be safe in person and property; and his address to all the French people holds out to them that prospect of peace and protection which had long been unknown amongst the dissensions of their nobles. The first person of great influence, however, who joined the forces of the English king, was the duke of Brittany; and, though Henry required no very great exertions from his new ally, the example of such a defection from the crown of France was greatly in behalf of the invader. Rouen, the capital of Normandy, however, still resolutely closed her gates against the English.

The attack and capture of the Pont de l'Arche announced to the people of Rouen, and to the king of France, that the war was about to approach the gates of the Norman capital, and every exertion was made, both by the Burgundian faction, who now held the king in their hands, and the burghers of the city itself, to repel the English in the attempt. A number of famous knights and commanders threw themselves into the city, which was, besides, garrisoned by upwards of four thousand men-at-arms, and fifteen thousand armed citizens, all eager in the cause. Not a moment

was lost in providing the place with everything necessary to sustain the people during a long siege; and, while the citizens laboured day and night to repair the walls, the gates, and the towers, proclamation was made throughout the town, that every one willing to remain within the walls was to lay in provisions for ten months, and that those who were not able to do so were immediately to quit the city.

A number of the poor, the women and the children, took advantage of this warning, and abandoned the place; but, unfortunately, many who should have done so likewise, remained till the English troops appeared before the town, and escape became impossible. It was in the month of June, before the new corn was ready for the sickle, that Henry laid siege to Rouen, and his preparation at once showed his determination not to abandon the attempt under any circumstances. In the midst of the efforts of the besieged to impede his progress, he stretched his camp around the city, and defended his troops with strong lines, while to cut off the possibility of supplies being thrown into the town by water, he drew two lines of strong chains across the Seine, above and below the spot where Rouen rests upon the river.

Immense efforts were now made by the English to force an entrance, but the defences of the place were so strong, and the defenders so resolute, that no hope appeared of effecting a practicable breach in the walls. Many a sally took place, and many an assault, and many a feat of arms was performed between the two armies. But in the mean time the provisions of the people of the town began to decrease, and a smaller and smaller portion of food became the allowance of each day. Reports were spread by the French without, to encourage the besieged and dismay the English, that the king and the duke of Burgundy, with an immense force, were marching to raise the siege, or to throw provisions into the city; but the king was in a state of imbecility, and the duke of Burgundy was too eagerly pursuing his hatred towards the Dauphin to bring effectual succour to Rouen. No relief appeared; and, as the winter began to approach, the scarcity within the walls grew more and more terrible. The ordinary food of man failed altogether. Bad water, with a few drops of vinegar to purify

it, became the drink of the highest classes. Horseflesh was a dainty only to be procured by the rich. Dogs, rats, and mice were sold at exorbitant prices; and still gaunt famine made rapid progress. All the resources that despair could devise were exhausted one, after the other, and it began to be a common tale each morning that two or three had died of hunger in the night. Horror followed upon horror. Infants were seen hanging on the cold breasts of dead mothers in the street, and striving to draw the wonted nourishment from the inanimate clay. The soldiers, whose provision had been more carefully hoarded, at length drove out beyond the walls the starving wretches whom they could not support, while the English soldiers hunted them back to the gates, in order that they might sooner induce the city to capitulate. The gates, however, were closed upon them; and several hundreds of these miserable beings were suffered to lie out in the cold of the December nights between the besieged city and the English trenches. Henry, however, more than once took compassion on them and sent them food, but, adhering to the cruel policy of war, would not suffer them to pass his camp. At length the inhabitants, by murmurs and threats, compelled the garrison to treat; and, after a long and painful negotiation, Rouen capitulated, upon terms which could hardly be called unfavourable, in the situation to which its defenders were reduced.

The news of the fall of Rouen had great effect on the rest of Normandy, and twenty-seven towns, or castles, immediately made submission to the king of England, without even being summoned to surrender. Nor was this immediate benefit the only advantage which followed the capture of Rouen. Dismay and doubt pervaded all France, and thoughts of peace and concession were entertained by those who had hitherto breathed nothing but war and defiance to the king of England. Henry, on his part, still demanded the hand of the beautiful Catherine of France; and a meeting was agreed upon between the English monarch and his brothers, on the one part, and the queen, the princess, and the duke of Burgundy, on the other.

The interview was delayed till the middle of April; but it then took place with great splendour, in an inclosed field,

near Meulan. The news of these events reached the Dauphin, and with them brought the certainty of his own ruin, should the proposed union between the Burgundian faction and the English invaders be carried into effect. In consequence, his first step was to offer peace and amity to the duke of Burgundy; not, in all probability, that he forgot or forgave the past offences of that proud prince, but because he knew that matters of difference must arise between the English and French crowns, which, if the duke of Burgundy were confident of treating with himself, would probably break off the negotiations, by the refusal of King Henry's demands.

At all events such was the case. The duke, confident of alliance with the prince, would not yield to the high demands of the English monarch, and the meeting terminated unsatisfactorily, though with much courtesy on all parts. The war was instantly renewed by the English; and while the Dauphin and the Burgundian leader met and concluded a hollow and heartless peace, Henry, seeing that nothing but activity could accomplish his object against the new combination which was formed to oppose him, hurried rapidly on upon the path of conquest he had opened for himself. Pontoise was almost immediately taken by surprise, Gisors and Château Gaillard fell after a short siege, and the terrific news of the advance of the English reached Paris, and induced the king, the queen, and the duke of Burgundy to abandon the capital and retire to Troyes.

At this crisis a meeting was proposed between the duke of Burgundy and the Dauphin, to consider the final arrangement of all their differences, and the means to be taken against the common enemy. Had good faith or common honesty been observed, a league might have been formed which would have soon expelled the English from the soil of France; but one of the most nefarious pieces of treachery that was ever practised resulted from the confidence which the Burgundian prince placed in the son of his king; and the consequence was temporary ruin to the kingdom, and a long cause of misery to the prince who committed the deed. After some doubts and persuasions, the duke of Burgundy presented himself at Montereau, and met the Dauphin on the bridge which had been appointed for the place of inter-

view ; but at the moment he was kneeling to do honour to the son of the monarch, he was killed by some of the officers of the prince with battle-axes.

The parties of the Burgundians and the Armagnacs were instantly revived. Philip, count of Charrolois, the only son of the dead duke, in assuming the honours of his father, inherited a greater share of hatred against the Dauphin than ever that father had displayed ; and the first effect of his revenge was the fatal measure of immediate treaty with the English king. During the time spent in negotiation, Henry found that the vengeance sworn by the duke of Burgundy towards the Dauphin, and the hatred borne towards her son by the unnatural queen of France, would easily, if properly turned to advantage, lead him to the object of his ambition. His ambassadors, according to the desire of the French court, were instantly sent to Troyes, where the weak king remained under the guidance of his evil wife and her counsellors ; and they soon sketched out a treaty by which, on marrying the Princess Catherine, the English monarch should be declared heir to the crown of France, to the exclusion of the Dauphin and his lineage. This hasty treaty was as hastily ratified ; and Henry, with fifteen thousand men, departed from Rouen, and, marching with all speed to Troyes, put the seal to an arrangement which conveyed to him the throne for which he had fought, by marrying the daughter of the French monarch. To the first articles proposed was now added, at the request of Henry, that the regency of the kingdom, to the government of which Charles was totally incompetent, should be entrusted to him ; and no sooner was the solemnity of his marriage completed, than he took the field against the Dauphin, leading the unhappy king of France and his whole court against the natural heir to the throne. The town of Sens first fell before the arms of England and Burgundy ; and immediately after siege was laid to Montereau, where the assassination of John the Bold* had been committed.

After a brief siege the town itself was taken by assault ; but the garrison, retreating into the castle, declared they

* His title is properly John the Fearless (*sans peur*). We likewise say Charles the Bold, of Burgundy, whereas his proper designation is Charles the Rash (*téméraire*).

would defend themselves to the last. The obstinacy of their resistance irritated the English monarch, and hurried him into a piece of cruelty which must not be passed over in silence. A number of prisoners had been taken in the assault of the town, and their lives had certainly been spared at a moment when no quarter was generally given; but Henry ought to have felt that the only excuse for the cruelties of a storm is the excessive excitement of the soldiery, and that the lives of prisoners made at such a moment should be as secure, when the first violence of angry passions has passed away, as those taken under any other circumstances. From those, however, which had now fallen into his hands, he selected twelve, and, threatening them with death if they did not succeed, sent them to the governor to urge the surrender of the citadel. Their prayers were rejected, the castle still held out, and Henry cruelly ordered his unfortunate missives to be hanged within sight of the gate. Not long after the citadel surrendered, and the English monarch proceeded to the siege of Melun-on-the-Seine, which was at that time strongly fortified, and garrisoned by some of the best troops of the Dauphin's party.

Its resistance was proportioned to its strength, and for eighteen weeks it set the united army of England and Burgundy at defiance. No means, however, were left unemployed by the besiegers to gain the walls; and though the general course of events was as uninteresting as the events of a siege generally are, it may be noticed, as a curious trait of the warfare of that day, that, in one of the mines which had been counter-mined by the besieged, the king of England and the duke of Burgundy came to close combat with two of the Dauphin's partizans. At length the want of provisions forced the town to surrender, and articles of capitulation were agreed to, by which the garrison were to be treated as prisoners of war, excepting such as were *bonâ fide* subjects of the king of England, and such as had been accessory to the murder of the duke of Burgundy. These were reserved for punishment; and, after the surrender of the town, the monarchs and their courts proceeded to Paris, where they were received with joy and acclamations. Feasts and splendour, songs and rejoicings, resounded

through the capital ; the halls smoked with banquets, and the conduits ran with wine ; but it was remarked with a sigh, by the more loyal men of France, that their native king sat in solitude and neglect in his palace, while the multitude ran to gaze and shout at the magnificence of the stranger.

Henry also now took upon him the whole executive power of the government. The governors of towns, the officers of state, the magistrates, and the dignitaries, were placed and displaced at his pleasure. The currency of the country was altered at his suggestion, and his counsels swayed everything in France. However, England was still at his heart ; and leaving a country that his sword and his policy had conquered, as soon as he could do so with any security, he carried his beautiful bride to be crowned in London.

The moment, however, that his foot was out of France his interests in that country declined ; and the rashness of his officers brought confusion and ruin into his affairs. Town after town was taken by the Dauphin ; and at length the duke of Clarence, the English monarch's brother, and all the chivalry that accompanied him, were defeated at Baugy in Anjou, the duke himself, as well as three thousand of his men, remaining dead upon the field. This news, accompanied by the farther tidings that the Dauphin was advancing to besiege Chartres, called upon the king imperatively to return to France ; and leaving the queen, who was now near her confinement, to follow at a future time, Henry set out for Calais accompanied by four thousand men-at-arms and twenty-four thousand archers.

His coming gave new courage to the Burgundian faction, and struck fear into the followers of the Dauphin. Scarcely pausing at all in the capital, the English monarch advanced direct towards Chartres, before which the Dauphin had already been encamped three weeks ; but long ere the English reached the town the gates were free, and the adverse army with all speed retreated towards Touraine. Thither the English monarch followed, breathing revenge for the death of his brother. Dreux and Beaugeney-sur-Loire were conquered by the way ; but after pursuing the Dauphin ineffectually for some time, the scarcity of provisions

obliged him to return towards Normandy. On his march back, he is said to have fallen in with a party of the Armagnac faction, who retreated before him into a castle called Rougemont, which was instantly assailed and taken by the English. All who were within, the French historians assert, to the number of sixty persons, were, by the king's order, drowned in the Loire, a fact which accords too well with the manners of the time and some parts of the monarch's own character.*

The town of Meaux was the next object of attack, and a long and courageous defence was made by the Dauphinois within. After Henry had lain a considerable time before the city, an attempt was made by a celebrated knight, named Offemont, whom the garrison had invited to command them, to force his way into the town during the night. A ladder had been let down, and the knight with forty men-at-arms had reached the foot of the walls. One passed after another, but Offemont himself remained below till nearly the whole were in safety. When, at last, he was in the act of mounting, one of the spokes of the ladder unhappily broke under his weight, and he was cast headlong into the ditch below. He was thence drawn out, not by his friends, but by his enemies, whom the noise of his fall and the exclamations of his followers brought to the spot; and he remained for some time a prisoner in the hands of the English.

About this time the news was brought to the king of the birth of his son, the unfortunate Henry VI.; and, as soon as possible afterwards, the queen herself hastened to join him, bringing considerable reinforcements under John Duke of Bedford.

The day after the capture of the lord of Offemont, the town of Meaux itself was taken by assault, but the besieged retreated into a fortified market-place, where they continued to defend themselves. At length, hopeless of aid, and almost at the end of their provisions, they entered into a treaty of capitulation; by which several of their bravest leaders were delivered up to the wrath of the English monarch, who caused them to be put to death.

* The French historians attribute great cruelty to Henry.

Against some of these were urged various crimes which rendered them worthy of punishment; but their principal offence was probably their derision of the king, to personate whom, they had at one time brought an ass upon the walls, and making it bray, called to the English to come and succour their monarch. One poor man, however, who was afterwards put to death in Paris, we only find charged with blowing a horn for the besieged.

The fall of Meaux, like that of Rouen, brought with it the surrender of an immense number of other places, but this was the last great military undertaking which Henry conducted in person. From Meaux he went direct to Vincennes to meet his queen, who was at this time on her journey from Calais, and thence proceeded with the king and queen of France to Paris, where various transactions took place relative to the internal policy of the country. The court soon removed thence to Senlis, which Henry continued to make his principal abode, till news from the banks of the Loire roused him from inactivity.

The Dauphin, now finding the English monarch removed from his immediate neighbourhood, again advanced with all the forces he could gather, and laid siege to Cône-sur-Loire, then garrisoned by the troops of Burgundy. The town, hard pressed, was obliged to treat, and agreed to surrender, unless the duke of Burgundy should give battle to the Dauphin in its defence, before the 16th day of August ensuing. The tidings were communicated to the duke by the garrison, and at the same time a herald from the Dauphin defied him to the field on the day named. The duke instantly accepted the challenge, and sent to all his allies, as customary on such occasions, begging their aid and support in the day of battle. Amongst the rest he demanded the assistance of forces from the king of England, to be led by such of his famous leaders as he could well spare. Henry, however, though already unwell, declared that he would send no one to the aid of his good cousin of Burgundy, but go himself, and accordingly commanded his brother the duke of Bedford, as I have mentioned elsewhere, to lead his troops from Paris and that neighbourhood, whilst he himself set out from Senlis on horseback. At Melun, however, his sickness had so far increased, that, no

longer able to sit on his horse, he attempted to proceed in a litter, but was at length obliged to turn towards Vincennes, where each day brought him nearer to the tomb.

The duke of Bedford, as I have noticed in the life of that prince, had led the English forces to Cône, from which the Dauphin had already retreated, and the English prince returned just in time to witness the death of his brother.

Henry was sensible of his danger, and calling his relations around him, made those dispositions which he thought necessary for securing his dominions to his child. He then insisted upon his physicians informing him how long he had to live, and being told that his life could not last much more than two hours, he prepared to meet death with the same courage which he had evinced during life. After going through all the ceremonial duties of the Catholic religion, he commanded some particular psalms to be sung in his chamber, and died very nearly at the time his physicians had predicted. The disease, which cut him off in the career of conquest, has not been clearly ascertained; the French declaring it to have been St. Anthony's fire, and the English fistula.

Henry V. was a great conqueror, and a wise, prudent, and politic prince. His two greatest faults seem to have been ambition and cruelty; the first was an inheritance, and the second, perhaps, was less an effect of a harsh nature than of hasty passion. We seldom find that he committed any deliberate act of barbarity, and those things which most stain his name were generally done under feelings of great irritation. His conduct to the earl of March, the heir of Richard II., and the respect he paid to the memory of that unhappy king himself, are proofs of a generous nature; and of all his conquests, the greatest he ever achieved was the first—that over himself.

JOHN PLANTAGENET,

DUKE OF BEDFORD.

Third son of Henry IV.—Assists his brother in the conquest of France—Witnesses the death of Henry V., and is placed in the government of France, for the infant Henry VI.—Marries the sister of the duke of Burgundy—His life passed in one continued struggle for the maintenance of the power of the English in France—The siege of Orleans—Joan of Arc, her influence and its results—Bedford's share in her execution doubted—Bedford's first wife dies, and he marries the daughter of the Count de St. Paul—His death.

FEW memorials exist of the early years of the famous duke of Bedford; and even the precise time of his birth is not very certain. It appears probable, however, from many circumstances, that he was born in 1393. He was the third son of Henry Plantagenet, called Bolingbroke, who wrested the sceptre from the hand of the unhappy Richard II.; and at the period of his father's death had not yet reached twenty years of age. His first remarkable feat of arms was the destruction of the French navy in the mouth of the Seine,* and the relief of Harfleur during the reign of Henry V., some time subsequent to the battle of Agincourt; but his principal military achievements took place after the death of his warlike brother had opened a wider field to the display of his talents for command. During the second invasion of France by Henry V. he remained in England, where he was entrusted with the regency, and conducted himself with wisdom and firmness. On the king's return, his second brother, the duke of Clarence, was left in command of the army in France; but being shortly after killed in a battle near Baugy, in Anjou, the duke of Bedford was

* Monstrelet attributes this feat to Thomas duke of Clarence, his elder brother (Monstrelet, chap. clxvi.), but I am inclined to believe that Hall, and several other English authors, are right in giving it to the duke of Bedford.

intrusted to lead the fresh troops which had been levied in England to Calais, and there to wait the arrival of the king himself, who crossed the Channel in May, 1421; and after pursuing the luckless Dauphin, afterwards Charles VII., from province to province and city to city, returned to Paris to spend the winter. Early in the following year, Henry, with the aid of his brother the duke of Bedford, who had in the mean time made fresh levies in England, applied himself to reduce the whole of the northern part of France; and the Dauphin, finding himself unopposed in the south-west, collected what troops he could, and laid siege to Cône-sur-Loire, which agreed to surrender within ten days, if not relieved before the expiration of that time.

No sooner did the English monarch hear of this movement, than, leaving Senlis with the greater part of his army, he advanced by forced marches towards Touraine. His journey, however, was but short; for finding himself so far oppressed with illness as to prevent his riding, he first attempted to accompany the army in a litter, and finally was obliged to entrust the enterprise to the care of Bedford, while he himself returned to Vincennes. The endangered city was speedily relieved by the rapid advance of the duke, who, afterwards hearing that his brother's illness had increased, returned with all speed to Paris, and arrived in time to behold the monarch expire.

According to the last directions of the deceased king, his son Henry VI. was placed under the guardianship of his brother Humphrey duke of Gloucester, Cardinal Beaufort, and Thomas duke of Exeter. The first of these was named Lord Protector, and undertook the difficult task of governing a turbulent country and guiding an unsettled state. On the duke of Bedford was conferred the government of France, the prosecution of the war with the Dauphin, the control of all the violent factions which had torn the monarchy to pieces, and the retention of a country to which the English monarch had no just claim.

The unhappy king of the French, who had yielded his power and throne to Henry V., did not long survive his son-in-law, but died on the 22nd of October, 1422. Not one of the princes of his own family followed the body of the sovereign to the tomb, and the duke of Bedford alone,

the regent of his kingdom for another king, was the only person of royal birth who paid the tribute of respect which was due to the ashes of the dead.

Immediately afterwards, Henry VI. of England, according to the treaty concluded between the infamous Isabella of Bavaria and the infant monarch's predecessor, was proclaimed king of France; and about the same time the Dauphin, who had been stripped of the greater part of his territories by the unnatural league between the English and his mother, was crowned at Poitiers as Charles VII.

Philip, the good duke of Burgundy, still maintained his league with England, and prepared to pursue the Armagnac faction, by whom his father had been murdered, with hatred more bitter than ever; and Bedford, thus supported, determined on crushing, as soon as possible, the party of the former Dauphin.

Such was the state of affairs in France at this period of that dreadful struggle of a hundred years, which deluged one of the fairest countries in Europe with blood; but the conduct of Charles VII. himself, and his abandonment of the interests of his kingdom, tended more to strip him of his power than all the efforts of England, seconded by the civil dissensions of his country.

The latter part of the year 1422, and the whole of the year 1423, saw but few military events of great importance; though continual and bloody skirmishes, and the capture and retaking of various towns and castles, kept the country in terror and confusion. These, struggles upon the whole, tended considerably to the advantage of the English; but nevertheless Bedford, well aware of the insecure tie by which his French partisans were bound to his cause, trusted not alone to arms for success, but strove by every means in his power to strengthen his interest with the greater leaders in France. For this purpose he entered into a solemn treaty and brotherhood of arms with Philip duke of Burgundy and John duke of Brittany, the charter of which remains to the present day a curious record of chivalrous customs. To corroborate this association, he added a more indissoluble alliance, and led to the altar Anne, sister of the duke of Burgundy. Still many of the French nobles, who had adhered firmly to Henry V.,

went over to his rival Charles, as soon as his death and the infancy of his son had rendered it necessary to entrust the power of the state to the hands of a delegate.

The party of Charles thus continued to increase, although success in all the petty encounters which took place about that time remained with the English. The only one of these encounters, indeed, which deserved the name of a battle, occurred on the occasion of Crevant being besieged by the Scots and Auvergnats of the party of Charles VII. The earls of Salisbury and Suffolk, with Lord Willoughby, were dispatched by the duke of Bedford, on the first news of the danger of Crevant, to aid the Burgundians in raising the siege, when a severe conflict took place, and near three thousand Scots were killed and twelve hundred taken prisoners. The war, however, soon again dwindled into skirmishes, and it was not till the middle of 1424, that sufficient armies could be concentrated by either party to render a general engagement the consequence.

For some time the English forces had besieged the little town and castle of Ivry in Normandy ; and the governor was at length brought to treaty, when it was agreed, that, unless aid arrived within a certain period, the place should be delivered to the assailants. What particular circumstance rendered the town of importance, does not appear ; but for the purpose of raising the siege, the duke of Alençon, the count of Aumerle, and other partisans of Charles, collected forces amounting to nearly twenty thousand men, and marched with great rapidity upon Ivry. The news of these movements soon reached the ears of the duke of Bedford ; and, gathering together what troops he could, he advanced to oppose the enemy. Though his forces did not amount to ten thousand men, the duke of Alençon retreated before him, and after making himself master of Verneuil by stratagem, Bedford took up his position in the neighbourhood of that place.

After the surrender of Ivry, which took place immediately, Bedford marched on in pursuit of his enemy, whom he found drawn up in one long line to oppose his passage. No avantguard had been formed by the duke of Alençon ; but a body of two thousand horse had been posted behind a neighbouring wood, in order to fall upon the rear of the

English army after the battle had begun. Whether he had discovered the proposed manœuvre of the enemy or not, the duke of Bedford took the best means to defeat it; and finding that the great mass of his opponents were all on foot, he ordered his men-at-arms to dismount also. The horses were then placed in the rear, and being tied together, formed, with the baggage, a strange sort of fortification, to defend which he left a body of two thousand archers, together with a number of pages and all the camp-followers. Both the duke of Alençon and the duke of Bedford are said to have addressed their troops in a long speech; but as these orations of leaders on the field of battle are most frequently the result of their biographer's labours in the cabinet, I have not thought it necessary to copy those attributed to the two generals on the present occasion.

The battle began with the immemorial English cheer, *duquel s'émervèillèrent moult les Français*, to use the expression of the French historian; and the two parties joined in a bitter and terrible struggle, which lasted three quarters of an hour without any circumstance evincing that victory leaned to one side or the other. In the mean while, the French reserve issued from behind the wood; and, as had been concerted, attacked the rear of the English forces; but, meeting with a barrier they did not expect, and received with a sharp discharge of missiles, they took flight almost immediately, and abandoned the field altogether.

The English archers, now finding themselves free from all attacks, and unwearied by any great exertion, advanced to the support of the main body. This reinforcement completed the advantage which the English were beginning to gain. The French line was broken in several places, and notwithstanding a prolonged and sturdy resistance, the English, forcing their way on, rendered the confusion of the enemy irremediable, and drove them at last to complete and tumultuous flight. The battle, however, was not gained without severe loss. Sixteen hundred English fell on the field; but the event was much more fatal to the French. They left five thousand dead behind in their flight, and amongst these were a multitude of their noblest knights and most skilful officers.

The consequences of this victory were of immense im-

portance to the English. The French had no longer any army which could keep the field, and the greater part of Maine and Anjou was speedily conquered. Not without severe struggles, however, were these provinces obtained. Every city, every castle offered resistance, and required a siege; and, while Charles VII. remained at Poitiers or at Tours, spending his time in dissolute idleness, his nobles by a desultory but obstinate warfare, defended his dominions and delayed the progress of his enemies.

From time to time some slight successes encouraged the efforts of the French. At the siege of Montargis, which was attacked by the earls of Warwick and Suffolk, the famous Dunois obtained one of his first advantages over the English. By a well-concerted scheme he surprised and burned the camp of the besiegers, slew near fifteen hundred men, and effectually raised the siege. A misunderstanding also, which arose between Humphrey duke of Gloucester and the duke of Burgundy, about the sovereignty of Flanders, and which threatened to deprive England of her greatest and best ally in France, raised the spirits of the king's party, and encouraged them in resistance. Nevertheless, the wisdom and prudence of the duke of Bedford averted the danger which menaced his nephew's interest. He positively refused to take part in the quarrel of his brother, and in a journey undertaken to England, for the express purpose, remonstrated strongly with the duke of Gloucester on the danger and folly of his pretensions. The decision of the Pope came in aid of his arguments, and Humphrey, though with a bad grace, relinquished his claims upon the contested territory.

Still the line of the English possessions was gradually advancing towards Touraine and Berry, and in the month of May, 1428, the arrival of the earl of Salisbury with very considerable reinforcements, enabled the duke of Bedford to prosecute the war with increased vigour.

His principal efforts were instantly directed against Orleans, the position of which on the Loire, if obtained, would have afforded him the most immense facilities for carrying on hostilities against the French monarch. The earl of Salisbury was immediately commanded to lead his forces towards that city; and, while Bedford continued in

Paris, endeavouring to raise by any means sufficient funds to prosecute his designs with energy, the earl made himself master of Jargeaux, Joinville, Meung, and all the principal places in the neighbourhood of Orleans; and at length laid siege to that city itself.

The chief object of the English movements had been so long apparent, that the party of Charles had found no want of time to prepare for defence. Orleans was thus well provided with everything necessary for a long and steady resistance: the suburbs had been demolished; the country houses round about had been levelled; and nothing had been left which could give shelter to the assailants or cover their attack. A full garrison of the bravest and most expert soldiers in the army of the king had been thrown into the place; and food, arms, and ammunition of every kind had been abundantly laid in. In the course of these proceedings twelve churches had been thrown down, and when the English appeared before the place, they found evident proofs of the determination of their adversaries to defend it to the last extremity. Notwithstanding a tremendous fire from the walls, the English approached and encamped so near as to astonish the French garrison, taking possession of the different ruins which had been left, and throwing up works of earth, which is marked particularly by Monstrelet as a custom at that time peculiar to the people of England. A long bridge over the Loire connected the city with the southern bank of the river; and this communication was defended by a strong tall tower, which was the first object of attack on the present occasion. The French who had been thrown into it resisted the English efforts for some time with great resolution; but were at length forced to yield. The tower and the works by which it was guarded were instantly garrisoned by the English, who now laboured hard to render it available against the city; and Lord Salisbury himself ascended to one of the higher windows to reconnoitre the defences of the town. While in this position, a stone ball from one of the guns, which were now directed upon the tower, entered the very window at which he stood, and striking him on the face, mangled him most dreadfully. Notwithstanding the dreadful nature of his wound he continued to linger for

eight days, but at length expired universally regretted. His death was a severe loss to the English army, as the earl of Suffolk, who succeeded to the command, was neither equally skilful nor equally beloved.

At the same time an immense change took place in the councils of France. The beautiful Agnes Sorel, whose personal charms had obtained for her immense influence over the mind of Charles VII., seemed suddenly to wake from the voluptuous dream in which she had lulled both herself and him. The danger of a man she loved, the loss of his dominions and reputation, the horrors to which her country was exposed, and her detestation of a foreign domination, kindled in her bosom a flame of zeal and patriotism which soon communicated itself to that of her lover. Her words, her counsels, her schemes, were all warlike; her smile was promised to noble deeds against the enemies of the land; and, for once, the salvation of a kingdom was the work of a monarch's mistress. Charles saw and appreciated the motives of Agnes Sorel; he found also that the moment was come to lose all or win all; and, starting from the couch of luxury and sloth at the voice of her he loved, he prepared to put forth all his energies in the struggle for his crown. His first movement was to dispatch at once all the forces he could collect to the relief of Orleans; but these consisted of only fifteen hundred men-at-arms, and, though led by the Count d'Eu and the famous Dunois, could effect little beyond cutting off the English convoys and retarding the progress of the siege.

The French were dispirited; and an unsuccessful effort made by Dunois to intercept a large supply sent from Paris to the English camp, which brought on the battle of the Herrings—as it was called, from the fish of which the provisions principally consisted—served to lessen their hopes still more. In this battle the *élite* of their army and of the nobles were defeated by a very inferior force, composed chiefly of commons; and the effect was not only felt in Orleans, but at the court of Charles himself. That monarch had roused himself from apathy, and for a time had made great efforts; but these efforts had tended to nothing but to bring disgrace upon his arms. His troops were defeated, his finances exhausted, the greater part of his

country in the hands of the enemy ; and, depressed by continual misfortune, his expectations and his energies fell together. The whole population of the country around him was in the same state of despondency, except Agnes Sorel and a small party at the court, who still had hope. The first thing necessary for rendering that hope efficacious, was to rouse the nation and the monarch from despair ; and it really seemed to require something supernatural to procure that result.

At this time it so happened that an enthusiastic girl, born at Domrémy, near Vaucouleurs, in Lorraine, with great personal strength and beauty, considerable talents, a superstitious turn of mind, and an inflamed imagination, took it into her head that she was directly inspired by the Deity for the *déliverance* of France. After considerable difficulties, she made her way to the court ; and her purpose and belief being spread abroad, she was gladly encouraged and assisted by the patriotic few who still resolved to maintain the struggle against England. Agnes and her friends well knew what an immense engine is superstition acting on the public mind ; and they gave to Joan of Arc every means of persuading the people of her state of inspiration, and of stimulating her own imagination to greater enthusiasm. Whether the king himself was party to this policy, can hardly now be discovered ; but it is very clear that all the pompous means he took to satisfy himself, as it appeared, of the truth of Joan of Arc's history, the purity of her person, and the reality of her communication with superior beings, tended most shrewdly to spread her fame and to inflame the public mind in her favour.

Herself fully convinced of the reality of her visions, the Maid of Orleans found little difficulty in convincing others. Armed at all points, in the garb of a man, bearing a consecrated banner, and followed by a chosen troop of knights and soldiers, Joan of Arc was permitted to throw herself into Orleans. This she accomplished without loss, carrying with her a large supply of provisions and ammunition. Of course the English and the French accounts differ as to the manner in which this feat was accomplished. The first declare that these supplies were led into the city during the night, and in the midst of a tremendous thunder-storm.

The last affirm that she passed within sight of the English works in the open day. As it is not my present business to write the history of the Maid of Orleans, it is sufficient to say that she entered the city ; and having, on three several days, attacked and defeated the English in their various works, she forced them to raise the siege with very great loss.

After such successes, extraordinary in any age, even allowing for the newly-roused enthusiasm of the French soldiers, no one ever thought in that day of doubting that Joan of Arc was inspired by some supernatural power. The only question was, whether the spirit that animated her was good or bad ; and each party judged of it as they found it. The French declared that she was sent by God ; the English protested that she was leagued with the devil ; but each believed her to possess more than human gifts ; and the consequences of this conviction on the minds of both armies tended to the same point. The French were exalted to the skies with triumph and hope ; and the English, though not quite abashed to the other extreme, lost the confidence of continual victory, and the strength which that confidence inspired.

A multitude of English had perished in the siege of Orleans ; and Lord Suffolk divided the remnant of his forces, retreating himself with one part to Jargeau, while the famous Talbot led another division to Meung. Not above four hundred men are said to have accompanied Suffolk to Jargeau ; and although the duke of Bedford made every effort to succour him, the victorious French arrived before the English aid from Paris could approach, and surrounded the city with a force now swelled to nearly eight thousand men. Suffolk, however, resolved to defend the town to the utmost ; and, with the inconsiderable force he could assemble, underwent a severe assault, resisting the whole power of his adversaries for several hours, till a fourth storming party made their way in by a post which had been neglected, and further resistance became vain.

The greater part of the English were slain, amongst whom was a brother of the earl of Suffolk. Another brother was taken with that nobleman himself, and they became, with the other survivors, prisoners of war. Beaugeney almost

immediately submitted ; and Talbot, retiring from Meung, retreated with his small force towards Paris.

In the mean time the duke of Bedford strained every nerve to raise money and levy men ; but it was in vain. The stream was running against him. Nothing was heard of through all France but the prodigies of Joan of Arc. The French ranks increased every day, and no effort could obtain for the English a sufficient number of men to meet the enemy with anything like equality. Some succour, however, he could not refuse to send to Talbot ; and accordingly he drained Paris of the greater part of the troops which were destined at once to defend and overawe it, and dispatched them with all speed towards the marches of Orleans.

Scarcely had these troops effected their junction with those of Talbot, when they were attacked by the French army under the duke of Alençon, near Patay. The strife was very unequal, the French forces being at least three times the number of the English, and animated with the presence of the Maid of Orleans. The English also were taken by surprise ; and before the archers could plant their stakes, as was their custom, to defend themselves from the charge of the cavalry, the French men-at-arms were amongst them. At the same time, a sudden panic seized the wing of the army commanded by the gallant Sir John Fastolfe ; and, turning their bridles, they fled from the field at full speed, leaving the infantry to be slaughtered by the enemy. Notwithstanding this defection in the very moment of need, the foot soldiers maintained the fight with desperate valour ; and the victory of the French was by no means decided till Talbot himself fell into their hands severely wounded.

Such continued success inspired the French court with bold counsels ; and, as Joan of Arc still urged the monarch to proceed to Rheims, whither she promised to conduct him in safety and see him crowned, Charles determined to take his fortune at the flood and venture onward. Collecting, therefore, as strong an army as he could, which far exceeded any that the English could bring against him, he marched forward towards Rheims, making himself master of Auxerre, Troyes, and Chalons, by the way. Rheims, after some hesitation, received the monarch also ; and

the extraordinary promise of the Maid of Orleans was verified by his coronation in that city, after having been led by her from victory to victory, from the first day of her appearance in arms, till the hour of his receiving, in the usual place, the crown of the kings of France.

The tidings of these events came thick and fast to the duke of Bedford; and every effort in the power of man was made by that prince to remedy the disastrous position of the English party in France. The first step was to call to his aid the duke of Burgundy, who immediately proceeded to Paris; and, after long deliberations it was determined that while the Burgundian faction used every effort to weaken the power of Charles, and to divide his army, the duke of Bedford should take the field with all the troops he could collect and force his enemy to a battle. To supply the want of men, which was every day more and more felt, a body of four thousand soldiers, whom the Cardinal Beaufort had collected to lead into Bohemia, were stayed on the way and brought to Paris. This succour enabled the duke of Bedford to oppose ten thousand men to the power of France; and though the French forces were still infinitely superior in number, the most brilliant English victories had been won with far greater disparity, so that he hesitated not at once to seek his adversary. Marching, accordingly, upon Montereau, he approached the hostile army almost immediately after Château Thiery had surrendered, and instantly dispatched a formal defiance to the king.

Charles boldly bade the herald tell his master that the king of France would seek the duke of Bedford sooner than the duke of Bedford would seek him: but the monarch's actions did not correspond with his words on the present occasion. Policy got the better of anger, and he determined not to fight. His affairs were at that moment in a more prosperous condition than they had been for many years; city after city was yielding to him, noble after noble was coming over to his party, and the evident folly of risking all upon one battle, determined him to act solely upon the defensive, wearing out his enemy by marches and skirmishes, and gaining his partizans by promises and negotiations.

On advancing from Montereau, the duke of Bedford soon found that the enemy had marched on; and, following his steps with all speed, he came up with him near Senlis. Here Charles paused, and the aspect of the French army, its great numerical superiority, and its resolute halt, convinced the duke of Bedford that his adversary would give him battle. His dispositions were immediately made, and taking up a strong position, with his rear and flanks guarded by thick hedges, he placed the archers in front, each of whom planted his stake in the ground before him, while the cavalry, in one great mass behind, were ready to support the infantry as soon as the battle began.

The French king also made his arrangements as if with the design of fighting, but, after two days spent in skirmishes, with the purpose of drawing the English out of their position, the French king withdrew his men during the night, and retreated towards Brie. In the meanwhile information was brought to the duke of Bedford that the constable de Richemont, who had abandoned the English party, was marching in force upon Evreux, and threatened the whole of Normandy. A choice of difficulties was now before him. If he quitted the neighbourhood of Paris, the king was still sufficiently near to overrun the whole country round, and assail the capital: but if he neglected the movements of de Richemont, Normandy, the oldest and most valuable of the English possessions in France, drained of her garrisons and her best soldiers, lay exposed to the march of the French. Although he greatly doubted the faith of the Parisians, he nevertheless determined upon marching towards Rouen, leaving behind him in Paris a sufficient garrison, commanded by some of his bravest partisans, resolving, if that city should fall, to concentrate his forces in Normandy, and defend this province to the last.

No sooner was his march known, than Charles once more advanced; and at his approach almost all the neighbouring cities submitted. Compiègne led the way, and nine others immediately followed; but the possession of the capital was still wanting, and the great importance of that object caused the monarch to hurry forward without taking advantage of the friendly disposition evinced by many other towns of Picardy and Artois.

At Paris, however, his successes received a check. The duke of Alençon, accompanied by Joan of Arc, began the assault on the gate of St. Honoré; but after a conflict of five hours the army of the king was totally repulsed, and the heroine of Orleans, severely wounded, was left for dead in the ditch of the city till night, when she was sought and carried back to the camp. This repulse instantly depressed the spirits of the assailants; and retreating to Senlis, the monarch abandoned the attempt.

At the same time, the duke of Bedford, whose march had averted the danger from Normandy, returned with all speed towards Paris. Another and stronger motive for haste was now added to those which had before recalled him to the capital. News had reached him that Charles VII. had sent ambassadors to the duke of Burgundy to negotiate a peace; and that, though the duke still affected attachment to the interest of England, the ambassadors had been favourably received and dismissed with honour. This new source of grief and anxiety seems to have been soon dispelled; for shortly after, we find that the duke of Burgundy rejoined his brother-in-law in Paris, after having taken measures to maintain some of the wavering provinces in their obedience to the general league. There appears, indeed, some reason to imagine, that, in return for his continued support, Philip of Burgundy required that Paris should be put under his government, which was done not long after; but, whatever were the motives, the doubts of the duke of Bedford in regard to the Burgundians were removed for the time; displeasure and division now disappeared from their counsels, and the preparations for the ensuing campaign were such as to threaten the French monarch with a renewal of all those misfortunes which he had formerly undergone. Finding that the hopes of winning Paris, or of negotiating with the duke of Burgundy, were equally vain, Charles determined once more to turn his steps southward, and, leaving strong garrisons in all the towns he had captured, he retreated with the rest of his army to Touraine.

Early in the ensuing year the dukes of Bedford and Burgundy were prepared to take the field; and proceeded with all speed to reconquer the fortresses which Charles had won in the preceding year. The first of these assailed

by the commands of the duke of Bedford, was Château Guillard, whose position, commanding the valley of the Seine, rendered it of immense importance to the free communication between Paris and Rouen. Several months were consumed in the siege of that place; but in the meantime Torcy and Aumale were taken; and continual but desultory warfare was pursued in the field, which served to waste and destroy the country without procuring any ultimate benefit to either party. The successes of the English were in some degree balanced by the loss of Louviers, which was taken by assault; but at the same time continual news reached the duke of Bedford of the progress of the Burgundians, who made themselves masters of Gournay and Choisy-sur-Oise.

About this time also, Joan of Arc, whose continual activity and enthusiasm were the great support of the French party, accompanied by about four hundred horse, encountered and took the famous Franquet d'Arras; and notwithstanding the absurd praises which have been bestowed upon her by the French for clemency and humanity, struck off his head in cold blood after the battle.

Her career, however, was by this time nearly at an end. The duke of Burgundy had advanced to besiege Compiègne, into which the Maid of Orleans had thrown herself. His troops were scattered through the different villages in the neighbourhood; and before the place was regularly invested Joan of Arc determined to beat up some of the enemy's quarters in the neighbourhood of Marigny. She accordingly sallied forth with a considerable force towards dusk, feeling sure of finding the Burgundians disarmed and unprepared; but it so happened that John of Luxembourg, with several other commanders, had at that moment visited the quarters at Marigny for the purpose of reconnoitring the town and determining the plan of attack.

Finding herself received more warmly than she had anticipated, Joan of Arc endeavoured to lead her troops back to the city. But every moment fresh enemies sprang up upon her path; and fighting boldly in the rear of her flying forces, she was taken along with the principal men-at-arms who accompanied her. The assertion that the gates of the city were treacherously closed upon her is borne out by no

testimony whatever. Monstrelet declares that she was pulled from her horse by an archer, which tallies with the account of St. Remy the herald. However that might be, she was delivered by the duke of Burgundy to the English government, on the payment of her ransom, and carried to Rouen, where an inquisition was summoned to try her for witchcraft and heresy.

Notwithstanding the failure of their first sally, the French continued to defend Compiègne for several months; and at length the arrival of a considerable army to its relief compelled the Burgundians and English to raise the siege.

It would be impossible, without very long details, to arrange properly all the events of the desultory warfare which now took place throughout France. The partisans of the Duke of Bedford made themselves masters of Dammartin, Brie-Comte-Robert, Quesnoy, Grandpuys, and Rampellon, while the French acquired Melun, Corbie, and several other places. Both parties, at the same time, endeavoured to strengthen their cause by those adventitious circumstances which, by a general though indirect influence, very often decide the event of great struggles. The French, on their part, sought out some one to keep up in the minds of the people the enthusiasm which had been excited by Joan of Arc, and for this purpose pitched upon an unhappy shepherd, who was easily persuaded to affect inspiration. The contrivance, however, was so shallow that it had no effect. The shepherd, in his very first expedition, with a number of knights and eight hundred men-at-arms, was encountered by the earl of Warwick with an inferior force, defeated, taken, and cruelly drowned in the Seine. For the purpose of giving a new turn to the national feeling in France, which, since the death of Henry V., had been decidedly alienated from the English, the Duke of Bedford strongly advised that the young king, then decked with all the heart-winning graces of extreme youth, should be sent over to claim the throne, which by treaty, though not by right, was his inheritance. This request was immediately complied with; and in the course of the summer Henry VI., escorted by a considerable force, landed at Calais, and proceeded by easy journeys to Rouen.

The good effects which might have accrued from his

arrival were unhappily neutralized by an act of cruelty which about this time was perpetrated, and which will remain to all ages a stain upon the British name. I allude to the trial and execution of the unhappy Maid of Orleans. It would be quite foreign to my subject to enter into all the details of that famous act of barbarity; and it is perhaps only necessary to show that although after ages attributed this shameful severity solely to the duke of Bedford, because he was at that time regent of France—if he had in reality any share at all in it (which it must be presumed he had), he took as little part therein as any other member of the royal council, and less than many others not so immediately connected with the administration. No chronicle, French, English, or Burgundian—contemporary, or for a century succeeding—ever accused the duke of Bedford of taking any active part in the proceedings on that occasion. The trial was conducted by command of the council of the king, who was then in France; but the active agents who carried the process to its disgraceful termination were two priests—the bishop of Beauvais and the grand inquisitor. Nor can there be the least doubt that, though unworthy vengeance might have its part in the death of the Maid of Orleans, religious fanaticism and the maniac wrath of superstitious zeal, had also a principal share in that disgraceful transaction.

On no motives can the act be defended. If Joan was an impostor, she was still a prisoner of war, the subject of another country, and the accusation under which she was condemned—that of sorcery—was false. If she was but a wild enthusiast, restraint was all that could be legally inflicted on her; and if inspired by any spirit to do the deeds that she had done, it must surely have been the spirit of God which prompted her to free her native land and to drive forth the usurper. Such acts have often been committed, it is true, in the spirit of that most sacrilegious vanity, religious intolerance; and it is but too probable that, in more instances than that of the persecution of Servetus by Calvin, personal revenge has given point and virulence to the wild fury of bigotry. The case of the Maid of Orleans, however, is singular, inasmuch as the principle which mingled with superstitious fanaticism in the proceedings against her was national, not personal, revenge.

The disgrace of this transaction remains upon all those who formed the council of Henry VI. at that moment; and the duke of Bedford was of course culpable as a member of that body.*

From Rouen the young king of England was removed to Paris, where he was crowned as monarch of the country he was about to lose; and after a short space of time, during which several sharp discussions arose between the duke of Bedford and Cardinal Beaufort, Henry was again brought to Rouen, and thence returned to England. A truce of six months had by this time been concluded at the intercession of the papal legate; and the duke of Bedford accompanied his royal nephew as far as Calais, where evident signs of revolt began to manifest themselves. After having quieted that part of the country, and punished severely several of the conspirators, the duke turned his steps towards Paris; but a domestic misfortune, destined in its consequences to prove more disastrous to the English power in France than any military loss, changed his purpose. After the death of Henry V., the shaken alliance between the Burgundian faction in France and the government of England had been cemented by the marriage of the duke of Bedford to the sister of the duke of Burgundy; and though many motives existed to induce her brother to forget the wrongs which his family had suffered, and to return to his allegiance to his natural sovereign, the influence of the duchess of Bedford had been sufficient to keep him the partizan of her husband's administration.

During the absence of Bedford, however, with the young king, the duchess expired in childbed; and from that moment the attachment of the house of Burgundy to the family of Plantagenet began to decline. At first no distinct act of hostility announced the Duke's alienation from the English cause, though a growing coolness soon became sufficiently evident. The war also against Charles VII. was carried on perhaps with greater spirit by both parties, because it was drawing near its conclusion.

* The fact of the execution itself is now doubted by most intelligent French writers; and Joan is said to have survived these events many years, to have married, and left a posterity honoured by the nation.—
EDITOR.

At the same time a new alliance, formed by the duke of Bedford with the house of Luxembourg, tended still farther to estrange the Duke of Burgundy; and the very means taken by the Regent to strengthen his party—with the frequent fate of human policy—was the cause of its destruction. English writers affirm that he was persuaded to contract this new marriage with the daughter of the count de St. Paul by Louis of Luxembourg, bishop of Terouanne and uncle to the bride; but certain it is that the step so taken was most ruinous to the English party.

The war, which the truce had but little suspended, was soon openly renewed, and carried on with advantage very nearly equal on either side. Towns were taken and retaken continually, and a thousand skirmishes, in which the English were victors to-day and the French to-morrow, prolonged the war, but tended little towards success.

At length the duke of Bedford himself determined to lay siege to Lagny-sur-Marne; and on this occasion the investment of the place was carried on in a much more regular and scientific manner, than we find practised in any of the sieges which preceded it during his administration. A bridge of boats was thrown across the river to facilitate the communication of the assailants on either side; and so strict was the blockade, that for many weeks no provisions of any kind could be thrown into the place. But after a time the famous Dunois, with all the forces he could collect, marched to the relief of the town; and the duke eagerly caught at the hope of bringing the French to a battle.

Dunois availed himself of this disposition in his adversary, drew up his men in order of battle, and with his light troops kept up a sharp skirmish with the English, under cover of which he threw sufficient supplies into the town. He then at once withdrew, leaving the duke of Bedford to find out and regret the error he had committed. The consequences of that error were soon apparent, and so deeply mortified was the duke with the event, that he was seized with a violent attack of illness from which he never fully recovered.

As the enemy menaced the capital, he was soon obliged to withdraw his troops from the siege of Lagny and march to Paris. After this he had the satisfaction of seeing the

famous Talbot, who had been enlarged by exchange, arrive from England with considerable reinforcements; and for a time spread consternation and defeat among the French. But this gratification was more than counterbalanced by the defection of the duke of Burgundy. Several efforts had been made to reconcile him to Bedford; and in one instance they both visited St. Omer for the purpose of conferring with each other; but difficulties and disputes arose even before they met; and, though in the same town, they departed without personal communication. Long cares and anxieties of mind had depressed the duke of Bedford, and the inflammation by which he had been attacked after leaving Lagny, had shaken his constitution. But the negotiations entered into between the duke of Burgundy and the French king, the hopeless state of the English affairs in France, and the turbulence which was beginning to show itself in every part of the territory under his dominion, overcame him quite; and he ended a busy and agitated life at Rouen, on the 14th of September, 1435, precisely one week before the definitive treaty of peace was signed between his adversary Charles VII. and his former ally the duke of Burgundy.

GONZALVES DE CORDOBA,

THE GREAT CAPTAIN.

Born in Cordoba in 1443—From his splendour, actions, and attainments, styled the “Prince of Men”—Conquest of Granada—Marries—In great favour with Ferdinand and Isabella—Reduces Calabria—Enters Rome in triumph, and addresses a bold and noble speech to the pope, Alexander VI.—Remarkable siege of Barbetta—Enters Naples in triumph—Arrests Cæsar Borgia—Isabella dies, and his favour with Ferdinand declines—Dies 2nd December, 1515—Great honours paid to his memory—His character.

IN the history of the world a stronger example is not to be found of the strange vicissitudes to which the fates of nations, as well as the fates of men, are subject, than in the case of Spain—a country in whose vast decrepitude we can now no more trace the chivalrous daring of her youth, or the vigorous influence of her prime, than we can call up, in the lean and slippered pantaloon, the lover or the soldier of life's earlier acts.

True, indeed, that a flash of the fire of other days breaks forth from time to time, when the iron hand of oppression strikes too boldly on the petrified hearts of the Iberian people; but the momentary blaze is no longer that which kindled a whole nation and shed a bright illuminating lustre over a former period.

Though not flourishing in that early time when chivalry and romance invested the profession of arms with a vague and dream-like splendour; and when the swords of the noblest knights of Europe were drawn to free Spain, their native land, from a foreign and infidel yoke; but still, living in the better days of that fair land, when first consolidated into one monarchy, she took a leading part in all the great events of the world, Gonzalves of Cordoba was called upon to mingle in a torrent of mighty events, and to struggle for greatness with many competitors. He first

saw the light in Cordoba, a city of Andalusia, which gave name to his family and to himself, and was born in 1443. He was a younger son, and consequently, though inheriting a noble name—at that time the greatest stimulus to noble actions—he received from his ancestors but little of that worldly wealth which sometimes smooths the first steps in the road to glory, but as often retards them.

Though the principles on which government was then carried on, of course, greatly affected individuals of high station, it would be tedious and unnecessary here to trace the rise of the feudal system, or to point out the peculiar characteristics of its development in Spain. Suffice it that there, as well as in other countries, the power of the monarch, though unlimited by precise restriction, extended but little to the internal regulation of his dominions, and that he was rather the head of a powerful confederacy of nobles, than the governor of a united and obedient people. The consequences of such a system were, naturally, a thousand feuds and divisions between the various nobles themselves, oppression of the lower classes, and faction amongst the great.

Nor were these factions encouraged between distinct houses alone. The family of Cordoba, like many others, was divided into two great branches; that of Cabra and that of Aguilar; and between them existed a jealous competition and an inheritance of hatred, which often troubled the peace of the government, and dyed the streets of the city with kindred blood.

The branch of Aguilar, fertile of great names in all ages, gave birth to Gonzalves, who was the second son of Pedro Hernandez de Cordoba, Lord of Aguilar, by the beautiful Elvira de Herera. His earlier years were spent at Cordoba, under the guidance of his brother, who, though but a few years older than himself, was soon called by the death of their father to uphold the honour and splendour of their house against all the efforts of the rival faction. It is probable that in this school the young Gonzalves first learned to combine the idea of honour and distinction with luxury and display, and first put forth and exercised that spirit of chivalrous daring which well excused any appearance of an idle love of pomp.

Of his early education we have no very certain records, but it seems that, though military exercises formed a very principal part of his studies, as indeed they did in that of every young noble of the day, yet polite learning and the gentler arts were not neglected by his instructors; and we find that to the graces of his person and conversation he first owed that distinction at court which afterwards opened the way to his military glory.

At that period Spain was divided into a number of distinct monarchies, and no probability seemed to exist that the genius and prudence of one man would soon unite the principal part of them into one great sovereignty never to be separated again. This, however, was accomplished by Ferdinand of Arragon: and as the deeds of Gonzalves aided not a little to promote his vast schemes of aggrandizement, it may be as well to trace briefly his first steps towards the immense power he afterwards acquired.

Henry, king of Castile, though twice married, remained without any children except one daughter, Joan, whose legitimacy was more than doubted by the great bulk of the Castilian people. His brother Alphonso, taking advantage of the discontent of the nobles, scrupled not to proclaim Joan illegitimate, and having made the first steps in rebellion against his king with impunity, was easily hurried on by the passions and intrigues of others, to gratify his own ambition by snatching at the crown. Henry, a weak and favourite-governed prince, was generally either hated, or what is still more dangerous to a monarch, despised; and in the civil war which ensued between himself and his brother, he found that even the strong support of possession was hardly sufficient to counterbalance the contempt of his people. Various battles were given with different success, and the balance of fortune seemed to turn rather in favour of Alphonso, when his death, some say by poison, and others by the plague, arrested him in his progress of crime, ambition, and success.

The nobles of Castile, resolved not to recognise Joan, of whose spurious birth they felt assured, now proclaimed Isabella, sister of Henry and Alphonso, the presumptive heir to the crown; and many were the princes of Europe who eagerly contended for her hand.

Isabella's was indeed a hand that many a prince might covet, if the report of contemporary historians may at all be credited. She was beautiful, graceful, modest, prudent; with masculine firmness tempered by female gentleness, and great conceptions concealed by unpretending humility. Unfortunately, however, too much reason exists to believe that such qualities, in the eyes of princes, form but small portions of a woman's dower; and those who sought Isabella probably strove far more for the presumed heiress of Castile than the lovely lady or the wise princess.

Amongst the aspirants was Ferdinand, son of John king of Arragon, handsome, accomplished, graceful, and engaging; and we may, without doing her wrong, suppose that such a reputation affected Isabella's determination in his favour as much as the proximity of the dominions he was to inherit to those of her ancestors, or the talents and wisdom he had already displayed.

The cold fault of over prudence was in after-years conspicuous in the character of Ferdinand; but, at the period of his life to which we refer at present, the fire of youth and enterprise still burned brightly in his breast, and no sooner was Isabella's consent signified to him than he set out for Castile, with three horsemen only, to secure the treasure he had won. The heart of a woman already gained could hardly fail to feel deeply gratified with such ardent haste; and Isabella, within two days after his arrival, bestowed on him secretly the hand she had promised. The anger of Henry, at the marriage of his sister without his knowledge or approbation, was of course great in proportion to his weakness. His death, however, soon followed; but, as he declared upon his dying-bed, with every solemn asseveration which could win credit to his words, that the Princess Joan was truly his child, and as he further made a will declaring her heiress to his whole dominions, Ferdinand and Isabella found themselves obliged to contend in arms for territories they probably had expected to possess more easily.

Although the majority of the people of Castile were decidedly opposed to the unhappy Princess Joan; and though the infamous conduct of her mother contributed to

accredit all reports against her birth, yet her pretensions were strong in themselves and strongly put; nor did she want partisans, either amongst her countrymen or amongst foreigners. Part of Old Castile declared in her favour; and Alphonso king of Portugal pretended to her hand, and asserted her right in arms.

Ferdinand and Isabella, however, were already in possession of almost all Castile, and perfectly in condition to repel force by force. The court of Isabella, as queen of Castile and Léon, was established at Segovia, and to this court had been called, at the very commencement of her reign, the young Gonzalves of Cordoba, who by his excellence in all the military games of the day, and the extravagant splendour of his train and appearance, had already acquired the name of "the Prince of Young Men."

In the civil wars between Henry and Alphonso, the family of Aguilar had attached itself strongly to the younger brother, and Gonzalves had been one of the first ornaments of his court. The reputation that he there acquired is given by the writers of the day as Isabella's sole motive for endeavouring to attach him to her interests; but it is probable that in every instance she strove to call around her all the old adherents of Alphonso, and to strengthen her own party in the state by that which he had previously formed. However that may be, it is certain that no sooner was Henry dead than Gonzalves was summoned to Segovia, and, as we have said, distinguished himself at first only by pomp above his station and expense beyond his means.

With a fortune less than moderate, his expenditure exceeded those of the richest nobles of the court. Purple and gold, and rare furs, formed his ordinary apparel; and to all remonstrance he replied by prophecies of his future fortune and praises of splendour, mistaking, as was common in that age, display and pomp for greatness and dignity, and confounding magnificence of appearance with magnanimity of feeling.

Many a man has thus gone on scattering his fortune to the wind, and still looking for some happy blast to blow it back with interest, till all was gone. But Gonzalves was more successful: for though ere any path to fortune opened before him he had spent more than his all, and piled a

load of debt upon his head; yet, in the end, the means of retrieving came, and he used them to the most extraordinary effect.

The war for the crown offered him the first opportunity of signalizing himself; and here he showed, on every occasion, that the handsome person which he was so studious to ornament he was but little careful to risk. No skirmish, no attack, no battle, was without his presence; and the noble figure and splendid arms of Gonzalves de Cordoba Aguilar were ever seen where resistance was greatest and the danger most imminent. It is reported, that after the battle of Toro, in which the Portuguese were completely defeated, the duke of Cardona, under whom Gonzalves served at the time, called the young hero to his presence, and thanked him publicly for his services during the day; observing at the same time, that he had traced the splendid arms which he bore throughout the battle, and had always found them where the fight most raged and blood flowed fastest.

It was not alone at Toro that the Portuguese were defeated: for though carrying on the war with spirit, and in some instances with success, they lost ground upon the whole; and had also the mortification of finding that all hope of establishing a powerful party in Castile became less and less probable each day.

At length Joan herself, wearied with causing so much blood to flow, and despairing of ultimate success, sought peace in a convent, abandoning her hopes of the thorny honours of royalty. Ferdinand and Isabella found themselves securely seated on the throne of Castile; and, in a brief space, the crown of Arragon also was placed on their brows. All Spain, except the narrow portion of Navarre and the Moorish kingdom of Granada, was now under their dominion; and ambition having once held its magic glass to their eyes, wide prospects of aggrandizement and power spread out before them in the distance.

Nearly eight centuries had passed since the Saracens first established themselves in Spain; and after various vicissitudes, having been a thousand times the conquerors and the conquered, they were now reduced within the limits of the small but beautiful kingdom of Granada, situated on the sea-

coast between Murcia and Andalusia. Many a bard, in many a language, has sung the beauty of its valleys, the sweet fertility of its soil, and the splendid purity of its air; and the Moors who inhabited it, were attached to it with all the love which an imaginative and ardent people feel towards lovely scenes bound to their hearts by the indestructible associations of infancy, the memories of home, and the records of patrimonial glory. How such a people would fight for such a land, was, of course, a necessary part of the calculation to be entered into before endeavouring to dispossess them; and for some time Ferdinand hesitated to attack them, though little doubt can exist that he meditated from the first adding Granada to Castile. At length, however, an aggression on their part offered a fair excuse; and political divisions amongst themselves afforded a good opportunity. The interest of religion yielded both an excitement to zeal and a cloak to ambition: and the war against the Moors was undertaken more as an enthusiastic crusade than as a political invasion.

The resistance of the Moors was palsied by the unwise dissensions of their chiefs. The weakness of Boabdil the king, and the ambition of Al Zagal his uncle, were equally disastrous to the country they struggled to govern. The capital city itself was divided between the two factions, each holding armed possession of the portion it had obtained; and while the one thought of nothing but destroying its rival, the politic enemy of both advanced steadily to his object. Mutual danger itself did not serve to awaken them fully from the blind stupor of mutual hatred; and an empire was lost to their race for ever while they contended for its government from day to day.

One of the most elegant writers that ever honoured any language having lately given a history of the fall of Granada, and his book being in the library of every one, it is unnecessary here to enter into the details of Ferdinand's successful invasion any further than the exploits of Gonzalves de Cordoba are immediately concerned.

At the siege of Tagara we first find him commanding in an affair of importance; and as he here displayed in a striking manner those qualities which afterwards so highly

distinguished him, I shall pause to enter into fuller details than I shall often permit myself hereafter.

As a town Tagara was by no means strong, but its citadel, both from its position and its fortifications, had hitherto been judged almost impregnable; and being situated between Alhama and Loxa, the one already in the hands of Ferdinand, and the other besieged by him, its possession became an object of great importance to the invading army.

Pressed vigorously by the Spanish forces, the Moorish garrison of Tagara soon found it necessary to abandon the town, and throw themselves into the citadel; but here, trusting to their high rock and to ample stores, they set the army of Ferdinand at defiance.

In the Spanish council opinions were much divided as to whether it would be wiser to prosecute the siege of a place which possessed so many means of defending itself and of harassing the attacking force, or to leave it, and proceed to some other object, where the fruits of success would more amply compensate the risk of the endeavour. It was, however, at length determined to cut off all supplies, leaving time and famine to do the work of war; and, at his own earnest entreaty, the charge of reducing the citadel was entrusted to Gonzalves de Cordoba. The method he took to effect his object, was perhaps not precisely that contemplated by those he served; but success justified him, and what would have been his fault had he failed, now became his glory.

The principal objection to proceeding more rapidly against the citadel had been the difficulty of all approach. The fortress itself stood detached; the ground round about was rocky and impenetrable; no trench could be opened, and no earth could be found to fill the gabions, so that the Spanish troops who attempted to advance were exposed to a shower of arrows from which there was no possibility of escape. No sooner, however, was the reduction of the place entrusted to Gonzalves, than he caused the troops to carry off all the doors of the houses in the town, and of these he constructed an immense number of mantlets, or large wooden shields, under cover of each of which

five or six soldiers could march forward in comparative safety.

To give these additional thickness, so as to deaden the missiles of the enemy, without increasing the weight of the mantlet, he seized a large quantity of bee-hives made of the bark of the cork-tree, with which that country abounds, and lined his portable defences with the materials. This being done, advance was no longer difficult; and putting himself at their head, he led his soldiers to the attack. The Moors defended themselves for some time with great resolution, but at length intimidated by the boldness and obstinacy of their assailants, they offered to capitulate. In negotiating with the governor Gonzalves evinced as much keen sagacity as he had before shown military skill in availing himself of the means of attack which had escaped much older officers than himself. A treaty was concluded between them, in which the interest of Ferdinand was certainly far more considered than that of the Moors; and the governor returned to the citadel to announce the conditions to the garrison. The terms, however, were too hard to be accepted by brave men whose defences were yet in their own hands, and who had still the same means of resistance with which they first undertook to hold out the place. The capitulation was immediately refused by the garrison, and the attack recommenced with redoubled fury. The reputation of Gonzalves was now at stake, and leading his soldiers again and again to the assault, he ceased not for a moment till the walls were carried, and the Castilians entered the citadel pell-mell with the Moors. As in the case of all fortresses taken by storm, the principal part of the garrison were put to the sword. Those that escaped were reserved for a worse fate—slavery—after beholding the citadel they had defended rased to the ground, and the homes for which they had fought consumed to ashes.

The star of Gonzalves's military fame was now in the ascendant, and the siege of Ilora was almost immediately entrusted to his skill. Success followed him, and, after a vigorous and rapid attack, he entered into negotiations with the governor for the capitulation of the place. The terms that he offered were probably favourable, for little difficulty seems to have been raised on the part of the Moors on this

occasion; but it is still more certain that they were highly advantageous to Spain, as Ferdinand confirmed them without a moment's hesitation, and immediately bestowed upon Gonzalves the government of the city he had captured.

Gonzalves instantly took possession of the place with a strong garrison; and now the daring activity of his genius displayed itself in its true light. Ilora was situated but a few leagues from the city of Granada itself, and, from the moment that Gonzalves had once established himself within its walls, the Moors were never one day without hearing some news of their dangerous and indefatigable neighbour. The necessary provisions could scarcely be brought from the adjacent country towards the capital without falling into his hands. A detachment could not leave the gates without being attacked and defeated, the neighbourhood was swept of its produce, the towns and villages round about were laid in ashes, the mills were destroyed, the bridges broken, and even the gates of Granada itself assailed and burned, while its warlike population remained immovable within its walls, in doubt and astonishment never believing that any one would dare to present himself so boldly without having secret assurance of traitorous support from within.

By such exploits as these, Gonzalves first acquired from the Moors the title of the Great Captain, to distinguish him from the rest of the Spanish officers, possessed possibly of equal courage, but less activity and daring.

Success now followed success, and fortress after fortress fell into his hands, till scarcely a strong place between Ilora and Granada remained in possession of the Moors. Nor did he meet with opposition or obstruction from the various Spanish officers who commanded in other cities lately fallen into the hands of Spain, though in most instances they were older in service and superior in military rank to himself. The genius of Gonzalves was of that commanding kind, sometimes, but not often seen, which convinces without argument, leads without persuasion, and which men seem intuitively to obey. Thus, without the right of commanding, he directed almost all the operations in the immediate neighbourhood of Granada, till the arriva

of Ferdinand himself, with larger forces, reduced the whole country round to the dominion of Spain, and placed the city itself in a state of siege.

Long before this time the the internal divisions of the Moors had rendered Granada, as I have already said, the scene of many bloody contests; and Boabdil had even entered into a truce with Spain for the purpose of putting down the faction of his uncle. Gonzalves had been fixed upon as the negotiator of this treaty, had entered into Granada with large forces, and, after having nearly destroyed the party of Al Zagal, had, with honourable fidelity, withdrawn his troops at the first desire of Boabdil. His reputation, therefore, amongst the Moors, was fully as brilliant as it was in the eyes of his own countrymen; and happily it was not alone the reputation of courage or of skill, but also the reputation of unswerving integrity. Thus, when, after a long-protracted siege, Granada could no longer be held out, and Boabdil found it necessary to resign the power and the kingdom which his own weakness had suffered to crumble from his grasp, Gonzalves, we are told, was the person to whom he first applied to negotiate the terms on which the fallen monarch would yield his last hold on the sceptre of his ancestors. Always fearless of his own person, Gonzalves ventured himself almost alone into the heart of the Moorish city, at the request of Boabdil, and there arranged the terms of capitulation.

The first operation of great success upon the heart of man is not unfrequently productive of that sort of expansion of feeling, which brings about for the time all the effects of generosity of spirit, in minds to which generosity is habitually a stranger. Whether this was the case with Ferdinand on the capitulation of Granada, or whether his heart had not yet been contracted and stiffened by the petrifying torrent of prosperous ambition, which afterwards taught him to exact all and to grant little, may be a matter of doubt. He consented, however, through the mediation of Gonzalves, to such terms with the unhappy monarch of the Moors as to win for him a reputation of magnanimity, of which, on many other occasions, he evinced but little.

Granada surrendered, Boabdil retired to Almeria, Ferdinand and Isabella entered the city with cross and spear,

and the dominion of the Saracens ended in Spain forever.

It appears that some time previous to the fall of Granada, though the precise period is neither important nor ascertainable, Gonzalves had taken to wife the daughter of a family equally noble and ostentatious with his own. An anecdote, however, is related of him about this time, which shows that he knew how to turn the taste for splendour in which the members of his house were wont to indulge, to most courtier-like account. Isabella of Castile on almost all occasions followed her husband Ferdinand to the field, and failed not to be present at the siege of Granada, the consummation of a crusade instigated, as some writers assert, by herself. Though sleeping, like the rest of the army, in the field, royal magnificence followed the queen into the camp, and her tent, fitted up with all the wealth and luxury of a court, wanted little of a palace but the name.

A short time before the capitulation of the city an accidental spark set fire to the combustible materials of the queen's pavilion; and, in an instant, not only the whole of its gorgeous furniture but also the entire wardrobe of the princess was destroyed, and she herself forced to fly from the flames in very unceremonious disarray.

The wife of Gonzalves had been left at Ilora, the seat of her husband's government, which, as we have previously stated, was situated at a short distance from the gates of Granada; and Gonzalves, on the first news of the accident, instantly dispatched messengers thither in order to repair the queen's loss as far as his means would permit. His household was by no means found unprepared; and, before the year was a day older, the queen was surprised to see all that she had lost replaced with a magnificence only so far inferior as to free the tribute of respect from all suspicion of rivalry.

Such attentions are never without their effect on the heart of a woman, though that woman be a queen, and a great one; and happy it is for a nation when the man who knows how to time them well to his sovereign merits her esteem as well as Gonzalves de Cordoba did.

All that Isabella said, in return for the present of Gon-

zaves, was, "It must have been a most malicious fire last night, señor, since after burning down my pavilion it went on to ravage thus your lady's wardrobe." But the fortune of Gonzalves was made. There are many men who can compel esteem, or win love, or command admiration; but it is the meed of few to unite the graces that attract with both the qualities that attach and the talents that command. Such, however, was the case with Gonzalves of Cordoba, if we are to believe the writers of the time; and there are many concurrent circumstances which give evidence in favour of their statements. It is true that most of those who have written the life of the great captain have left us a panegyric instead of a biography; but we find his talents proved both by the success of his arms and the success of his negotiations. The graces of his person and the urbanity of his manners we may infer from the favour of Ferdinand and Isabella, the duration of which also shows it to have been based on something more solid than caprice. Nor can the extravagance of the praises bestowed upon his merits render them doubtful in any degree, when we find the extravagance common to many and the merits allowed by all. The tongue of scandal, of course, attributed the extreme regard evinced towards him by the queen to warmer feelings than those of simple esteem; but as this belief tended to gratify two of the most ordinary bad passions in human nature, envy and malice—the one by detracting from the merits of Gonzalves, the other by blackening the character of the queen—we may reasonably look upon the report, in the absence of all proof, as the offspring of that commonplace malignity which loves to stain all that is purer than itself.

However that may be, a new and vast theatre was about to open before Gonzalves and to afford a wider scene for the display of his splendid talents. Several of those many unforeseen contingencies which always sooner or later render treaties of no avail, had created a separation of interest between France and Spain which rendered war inevitable. The scene preparing for hostilities was that devoted country which seems in a former age to have been intoxicated with glory that in this she might experience all the consequent debility—Italy.

Charles VIII., of France, had easily found to the kingdom of Naples one of the many claims which ambition has always ready prepared to justify great robberies. He had collected his army, marched in triumph through the Italian states, taken possession of Naples, conquered sufficient obstacles to elate his pride to the highest pitch, and assumed the vain title of emperor and Augustus, and then found his retreat cut off by a confederacy of princes enraged at his arrogance and alarmed by his success. Charles, however, marched undauntedly to meet their army, commanded by the marquis of Mantua. It was nearly five times stronger than his own, and well posted in such a position as to entirely obstruct his passage towards France. With that boldness which is sometimes temerity, sometimes valour, and is generally judged, though often falsely, by the event, Charles resolved to force his passage, and not only succeeded, but completely defeated the enemy's forces. Having thus closed a short campaign of five months, in which triumph had been continual, by an unequal strife and a splendid victory, he returned to France, leaving sufficient forces at Naples to render his conquest, as he thought, secure.

The niece of Ferdinand, king of Spain, however, had been married some short time before to Ferdinand the younger, king of Naples, whom Charles VIII. had dispossessed; and the sovereign of Castile and Arragon declared himself bound to maintain the quarrel of his relation. Whether Ferdinand was originally influenced by motives of family attachment, or whether ambition was the primary and sole motive for his rupture with France, can hardly be discovered; but soon after the conquest of Naples by that power he sent an ambassador to the court of Charles to demand immediate restitution of the dominions he had usurped, and to declare war in case of a refusal.

War was of course preferred, and Ferdinand, having prepared a fleet at Carthagena, embarked a small but well-disciplined army, the command of which was given, at the express request of Isabella, to Gonzalves de Cordoba. Gonzalves landed his army safely at Messina, and was immediately surrounded by the princes of the deposed family, who had taken refuge in Sicily. The first care of the Spanish general was to investigate, with the keenest

acumen, the state in which Charles had left the kingdom of Naples; and having satisfied himself on all points, increased his army by all the troops he could raise in Sicily, and determined the line of conduct it was necessary to pursue, he called the king of Naples and his supporters to a council, rather for the purpose of persuading them to acquiesce in his designs than of demanding their opinions.

It was proposed by some that the Spanish and Sicilian armies, being inferior in number to the French troops left in possession of Naples, and the inhabitants of that kingdom also having already sufficiently marked their disaffection to Ferdinand by delivering up city after city to his enemies, without drawing a sword or shedding a drop of blood in defence of their country—it was proposed that the Spanish and Sicilian armies should content themselves, for the time, with keeping possession of Sicily till their prospect of success should be brightened by some increase of power. The very first speech of Gonzalves, however, decided the question in the minds of all. He declared that it was his purpose to reconquer the whole of Naples. He showed that the greater part of the cities in that country had been left without garrisons, that the fortresses were unfurnished with provisions, that the troops were insubordinate and discontented for want of pay. Charles, he said, had been successful; but he did not know how to profit by success. He had conquered Naples, it was true; but he had taken no measure to maintain his conquest. He had degraded and pillaged the chief people of the country; he had wasted even the stores and ammunition he had found prepared; he had disappointed the expectations and excited the hatred of the Neapolitans; and he had left the French without order, without supplies, and without defence.

It was for them, Gonzalves said, to profit by the faults of the French monarch, to seize the moment before those faults were remedied, to land in Naples, to court the affections of the people, to strike boldly at their invaders, and to struggle nobly for the recovery of their rights. Success, he said, was not so difficult of attainment as it seemed; but even should misfortune await them, they could but return by the ports he would take care to secure in the first place; and then, with the consciousness of having attempted great deeds,

wait better fortune in Sicily, more confident in their own tried strength, and more formidable to their enemies.

No opposition was made. The troops were embarked at Messina, and landed without difficulty at Reggio, the inhabitants of which town immediately took arms in favour of Ferdinand, and forced the French garrison to seek refuge in one of the fortresses. Aware of the importance of a first stroke, Gonzalves immediately attacked the fortress with that active vigour which he displayed on every occasion.

After having defended themselves for some time, the garrison declared their intention of capitulating, and demanded a truce of seven days, urging that they could not honourably surrender without an order from the commander-in-chief of Calabria. The pretence seemed to Gonzalves so shallow that at first he refused to grant their demand; and it was only at the solicitation of the Sicilians who accompanied him that he at last consented. His conduct in regard to this truce has been severely censured by some and boldly defended by others; and therefore it is necessary to pause for a moment at this part of his history. The account of this siege, as given by his enemies, is, that he granted the garrison a truce, and before it had expired attacked them within their walls, and put the greater part of them to the sword. But other writers state, and bring good proof in confirmation, that before the second day of the truce had expired Gonzalves found that he had been deceived by the French garrison; that, instead of dreaming of capitulation, their time was employed in constructing interior fortifications; and that they had sent through the whole country demanding succour and giving information of his arrival, rather than asking the permission of any one to surrender. Still Gonzalves, they declare, jealous of his high honour, would not turn their treachery against themselves, until, insolent in their security, they themselves broke the truce by firing several volleys upon a body of Spaniards that imprudently showed themselves in an undefended position.

It is one of the simplest principles of all rational law, that no engagement can be binding on one party which has been broken by the other; and therefore, if the statement of his friends be true, Gonzalves was justified in considering the

truce at an end as soon as he discovered absolutely that it had been turned to the purposes of fraud. The violence offered by the French also completely exculpated him, if the same statement be correct; and that it is so can hardly be doubted by any one who considers the life of Gonzalves as a whole. Could the man whose honour was so undoubted, that Boabdil, the king of Granada, admitted him with all his forces into the heart of his city, and who retired at that monarch's first request—though oaths to an infidel would soon have met with absolution, and the breach of them with high applause—though power, wealth, and glory would have gilded the treachery, and ambition would have smiled on him for ever—could the man by whom such objects were never felt even as temptations sully a bright name, and sully it but once, to gain a petty fortress for a stranger? I do not believe that human nature, with all its inconsistencies, is capable of having produced such a dereliction! Had the object been one of great importance to his own sovereign, and had the express orders of that sovereign instigated him to break the treaty, by what was in that age considered a paramount duty—obedience to his king—it may be reasonably believed, from various after actions, that Gonzalves would have infringed his engagement with the besieged, rather than have violated his oath of implicit submission to the commands of the monarch. Where no such plea existed, however, we never find that Gonzalves neglected to perform his promise as an individual; and certainly, had he done so, it would not have been for a petty fortress that could make no prolonged or effectual resistance.

No sooner had the French permitted themselves thus openly to infringe the truce than Gonzalves ordered a general attack, which was successful in several points. The walls were almost immediately taken; and the internal defences, which the French were found in the act of constructing, protected them but little against the fury of the Spaniards.

Several other successes followed, and Gonzalves led Ferdinand the younger on triumphantly towards the heart of his kingdom. A severe reverse awaited them, however, at a tower called Seminara, before they had proceeded far on their victorious march. The city itself had surrendered

upon their approach, and the burgesses had driven out the French garrison at one gate while they admitted the Spaniards and Sicilians by the other. But the news of their approach had spread through the country, and the rumour of their rapid progress at once aroused the French from their inactivity. D'Aubigny, to whom the government of Calabria had been entrusted, lost no time in collecting as strong a body of troops as he could; and, feeling the necessity of prompt and decisive measures against an enemy so vigilant and active as Gonzalves had proved himself, he marched directly to meet the army of Ferdinand, which he came up with at Seminara.

His forces were much inferior in number to the Spanish and Sicilian troops, but they were far better disciplined; and Gonzalves, feeling the greatness of the stake for which they played, strongly counselled Ferdinand to remain within the walls of the town, and refrain from meeting the enemy in battle. He represented that on the greater part of their troops they could not rely, while the French were sure, bold, and veteran. He pointed out how ruinous a defeat would prove to their army, and how discouraging to their partisans throughout the country, and he strongly advised him carefully to guard what he had boldly won, and to let the impatient spirit of the French nation weary itself in inaction, till their very impetuosity afforded some opportunity of taking them at a disadvantage.

His counsel, however, was rejected. Ferdinand, elated with success and confident of victory, descended from the heights of Seminara and met D'Aubigny in the plain. In less than an hour his cavalry was dispersed, his infantry defeated, and though Gonzalves did all that human prudence could do to insure his safety, yet Ferdinand himself narrowly escaped falling into the hands of the enemy, and reached the walls of Seminara covered with shame and disappointment.

A prompt retreat necessarily followed, and it was probably only owing to the sudden illness of D'Aubigny, that the Spanish army did not find itself invested in Seminara. The French commander, however, overpowered by lassitude and illness, could not press his victory or follow up his success. Gonzalves and Ferdinand retired to Reggio; and

soon found that the capricious smile of fortune was not irretrievably lost to their arms.

The people of Naples, fatigued with the exactions and arrogance of the French, resolved to cast off the yoke to which they had at first so willingly submitted, and to recall the monarch from whose authority they had withdrawn. Ferdinand received private notice of their intentions in his favour, with a promise, that as soon as he should appear with a fleet in the Bay of Naples, the citizens would immediately declare in his favour, and expel the French from the town.

Amongst all the baubles of fortune there is none that the great children of the earth catch at with so much blind eagerness as power, notwithstanding all its intrinsic uncertainty and its host of concomitant cares. Ferdinand instantly prepared to grasp the offer of the Neapolitans. Leaving Gonzalves in Reggio, he made what head he could in Sicily, had recourse to prayer, supplication, promises, and force, to collect together a fleet; and, in a very short space, appeared before Naples with eighty sail of transports.

To his surprise, however, all was tranquil in the city, the French in undisturbed possession, and not the least sign of tumult or revolt. Cursing his folly in trusting to a fickle people who had before so grossly deceived him, the dethroned monarch turned away from the shore, and prepared to retrace his course to Sicily.

Scarcely, however was he out of the bay, when the fleet was joined by a felucca, despatched by the principal people of Naples to assure him of their fidelity, and to promise that if he would but disembark a sufficient number of men to draw the count de Montpensier, the French viceroy, from the walls, they would take advantage of that nobleman's absence to secure possession of the city.

Fortunately for Ferdinand he once more confided in the Neapolitans, and resolved to hazard the attempt. Sixteen hundred men were accordingly landed at a short distance from Naples, and by skilful manœuvres, not only drew the count de Montpensier with the principal part of his forces out of the city, but engaged him so long, that the French troops he left within the walls, anxious for his safety, sallied forth, notwithstanding the express commands he had given

to the contrary ; and Naples was left entirely in the hands of the malcontents. The people immediately rose, the gates were shut upon the French, and Montpensier, finding his error, hastened to effect his retreat into the castle, where he contrived to defend himself for more than three months, though not the least provision had been made on the part of France against so unexpected a disaster. In this imminent danger Montpensier summoned all the French troops in the south of Italy to his aid. D'Aubigny still suffering from illness, could not quit Calabria, but he immediately despatched a strong reinforcement to the viceroy which attempted to force its way to Naples, and twice defeated the troops of Ferdinand opposed to it. The obstacles, however, were too great. Famine began to show itself in the garrison, and Montpensier was fain by stratagem to effect his escape by night, and retired to Salerno, leaving Naples completely in the hands of Ferdinand.

In the meanwhile, Gonzalves of Cordoba was not inactive. He marked the moment that d'Aubigny weakened his forces to succour the count de Montpensier, and he seized it with the eagerness of one who knows that the eyes of a suspicious and unconfiding master are upon him, ready ever to attribute misfortune to incapacity. The troops of Spain had been defeated at Seminara, and Gonzalves, the moment he could do so with prudence, issued forth from Reggio to wipe out the disgrace of having failed, even in an attempt he had deprecated, by the most brilliant success in a campaign left to the guidance of his own judgment.

Seminara was immediately retaken. Terranuova, Nicastro, and Crotona followed ; and, in an amazingly short time, he had extended his conquests to the coast of the Ionian sea. At Nicastro, however, he received notice that Ferdinand held the count de Montpensier besieged in Atello, and desired his immediate aid to bring the siege to a fortunate and speedy conclusion. Gonzalves had laid out other plans ; the complete conquest of Calabria was before him, and an infinitely greater share of individual glory was to be won by pursuing his first design than by joining Ferdinand and involving himself in enterprises the conduct of which he could not command, and where the honour of success was to be divided with another, though the responsibility of failure

fell heavily on himself. Notwithstanding these considerations, Gonzalves determined upon joining Ferdinand—in this instance, as in every other, sacrificing his own private views to the grand object of the cause he had undertaken.

His march, however, to form a junction with the young king, proved to the full as glorious as even the conquest of Calabria could have been. Either by force, by opinion, or by fear, one town after another submitted to him. The French were defeated wherever they opposed him, and indeed, so quick were his combinations and so rapid were his movements, that opposition had but little time to prepare itself; and, though the army nobly seconded his efforts, the glory acquired rested far more with the skill of the general than with the courage of the soldiers. The forest of Morano indeed, through which he was obliged to pass from Castrovillare, had been filled with a large body of armed peasantry attached to the interest of the French; and had Gonzalves taken the narrow encumbered road, at that time the only way by which it could be traversed, his army must have infallibly perished by the many ambuscades with which his path was surrounded.

Information of this stratagem, however, had by some means been conveyed to him; and practising with his army an operation common in Spanish hunting parties, he divided his infantry into three bodies, caused them to extend themselves round the forest as far as possible, and then, with a certain order and concerted signals, to close in gradually towards one common centre, thus enveloping the enemy as in a net. The success of this scheme was complete. Attacked from a quarter they did not expect, the peasantry armed for his destruction were themselves almost all taken or killed; and the consternation caused by this bold manœuvre was so great in Morano that the town opened its gates to him without striking a stroke.

A similar stratagem put him in possession of Laine, the French garrison of which, secure in its strong position, had taken but little care to guard against the approach of an enemy. The attack was made at night, and so well had Gonzalves concerted his measures, and so badly had the French prepared for resistance, that before the garrison were even aware of their coming the Spanish army were in possession.

of the town and the bridge. The citadel also, but little provided for defence, surrendered almost immediately; and Gonzalves pursued his way in triumph to the camp of Ferdinand.

By this time the confederates, who, as I before stated, had been defeated by Charles VIII. of France in his retreat from Naples, had again made head, and had joined the king of Naples before the walls of Atello.

Gonzalves, therefore, found that city completely invested; but though the count de Montpensier was surrounded on all sides, and but little hope of any succour from France could be entertained by himself or his troops, he still maintained the most vigorous resistance; and the siege had in fact made but little progress. The appearance of Gonzalves changed the posture of affairs; and seeing what was necessary to complete the reduction of the place with the intuitive perception of real genius, that great general immediately volunteered to make himself master of the course of a small river, which, passing close to the city, not only furnished the garrison with their sole supply of water, but also served to turn the mills by which the town was supplied with bread. This important point had not been neglected in Montpensier's plan of defence, and a strong outwork had been thrown forward, enclosing a part of the river's course, which was defended by a chosen body of the most veteran troops in the service.

Gonzalves did not, however, hesitate to attack them; and after a severe struggle the entrenchments were carried, and the French deprived of the command of water they had hitherto possessed. The mills became the next object; and as no means of replacing these existed within the town, not less pains had been used to ensure them from capture than had been bestowed on the fortifications of the river. The contest here was even more severe than it had been on the former occasion; the garrison fighting for their last hope, while Gonzalves spared no means to strike the decisive blow which he knew must drive them to extremity.

By frequently reiterated and persevering attacks he at length effected his object. The French were driven back, the mills remained in the hands of the Spaniards a sufficient space of time to be completely destroyed by fire; and

though the French nobility by a brilliant charge retook the ground that had been lost, and succeeded even in introducing a temporary supply into the town, yet the destruction of the mills was irretrievable. The want of bread and of water soon began to make itself felt with terrible severity, and Montpensier at length demanded to capitulate.

Success is the trial of the mind. The really great, whatever may be their faults, find the mind expand in its sunshine. They may be taught to grasp at vaster conquests, but their ambition itself takes a grander character. The naturally mean, to whatever height fortune may have raised them, find, on the contrary, the mind contract under the influence of success—their wealth is ever proud, their prosperity is ever insolent; nor can victory, elevation, and triumph, which ought to be the greatest ennoblers of the heart, teach them to despise that which is petty, or cast away from their bosom that which is little. Ferdinand of Naples would fain have forced the gallant Montpensier to surrender at discretion; and it was only his threat to force his way sword in hand that caused the mean monarch to consent to fair terms of capitulation.

These terms were, that if within thirty days he were not succoured the count should deliver up the city to Ferdinand, as well as every other fortress still in his power; and that upon these conditions he and the whole garrison should have free licence to return to France, by sea or land, without let or hindrance. At the end of the stipulated period, Montpensier surrendered Atello, and gave into the hands of Ferdinand's commissioners full power to take possession of all places to which he had appointed the governors.

It was then customary for each officer appointed to command a fortress to give a written promise to the person who appointed him, to the effect that he would never surrender the place entrusted to his defence till that promise should be presented to him. The count de Montpensier of course gave up to Ferdinand those written engagements which he had received from officers nominated by himself; but Ferdinand demanded those also of all the governors who had been appointed by Charles VIII. himself, declaring that such was the true meaning of the treaty of capitulation.

Whether there was anything doubtful or evasive in the terms of the treaty that admitted this inference cannot now be told. At all events it was impossible for Montpensier to comply with the demand. Charles had carried the documents required into France; nor would the count consent even to ask them, declaring that the interpretation which Ferdinand placed on the treaty was false and unjust; that it could but be construed properly to promise the surrender of all places in his own absolute power, not those whose officers had been appointed by the king, which were totally beyond his authority.

It would have been nobler on the part of Ferdinand to construe the treaty in its most liberal sense, and perhaps would have been more to his advantage also; but his mind was not capable of perceiving the policy of generosity, and, taking advantage of the misunderstanding, he detained the unhappy garrison of Atello, confining them in separate bodies at various unhealthy places on the sea-coast where death soon became busy amongst them.

Of seven thousand men who marched out of Atello, before six months had passed but five hundred remained; and at length the count de Montpensier himself fell a victim to the disease which had carried off so many of his companions. The solicitations of his friends had indeed wrung from Ferdinand a permission for Montpensier to quit the pestilential air in which he had been confined; but the French general refused to abandon his comrades in misfortune, or to accept the ungenerous favour that was refused to them. He stayed, and in a very few weeks sealed his constancy with his death.

It would seem as if the manner of Ferdinand's fate, which followed close upon that of Montpensier, was intended to mark strongly the hand of retributive justice. The same disease which had slain his enemy, confined by him to unwholesome food and poisonous air, found out the monarch, and destroyed him in the pure atmosphere of the campagna and in the midst of all the profusions of a court.

Frederic, his uncle, succeeded him; and Gonzalves of Cordoba still continued the war successfully against the French. By this time d'Aubigny had recovered from the illness which had for so long paralyzed his efforts, and, with wise precaution, proceeded to fortify his small forces in

Calabria, taking advantage of every strong place the country afforded to form a point of defence, but resting his greatest hope upon Manfredonia, the natural position and well-planned fortifications of which put it in a situation to sustain a long siege. Three armies now, however, menaced Calabria—that of Naples, that of Spain under Gonzalves, and that of Venice under the marquis of Mantua.

Gonzalves took the lead, and marched directly upon Manfredonia, when, to the surprise of every one, and of none more than Gonzalves himself, Manfredonia surrendered before it had even been summoned. However irreconcilable the two circumstances may seem, it is nevertheless certain that Montfaucon, who commanded in that town, was a man of tried courage; and no less so that Gonzalves entertained no sort of correspondence in the city which might have brought about so singular a surrender. Montfaucon's conduct has never been clearly explained; but it has been conjectured that, having always been employed in field service, and not having ever been shut up before within the walls of a fortress, all the difficulties of his command came upon his mind at once, and bereaved him for the time of all strength of mind.

The fall of Manfredonia was fatal to the defence of Calabria; and d'Aubigny, finding himself deprived of the chief of those bulwarks on which he counted to stay the enemy's advance till his preparations should be complete, now only thought of obtaining honourable terms of composition for himself and his small army.

The fate of the count de Montpensier warned him not to put his faith in the crafty Neapolitans. The marquis of Mantua, commanding the Venetian forces, was, it is true, more worthy of confidence; but in the former instance his influence had proved so weak that he had been obliged to abandon his own brother-in-law* to his unhappy fate. Of the three generals, therefore, who were marching against him, Gonzalves of Cordoba was the only one whose known honour rendered his word trustworthy, and whose name was sufficiently powerful to command the good faith of others.

* The count de Montpensier had married the sister of the marquis of Mantua.

With him, therefore, d'Aubigny proposed to treat for the evacuation of Calabria; and, after a very short deliberation, his proposal was accepted. Gonzalves, with the consent of the new king Frederic, guaranteed to d'Aubigny the permission and the means of returning to France. All the strong places of Calabria were delivered up; and the Spanish general, on his part, observed his stipulations to the letter.

Had Gonzalves refused the conditions proposed by the French commander, he would probably have proceeded from victory to victory till he had forced d'Aubigny to surrender at discretion; but the glory he would thus have acquired would surely have been far inferior to the fame so justly his due, of never having shed one drop of blood more than the cause he undertook required, and of never having endangered success by grasping at one merely personal triumph.

The kingdom of Naples was now once more wrested from the hands of the French, and restored entirely to the former dynasty, except a small district between Naples and Calabria, which returned to obedience at the first approach of Gonzalves and the Spanish forces. The object of the Spanish expedition into Italy was in fact accomplished; and it is more than probable that Ferdinand, king of Spain, would have recalled Gonzalves and his troops as soon as he found that the purpose for which they had been sent was fulfilled, had not another blow remained to be struck against the last vestige of the French domination in Italy.

Alexander the Infamous then filled the papal throne; and though his avarice prevented him from entering deeply into the more expensive operations of the war, as far as words, exhortations, and counsels could go, he had taken an active part against the French. Various factions, however, raged in the ecclesiastical states, and of these one of the most powerful was attached to France, and headed by the cardinal of St. Peter's. By his instigation, it is supposed, a famous pirate, named Menald or Menaldo, a native of Navarre, boldly seized upon the seaport of Ostia, at the mouth of the Tiber, and by plundering all vessels that approached the shore, entirely cut off the usual supplies which Rome received from the various maritime cities of Italy. The evil, which at first seemed

trifling, gradually became important. Menald strengthened himself in his position, was supported by France, and scoffing at the thunders of the apostolic see, he continued his depredations, sinking and plundering all vessels that approached the mouth of the Tiber, rejecting all proposals of amnesty which fear and interest caused to be held out towards him.

What could not be produced by pacific measures it became necessary to enforce by arms, but Alexander VI. possessed not the necessary army to attack Ostia by land, and his galleys had been defeated and sunk in endeavouring to open the passage of the river. In this dilemma he applied to Gonzalves; and his request being strongly seconded by Frederic king of Naples, the Spanish general marched into the Papal States, and was received at Rome as a deliverer. After waiting a few days to refresh his troops Gonzalves proceeded to Ostia, and as without a fleet there existed no possibility of cutting off its supplies, he determined to attempt the quicker but more hazardous mode of assault by escalade. To divert the enemy's attention, however, from his real design, he caused the cannon to batter in a breach; as soon as this was practicable, he gave orders for a false attack to be made at that point, while he himself attempted the escalade on the opposite side of the town. His plan succeeded completely. The moment the attack began the principal force of the garrison was directed to the defence of the breach, while Gonzalves found very little opposition offered to the scaling party, which he had kept concealed till the moment of assault.

No sooner did the garrison find that they had been deceived by this stratagem, than they turned to remedy their error. But it was too late. Gonzalves was already in the town, and at the same moment the false attack was converted into a real one, so that, taken both in front and rear, nothing was left but to surrender or to die.

Menald chose the former, demanding nothing but his life; and, following his example, the whole of the garrison surrendered at discretion. Having destroyed the nest of pirates who had so long troubled that part of the coast, Gonzalves returned to Rome, and entered by the Ostian gate, followed by his prisoners, with the air of an antique

triumph. The streets and the windows were crowded with the people of Rome, anxious to behold, now that his power to hurt was gone, the savage freebooter who had caused them for years so much terror and annoyance. It may easily be believed also, that in that semi-barbarous age as in any other, the conqueror, with his plumes, his waving ensigns, and his steel-clad bands, would have been applauded to the skies, even had his cause been less righteous, and his name less splendid than it was. Thus triumphant as a deliverer, Gonzalves entered Rome, and proceeded direct to the Vatican, where, alighting from his horse, he led his prisoner Menald to the feet of the pope, who poured forth a torrent of praises on the Spanish captain; and, instead of suffering the usual obeisance, took him in his arms, and embraced him as a friend.

Gonzalves asked but two things as a reward for the service he had just rendered, the life and liberty of Menald his prisoner, and an exemption in favour of Ostia from all imposts for the space of ten years, that it might recover, he said, from the injuries of war.

Such noble demands were not to be refused, and Gonzalves retired from the presence of the pontiff, the benefactor even of those whom he had conquered.

For some days he remained in Rome, and was admitted more than once to the private council of the pope. It was on one of these occasions that Alexander, forgetting the vast subjects of reproach that all Europe had against himself, complained bitterly of Ferdinand and Isabella, to whom he had advanced large sums for the war against the Moors, and who yet left him without that countenance and succour which would easily have crushed the factions in his state, and silenced or destroyed his enemies. Gonzalves rose indignantly to defend his royal patrons; and then, from the defender becoming the accuser, he firmly and boldly reproached Alexander with his vices and his crimes. With generous eloquence he spoke truths that had never before reached the ears of the corrupt priest; and showing him the disgrace he had brought upon his high rank, upon the ecclesiastical character, and even upon human nature—he exhorted him to repent in time, before the vengeance of an offended God overtook the profane intruder into

his sanctuary, and the scandalous polluter of his holy altar.

Alexander had nothing to reply, and humiliated as much as astonished, awed more than irritated, he suffered Gonzalves to depart, loaded with honours and presents.

From Rome Gonzalves pursued his course towards Naples, where Frederic, who, by his counsel and assistance, was now firmly seated on the throne, received him as perhaps never subject was received by a monarch. The inhabitants of the city came out for many miles to see him arrive, lining the roads, and making the skies ring with the shouts of a vehement and excitable people. Frederic himself, with the whole of his court, met him without the walls, and presented him with a small feudal sovereignty in the Abruzzi, as an inadequate reward, he said, for inestimable services.

What was the precise nature of the power with which Gonzalves, on his first departure for Italy, had been invested by Ferdinand king of Spain, or whether that power had been increased in proportion to the success with which he carried on the war, it is impossible now to say. At all events, that power must have been by this time paramount to every other but the king's own in his Sicilian dominions; for we find Gonzalves sailing for Messina almost immediately after his arrival at Naples, and calling to a severe account the governor of Sicily for his tyranny and exactions.

On his arrival he found the trade in corn, the staple commerce of the Sicilians, almost entirely crushed under the heavy imposts laid upon it by the avaricious governor; confusion reigning in every part of the government, and the people in a state of tumult and revolt. By a few wise regulations and vigorous measures he removed the cause of discontent, allayed the ferment of the people, and, convoking the states of the kingdom at Palermo, established the commercial interests of the kingdom for the time on a firm and ascertained basis.

We have said that the whole territory of Naples had submitted to Frederic; there was still, however, a small sovereignty on the extremity of the kingdom, which, though holding from the crown of Naples as its feudal superior,

still maintained the title of the French monarch, and refused to submit to the house of Arragon. This consisted of the town and domain of Diano on the Sello, and thither Frederic called the arms of Gonzalves, as soon as he had pacified the people of Sicily.

The city was well prepared to withstand a siege, and showed a determination to defend itself to the last. Gonzalves made every overture to negotiation, but in vain, and he then commenced the siege in form. The attack and defence proceeded for some time with equal vigour; but at length the Spaniards having carried the principal defences by storm, the garrison threw down their arms and surrendered at discretion. It is always a difficult task for a commander to prevent much bloodshed under such circumstances; Gonzalves, however, succeeded in the present instance, and by the great authority which he possessed over his troops, restrained them from the slaughter and outrage which the intoxication of victory generally entails upon a city taken by storm. He also acted as mediator between the inhabitants of the city and their offended sovereign; and then, having seen Frederic in peaceful possession of the whole of his hereditary dominions, he set sail for Spain, to which country he was now called by the express command of Ferdinand.

Honours and wealth awaited Gonzalves in his native land; for a war so distant from his own immediate court, so little expensive in its course, and so successful in its event, gratified Ferdinand's ambition, his policy, and his pride, without wounding his avarice or awakening his jealousy. Fortune, therefore, showered its choicest favours on the head of Gonzalves, and opportunities of meriting reward and honour were certainly not denied him. During his absence from Spain, the unhappy Moors, whom he had assisted in subduing, had been subjected to all the petty tyrannies of superstitious fanaticism. The treaty, by which the right of following their own worship had been promised to them, by this time had been violated, and the fraudulent impudence of the Roman church had forged a thousand plausible pretexts to justify persecution and intolerance in their case, notwithstanding all the oaths under which they had weakly deemed themselves secure.

Were there a power on earth that could really untwine the bonds of man's most solemn engagements, it would indeed need an infallible being to be the depository thereof; for what a mighty engine, constructed from all the bad passions of humanity, might be moved by that small spring! At that time, however, both the church's power of absolving from all engagements, and the infallibility of its head, were firmly believed in on all hands though morally contradicted every day, and Ferdinand of course found himself as free from all his oaths to infidels as if those oaths had never been taken. The Moors, irritated at the oppression they suffered, and indignant at finding themselves deceived, showed evident symptoms of revolt, and called loudly for aid from their brethren in Africa. To meet the formidable preparations making on the opposite coast, and to quell the turbulent spirit prevailing in the heart of his own dominions, Ferdinand called all his vassals to the field. An immense army was thus raised; and, though in no country did rank and wealth bear a greater sway at that time than in Spain, yet, in opposition to the claims of many distinguished competitors, the command of the whole was entrusted to Gonzalves de Cordoba.

Scared with the very news of so vast an armament, the Moors of Africa abandoned their meditated expedition, and nothing remained for Gonzalves but once more to reduce the Moors of Granada to subjection. The task was an easy one, and Gonzalves prepared to undertake it by ordering that all the new recruits should be sent back to their homes, and that none but old and tried soldiers should be retained in the ranks. On the second day of inspection, finding that his elder brother, Don Alphonso de Cordoba, who now served under him, had neglected to obey his commands, he reproved him in the face of the army with the same calm dignity with which he would have addressed any other disobedient officer. Don Alphonso submitted and obeyed, and a thousand after circumstances proved that the strictness of Gonzalves as a commander in no degree estranged the affection of his brother.

The Moors of Spain, finding themselves abandoned by the allies whose promised aid had rendered them proud and confident, menaced by a large and veteran army, and

opposed by a commander whose activity they remembered with dread, began heartily to repent of having engaged in a revolt the issue of which bade fair to bring down destruction on their heads.

On the very first approach of Gonzalves all show of resistance ceased, and messengers were sent entreating his clemency and his intercession with Ferdinand.

Gonzalves was ever willing to undertake the part of a mediator, and in this instance he was more successful than perhaps even the Moors themselves expected; for he not only obtained for them a general amnesty, but he also engaged Ferdinand to renew his promise of religious toleration, and to issue strict commands that it should not be violated by those in authority under him. This promise, being given after their submission, when nothing farther could be gained by deceit, appeared rightly to the Moors as more likely to be durable than that which had been extorted under the walls of Granada, and had so soon been violated. They therefore returned contented to their homes, and Gonzalves passed a short time at the court, enjoying some repose after so many years of activity and excitement. His day of rest, however, was destined to be a short one, and new wars soon called him into the field again.

Charles VIII. of France had died suddenly without issue, and the duke of Orleans, his cousin, succeeded under the title of Louis XII. Immediately after his accession, Louis discovered that his grandmother, Valentina, had been the rightful heiress of the duchy of Milan, and consequently he determined without delay to make himself master of that territory, which at the time was held in undisputed possession by Ludovico Sforza, commonly called the Moor. Louis, however, proceeded more cautiously than Charles had done, and before he entered Italy, took care, by flattering ambitious prospects and lavishing specious promises, to bind to his interest all the neighbouring princes who might oppose his progress. The unhappy Sforza thus found himself at once in the face of a formidable enemy, destitute of allies, and surrounded by greedy neighbours who no sooner saw the attack begun than they stretched forth a hand to snatch some gem from his ducal coronet.

Amongst the most eager to despoil him was the state of Venice ; and, partly perhaps in revenge, partly to cause a diversion in his favour, Sforza called in the aid of Bajazet the sultan of Turkey, who very willingly fell upon the possessions of his ancient enemies the Venetians, and in a short time had deprived them of far more than they had gained by their attack upon Sforza.

The history of the unfortunate duke of Milan, his efforts to recover his dominions, the treachery of the Swiss whom he had engaged in his service, his capture, his imprisonment, and his death in captivity, are all too well known to need any lengthened detail in this place. Suffice it that, after having aided to strip him of his dominions, the confederates of Louis XII., as is usual in such cases, quarrelled about the division of the spoil. Nations, like individuals, always attach greater expectations to the success of an enterprise than any success can satisfy, and are very frequently more disappointed in the accomplishment of their undertaking than they would have been in its failure. Thus, no sooner was Sforza deprived of his territories than all the allies broke out into murmurs against Louis and against each other. The petty princes of Italy began to see their error in having destroyed an equal to replace him by a superior. The pope declared that Louis had failed in the promises he had held out to his natural son Cæsar Borgia, and joined eagerly in a new league, proposed by Frederic king of Naples, for the purpose of checking the ambitious projects of the French monarch. The Venetians also, on their part, declared they had lost more than they had gained by the assistance they had rendered to the king of France, and turned all their thoughts to the recovery of their possessions from Bajazet.

The arms of Turkey, however, still continued victorious, and the Venetians were fain to apply most humbly for protection and assistance to the various princes of Christendom, calling on them for the honour of religion as well as justice, to aid them against the aggression of the infidel. The only one, however, who favourably answered their appeal was Ferdinand king of Spain. His motives for granting them the aid they demanded remain buried beyond the power of research. We can but conjecture. The mo-

tive that he assigned, however—compassionate friendship for the state of Venice—is so discordant with every principle shown throughout his life that it merits no belief. Ferdinand was not a man to equip a mighty armament and expend the blood of his bravest troops, as well as large sums of that treasure which was like the blood of his own heart, without some other moving cause, with him more powerful than compassion. He might fear that the conquests of the Turks would in time, if unchecked, reach even to his Sicilian dominions, and he might therefore seek at once to bar their further progress; he might also, it is true, already meditate his future treachery against the king of Naples, and therefore seek to draw his troops nearer to that kingdom without raising a doubt or a suspicion.

However that might be, Gonzalves was soon called upon to take the command of a fleet of sixty vessels, containing eight thousand infantry and a small body of choice cavalry, with which he was to join the Venetian fleet in the Ionian sea and direct the operations of the whole armament upon whatever point he deemed liable to attack. No sooner was it known that so strong a force, commanded by so renowned a chief, was destined to war against the infidels, than thousands of volunteers from the highest classes of the Spanish nobility presented themselves, eager and enthusiastic to draw their swords in a strife where the desire of glory was raised and sanctified by a righteous cause and by religious zeal.

The voyage was swift and happy; but on arriving at Zante the first news received from the Venetians was anything but favourable. The fleet of the republic had met with nothing but defeat and loss under two successive commanders. Coron and Modon had fallen into the hands of the Turks, who had before made themselves masters of the greater part of Etolia and Epirus which had previously belonged to Venice. The last, however, and the greatest of the Venetian losses had been Cephalaria; and it was to be feared that all the Ionian isles would soon be snatched from the republic, and go to increase the dominions of the infidels.

At Zante Gonzalves joined the Venetian fleet, now under a new commander, and immediately proposed a descent upon Cephalaria. The Turkish armament had by this time

retired to the Hellespont on account of the autumnal gales, so that nothing but the winds of heaven were likely to oppose the allies in the short passage from Zante to Cephalonia. The Venetian commander eagerly acceded to the proposal made by Gonzalves, the wind soon proved favourable, and the two fleets succeeded without difficulty in reaching their destination and disembarking their forces.

Previous to his departure from Zante, however, Gonzalves had thought fit to send a flag of truce to the Turkish commander of Cephalonia, summoning him to surrender in so pompous and tumid a manner, that it is impossible to reconcile it with the dignified modesty which the Spanish general showed on all occasions, except by supposing that in this instance he thought fit to imitate the florid bombast of the Oriental style, that his message might meet with the attention and consideration which was its due.

Gisdar the commandant of Cephalonia, an Epirote by birth, was not to be outdone in high-flown language, and, addressing the Spanish officer who had been admitted to his presence, he replied:—"We thank you much, generous Christian, for the opportunity you give us of signalizing our zeal in the service of our most high and powerful emperor, by the resistance we intend to offer you. The threats of men shake us not, knowing that life and death depend upon a destiny over which they have no power. Return, then, to your general, and tell him that each of my soldiers has seven bows and seven thousand arrows, with which we will sell dearly our lives, in case an inevitable necessity wills us to perish."

The same bold language continued to be held after the disembarkation of the Spanish and Venetian forces; and neither the numbers, the warlike skill, nor the unceasing attacks of the besiegers, seemed for one moment to diminish the confidence of the garrison. The cannon of the Italians were of a calibre unheard of in that day; but no sooner had they succeeded in opening a breach in the wall, than works were constructed within which rendered it impracticable. In the mean time the artillery of the fortress was not silent, keeping up a well-served and murderous fire upon the besiegers greater part of the day and night, while showers of arrows, winged with all the dexterity of long practice,

reached even to the Spanish camp, and penetrated many of the tents. A report, too, soon began to prevail that these arrows were poisoned, and several rapid deaths, after very slight wounds, contributed to confirm the opinion.

This only rendered the Spaniards more eager to hurry forward the siege; and though access, even to the foot of the wall, was scarcely practicable, yet not a day passed but some attempt to storm was made, either by the regular troops or the volunteers. At the same time every means of warfare was resorted to by the besieged, to destroy their enemies on the occasion of such attacks.

Arrows, immense stones, boiling oil, and liquid fire, were poured down upon their heads, while others were caught by a long hook, which, seizing them by the neck, or under the rim of the cuirass, drew them up to the top of the ramparts—not to victory, but death.

At night the besieged quitted the defensive, and took more active measures against their enemies, issuing forth from the walls in strong parties, and leaving no rest to those who were to attack them the next day.

To form the necessary lines, and completely fortify his camp, would have been a work of such labour, and in that stony soil would have occupied so long a time, that Gonzalves did not waste a moment in the endeavour. To check the sorties of the enemy, however, he caused a high cavalier of brickwork to be constructed, in such a manner as to command the line between the city and his camp; and the garrison soon found, by the destruction of considerable bodies, which went forth as usual to attack the quarters of the Spanish general, that such enterprises would now prove only disastrous to themselves.

Their courage, notwithstanding, remained unabated, and their ingenuity soon supplied new means of harassing and destroying their enemy. They had now recourse to mining, and with wonderful skill and perseverance contrived to pierce, through an obdurate and stony soil, a long subterranean passage leading from the city almost to the Spanish camp. But Gonzalves, in addition to all his other high qualities as a general, had that keenness of perception which seems in some men more the result of a peculiar sense than of a combination formed in the mind.

The Turks had refrained from any farther enterprizes against his camp; they had kept wholly upon the defensive, yet their character was that of activity and ardour; could they, then, he asked himself, act thus without employing their superabundant energies in some concealed undertaking? No; and his mind instantly fixed upon the very scheme in which they were engaged. What was at first but a suspicion in his own breast, was soon confirmed by the engineers he employed to examine, and the remedy was as promptly applied. The unfortunate Turks were easily countermined, and blown up in the midst of their labours; and this their abortive attempt terminated all their more extraordinary efforts to drive the enemy from their walls.

The Spanish camp now began to feel the want of bread; and, after having employed various ingenious contrivances for the purpose of establishing mills and ovens, Gonzalves found the supply still so scanty, that unless some means could be found of hastening the capture of the place, he would be obliged to abandon the siege from mere want of provisions. In this difficulty he applied to the engineer who had aided him to counteract the Turkish scheme for burning his camp, and in whom he fancied he discovered talents of a superior order, though now employed but in an inferior station. Peter Navarro—for so was the engineer called—showed himself ready and able to second the intentions of his general. Instead of directing all his efforts against the wall of the fortress, which was the common custom of the day, he contrived to sap various parts of the rock itself, and thus blow up a large range of wall, leaving a practicable breach ten times more extensive than any which the cannon had been able to effect during the whole course of the siege.

Gonzalves lost no time, but led his men to the assault; while they, indignant at having been detained so long before a petty fortress, with a barbarous garrison, rushed on, jostling each other in their eagerness to be first within the walls, and totally careless of the tremendous fire under which they were obliged to advance. The Turks defended themselves to the last with a desperate valour which merited though it did not win success. Foot after foot of ground was still fought for within the walls, and man after

man died where he stood, neither giving nor receiving quarter, till every Moslem found in arms lay dead within that bloody arena. Only forty men were spared, and these were the wounded in the hospital, who had not possessed sufficient strength to wield a sabre in that day's desperate defence. Thus ended the siege of Cephalonia, and the Venetians immediately prepared to follow up their victory, by setting sail for Santa Maura; but Gonzalves had by this time received orders to return without delay to Sicily, and consequently was obliged to leave them to proceed alone on the glorious career which his sword had first opened for their steps. Before separating from him, however, the Venetian commander, after thanking him in the name of the senate for his splendid services, sent him, as a testimony of gratitude, a multitude of rich and magnificent articles, not unlike in description some of the Oriental gifts so often mentioned in the Bible—vessels of gold and of silver richly wrought, fine raiment of purple and scarlet, a number of Thracian chargers, and ten thousand crowns in gold. Some of the vases, more valuable for their workmanship than for their materials, Gonzalves kept for himself; the rest of the Venetian presents he distributed amongst his soldiers, giving the money to the lower ranks, and offering the horses and silver vessels to the officers who had shared in his undertaking.

On arriving in Sicily, Gonzalves received immediate orders to second all the wishes of Frederic king of Naples, who, finding his dominions menaced by Louis XII. of France, had endeavoured to strengthen himself as much as possible, by alliances, not only with the princes of Italy, but with his old protector Ferdinand of Spain.

Gonzalves prepared with pleasure to serve a prince whom he had already served so well, and who appreciated his services; and he only waited for some direct order from Frederic to land his troops on any point of the kingdom of Naples which the king might judge expedient.

At length the French army began its march for Naples, and Frederic, taking up a strong position on the frontier of his dominions, wrote to Gonzalves, desiring him to land his troops once more at Reggio, and to take upon himself the defence of Calabria.

Almost at the same time with the messenger from Frederic, there arrived at Messina an officer charged with despatches from Spain, and their contents gave more pain to the heart of Gonzalves than any he perhaps had ever received. These despatches also contained commands for him to land in Calabria, but it was for the purpose of taking possession of it for Spain.

Little doubt can be entertained that Ferdinand had long looked with a covetous eye upon the kingdom of Naples, and had only been prevented from endeavouring to annex it to his Sicilian dominions by the difficulty of the undertaking, and the opposition he was certain of encountering from the other sovereigns of Europe. He only waited, therefore, for opportunity; and to colour his treachery, whenever circumstances should render it feasible, a claim to the crown of Naples was always to be found in the manner of that crown's descent to its present possessors.

Joan of Anjou, queen of the Two Sicilies, had adopted as her heir Alphonso V. king of Arragon, who afterwards, in effect, possessed himself of the kingdoms of Naples and Sicily, and annexed them to his patrimonial dominions. Alphonso died, leaving no issue but one natural son, and conceiving that he had a title—as by all natural right he had—to dispose of a kingdom by gift which had itself been given to him, he bequeathed the crown of Naples to his natural son, leaving to his brother John his hereditary dominions, augmented by the rich island of Sicily. John never dreamed of disputing his brother's bequest, and the kingdom of Naples descended tranquilly to the children of Alphonso's natural son, whose right was only contested by the monarchs of France. The Ferdinand of whom we now write succeeded his father John in the throne of Arragon; and we have already seen him assisting his cousins in recovering the kingdom of Naples from the French, and by that very assistance virtually recognising their title to that crown. Louis XII. of France, however, finding that his schemes against Naples must ever fail of success while opposed by Ferdinand as well as all the princes of Italy, easily saw through the veil of moderation and religious zeal with which the Spanish monarch covered his ambition, and proposed to him at once to share the kingdom of Naples

between them, offering him all Calabria and the territories opposite to the Sicilian shore, and proposing to retain for himself the whole remaining territory, together with the title of king of Naples.

Ferdinand demanded three days to consider, and it would be curious to determine what were the questions he revolved in his mind—whether shame for his meditated perfidy or pity for his deceived relation ever entered into his thoughts, or whether his whole ideas fixed on the calculation of what power he possessed to snatch from the French their share of the spoil as soon as it should be won.

Ferdinand found himself sufficiently strong, and acceded to the proposal; and while Gonzalves was recalled to Sicily, the French monarch began his preparations for invading the fated country. The most profound secrecy, however, was maintained in regard to the league that had been formed; and as we have seen, Gonzalves himself was directed in the first instance to obey the wishes of the devoted king of Naples, and kept in complete ignorance of the designs of his master. At length, however, the despatches arrived, and Gonzalves found himself called upon to turn the sword, which he had hitherto wielded in defence of Frederic, against him, at the very moment he had himself been loaded with honours and rewards by that unhappy sovereign. His orders were, instantly to take possession of Calabria in the name of Ferdinand; and how far it was intended that he should do so without giving any previous warning may be best judged by the character of the monarch he served.

To turn his arms in whatsoever direction his sovereign commanded, was his duty as a soldier and a subject, but to betray a friend and benefactor was what no one could justly require. Previously, therefore, to executing the orders he received, and even before declaring war, Gonzalves sent a messenger to the king of Naples, laying before him his grief at the commands which forced him to appear in arms against him; at the same time begging him to receive back the investiture of all those domains which had been bestowed upon him as a reward for former services.

Frederic, though the news of Ferdinand's treachery was a death-blow to his hopes, was touched with the generous

feelings of the Spanish commander, and instead of receiving the letters patent which Gonzalves had sent back, he confirmed them by a new charter, and bade the gentleman who brought them tell his lord that, though fortune might compel them to fight on different sides, she could never make them enemies.

On the return of his messenger, Gonzalves, with slow unwillingness declared war between Spain and Naples, and published the proclamation of Ferdinand, in which that monarch put forth various specious pretexts, to gloss over the baseness of his aggression. In the first place, the Spanish monarch declared that Alphonso, by the laws of Arragon, could not alienate any part of the crown domain, and therefore the kingdom of Naples could not pass by will to his natural son to the prejudice of his brother John, his lawful heir, from whom Ferdinand claimed.

This was the strong point of Ferdinand's manifesto, but he could not refrain from still making use of the hypocritical affectation of religious enthusiasm, at the very moment when, as a crowned bravo, he was committing a robbery which had nothing but extent to distinguish it from the act of a common highwayman. He pretended that he took possession of Calabria for the good of Christendom, alleging that the power of the Turks had now acquired a growth which imperatively demanded the presence of some more potent monarch in the south of Italy to check their aggressions, and to curb their insolence; and he added, that certain information had reached him of the Sultan's intention to pursue the war he had so successfully begun against the Venetians, and to make himself master of all Italy.

Such were some of the pretences with which Ferdinand endeavoured to cover his crime; while Frederic, desponding and heartbroken, prepared still to struggle against his adverse fortune. We cannot here enter into any long account of the operations of the French army, to repel which the luckless king of Naples directed his chief energies. Suffice it that after various reverses, he was obliged to retire to the city of Naples, the fickle inhabitants of which threw open their gates to the duke of Nemours and the French army, even before they were besieged, and

forced their sovereign to take refuge in the citadel. Here Frederic might have held out long, but his spirit was crushed beneath the weight of his misfortunes. The defeat of his friends, the treachery of his allies, the desertion of his subjects, brought about that weariness of heart, under the influence of which, when sick of human baseness and fortune's instability, men have been known to cast away a crown for a cockle-shell. He was in this state of despondency when the Maréchal d'Aubigny presented himself with proposals from Louis king of France.

Frederic admitted him to his presence, and d'Aubigny then offered, in the name of his royal master, that in case he would agree to yield to France that part of his dominions stipulated in the treaty between Ferdinand and Louis, he should be received in France with honour and friendship, that he should be put in immediate possession of the duchy of Anjou, with an establishment suited to his rank and merit; and lastly, that he should receive an annual pension of thirty thousand crowns, in addition to the revenues of the domain assigned to him.

Frederic has been blamed for acceding to these terms. He might, it is true, have held out longer; he might, perhaps, have received succour, or chance might have brought division amongst his enemies; but on the one side was strife, anxiety, doubt—on the other was certainty and peace; and who can say that his choice was a bad one? The terms were kept on both parts with honourable fidelity; and Frederic retired to France, to live in peace and forget his royalty.

In the meanwhile, Gonzalves had entered Calabria, and had met with no resistance. Every town had opened its gates at his approach, except Tarentum and Manfredonia, which still held out for Frederic; but, notwithstanding the resistance of these cities the whole of Calabria might be considered in possession of Spain.

Probably informed of Ferdinand's views upon the rest of the kingdom, Gonzalves lost no time in conciliating the affection of the Neapolitan nobles, and his popular manners rendered him eminently successful. The noble family of the Colonnas, also, who, as long as Frederic had been able to make an effort, had remained constant to his party, now

joined Gonzalves, and brought many more to his standard by the very reputation of their name. The whole of the inferior nobility attached themselves likewise to him, and the people every where showed themselves far more disposed to coalesce with the Spaniards than with their ancient enemies, the French.

Whether Louis, on his part, entertained the same designs of mastering the whole kingdom, which had certainly been conceived by Ferdinand, is very doubtful. However that may be, the commanders of the French army lost no opportunity of endeavouring to strengthen their party amongst the Neapolitans, and even made various covert attempts to induce the garrisons of Tarentum and Manfredonia to surrender those cities into their hands, although they were situated in the territory secured by treaty to the crown of Spain. They represented to the governors of each that Ferdinand of Spain had abandoned Frederic, and would likewise abandon them whenever it suited his policy; they offered honours and distinctions, and rewards; and the well known Yves d'Alegre, one of the best officers in their army, feigned a vow to Saint Catalda, for the purpose of gaining admission into Tarentum, to communicate with the governor. The cities, however, still held out, and the French officer was obliged to keep his communication with the saint for another time. In the meanwhile, Gonzalves was not ignorant of the proceedings of the French, and fearful lest they should prove successful, he hastened forward to besiege Manfredonia, which lay between Tarentum and Naples. His army was followed by an immense train of heavy artillery, which, in an amazingly short time, laid the wall in ruins, and opened his way into the heart of the fortress; but Gonzalves was unwilling to shed the blood which must ever flow in the capture of a city by storm. He ordered the cannonade to cease, and sending a herald into the town he conjured the garrison not to drive him to the dreadful extremity of an assault. He showed them that he knew the ruined state of their fortifications, he pointed out to them the immense superiority of his own forces, and after convincing them that longer resistance was impossible, he offered them the same terms that he had proposed before their wall had been shattered by a shot. The garrison, it

may easily be believed, gladly embraced the offer thus made them ; and according to the articles of capitulation, issued forth from Manfredonia, and joined themselves to the army of their conqueror.

Gonzalves immediately turned towards Tarentum, and laid siege to it in form ; though the great strength of the place, the number of the garrison, and the care with which Frederic had furnished it with provisions of every kind, prognosticated but too surely that many a month would be consumed before it could be forced to surrender.

Situated originally upon a small promontory, jutting out some way into the sea, Tarentum had been separated from the land for the purpose of defence. The only approach to it was by two bridges, which, crossing the cut that had been made in the isthmus, were defended at the extremities next the town by two strong forts.

The garrison consisted of six thousand chosen men, supplied by immense magazines. Water was abundant, the side towards the sea was perfectly inaccessible to any means of attack known at that period ; and every person incapable of active service had previously been removed from the town.

When together with these advantages possessed by the place itself, were considered the disadvantages under which Gonzalves laboured, the scantiness of his forces, the difficulty of finding supplies, the want of ammunition, and the distance from which it had to be procured, as well as the failure of remittances to pay his soldiers, the siege of Tarentum seemed one of the most hopeless undertakings in which that great general had ever been involved.

The timidity of the besieged, however, brought about a capitulation which he had no reason to expect, and which, though he caught at it eagerly from the knowledge of his own inefficient forces, placed him, in the end, in one of the most painful situations in which a man of honourable feeling could be found. Nor, indeed, did he extricate himself from the difficulty with the same purity of his renown by which he had hitherto been distinguished. Within the walls of Tarentum, Frederic, on quitting Naples, had placed, as we have said, a well-supplied strong garrison. He had calculated that the place might hold out a year, during the lapse of which dissensions were likely to rise up between

the French and Spanish armies that had co-operated to plunder him of his dominions, and consequently his party might still find an opportunity of lifting up its head sufficiently to struggle against the divided efforts of both his enemies. For this purpose it was that he had taken such pains to secure Tarentum, and had left therein a garrison which might have easily become an army. That a head to his party might never be wanting, even during his absence, he had left in that city his eldest son, the duke of Calabria, a boy of precocious talents, whose budding graces and early powers had already attached the Neapolitans strongly to his person. This very circumstance, however, through the weakness of those to whose care he committed his last point of defence, proved the ruin of his cause for ever. No sooner had Gonzalves invested Tarentum, as far as his scanty forces permitted, than the preceptor of the young prince, taking fright before a gun had been fired, called into consultation the governor, represented to him the dangers to which the young prince would be exposed during a lengthened siege, and proposed that negotiations should be entered into with the Spanish commander, for the purpose of averting the horrors of war without compromising the liberty of the young duke of Calabria. There is nothing so infectious as timidity; and the governor—as brave a man as ever drew a sword—suffered himself to be tainted with the cowardly policy of the prince’s guardian. Messengers were in consequence despatched to Gonzalves, offering the surrender of the town at the end of six months, in case the siege should not be raised by that time, and upon condition that every person without distinction should be permitted to retire from the city, and proceed whithersoever he would without let or hindrance on the part of Spain.

Gonzalves was but too willing to accede to such a proposal, but to cover his eagerness he hesitated about the time to be granted, and demanded that it should be reduced to four months instead of six; in other respects leaving the besieged to draw out the treaty as they thought fit.

His demand was conceded to, and the governor, together with the preceptor of the young prince, framed the treaty of capitulation with scrupulous exactness, taking care that

it should be specified in more than one place, that the prince should have free permission to retire wheresoever he should determine.

Gonzalves signed the treaty; and to give it more authenticity, took an oath in presence of both armies, that he would observe the conditions truly and faithfully, and thereupon received the sacrament with all the solemn formalities of the Roman Church.

We would fain pause here and pass over the rest of this transaction in silence, but truth must be spoken.

A copy of the treaty was sent to Ferdinand, king of Spain, who at once saw how much his interest demanded that the son and heir of the king whom he was plundering of his dominions should not escape so easily from his power. But Ferdinand loved the reputation of being a conscientious man; and to keep both his character and the duke of Calabria, he summoned together an anomalous sort of court for the purpose of deciding whether he had not a right to violate the treaty contracted in his name. The obedient court determined that, notwithstanding the full powers conferred upon Gonzalves when he took the command of the army, he was not authorized to enter into a treaty of such consequence except as referable to the ultimate decision of his sovereign. To have recalled him, however, to answer for thus overstepping his authority would in no degree have suited Ferdinand's purpose, and he therefore gave orders to Gonzalves to let everything pass quietly during the specified time of truce; but at the end of that period, when the city should be delivered up, to make himself master of the young duke's person, and to send him forthwith into Spain.

It appears that Gonzalves did remonstrate warmly against the iniquity of the proceeding, and represented to the king, that not only his word was pledged as a man of honour, but that his conscience as a Christian was engaged by an oath taken upon the communion.

To this Ferdinand replied, that the first honour of a soldier consisted in serving well his king. At the same time, to quiet his general's conscience, he referred Gonzalves's doubts to the same court whose decision had so successfully tranquillized his own. The court, which was

composed of many a reverend authority, immediately decided that the oath which Gonzalves had taken in receiving the command of the army, to obey the orders of his sovereign in every point, was paramount to all others, and completely annulled the subsequent engagement which he had made to the king's enemies.

Gonzalves was satisfied with their decision, suffered the four months to expire without breathing a word of the meditated treachery; allowed the garrison to march forth as he had promised; but to the eternal infamy of himself and his master, arrested the young duke of Calabria on the shore as he was about to embark, and sent him to Spain, notwithstanding the remonstrances, entreaties, and reproaches of those he had aided in so cruelly deceiving.

It is hard—it is very hard, that we scarcely meet with one great man in history who has had the charity to transmit a brilliant name to posterity without some damning stain to make it as much a warning as an example.

Several persons have attempted to defend Gonzalves for obeying the commands of Ferdinand on the principles on which those commands were given. The matter, however, will not bear an argument. Gonzalves had power, or he had not, to grant such terms as he did to the garrison of Tarentum. If he had not, he was culpable in having granted them. If he had, he was still more culpable in violating them. In regard to his oath of obedience to Ferdinand, no oath can be binding upon any man except under certain restrictions, for there are duties imposed upon us by our very state of being from which no oath can exempt us; there are duties which we owe to ourselves, commonly classed together under the word honour, and duties which we owe to our God, from which no contract with any other being can free us. Gonzalves violated both those sorts of duty in making himself the instrument of Ferdinand's treachery against his oath registered in heaven, and his honour plighted towards men, and the record of that disgrace remains a withering spot upon his laurels for ever. Nor is it difficult to say what he should have done. He should have refused to make himself a villain; and if his sense of duty towards Ferdinand prevented him from publishing in the ears of the besieged the treason that was plotting against them, he should never

have consented to be the perpetrator of it himself. He should have resigned his command for ever—ay, and laid his head beneath the axe rather than have left so dark a blotch upon the escutcheon of his honour. Another reproach has been cast upon Gonzalves for an action which took place about this period of his life, but in which he is much less blameworthy than in his conduct towards the garrison of Tarentum.

We have before said, that even at the commencement of the siege, the pay of his soldiers had been suffered to fall very much into arrear, and consequently every day their murmurs became louder and more loud. At length, however, the French Admiral Ravestin, in returning from an unsuccessful attempt upon the island of Mitylene, was wrecked with the greater part of his fleet upon Cerigo, and lost not only the whole of his warlike stores but even found himself without the necessaries of life. Gonzalves no sooner heard of his situation, than with that profuse liberality for which he had been noted from his youth, he immediately sent him abundant supplies, not only of those things absolutely necessary to his comfort, but of luxuries and ornaments—vests, horses, caparisons, furs, beds, and plate. This ill-timed generosity to strangers, though furnished from his private fortune, irritated his already discontented soldiers, till symptoms of general revolt manifested themselves throughout the army.

Fortune, however, compelled a Genoese vessel to enter the harbour of Tarentum, then blockaded by the Spanish fleet. Immediate orders were issued for seizing the ship and her rich cargo, and as a pretence for confiscating both, it was averred that she was engaged in carrying military stores to Constantinople for the service of the great enemy of Christendom. Every thing on board was therefore declared to be forfeited and sold accordingly, from the produce of which Gonzalves drew a sufficient sum to pay his mutinous troops, and reduced them once more to obedience.

Genoa of course did not fail to remonstrate with the Spanish general against his ungenerous breach of the friendly relations existing between her government and the king of Spain. Gonzalves, however, boldly pleaded neces-

sity, without sheltering himself under any other excuse. The general of an army, he said, had only to look to success, and in times of danger all means were justifiable, providing the persons suffering at the time, were afterwards indemnified for the loss they had sustained.

The maxim was a dangerous one, but one too often acted upon, to be without many a precedent. Whether in this matter the indemnification ever took place or not, does not appear.

The kingdom of Naples was now entirely occupied by French and Spanish forces. The party of Frederic might be considered as at an end, and Ferdinand and Louis had now nothing left but to divide the spoil. The happy ambiguity of language, without which almost all contentions would soon expire from inanition, easily furnished the two monarchs with a seemingly pretext for trying their strength in the arena which they had won. A dispute about boundaries arose from the wording of the treaty, originating first between Gonzalves and the duke of Nemours. The question was then referred to the two kings, who both declared they were too little acquainted with the country to settle the dispute, and again bade their generals decide. Their generals took them at their word, and the sword was drawn on both sides.

Ferdinand's confidence in Gonzalves must indeed have been great, for he seems not to have doubted for a moment his ultimate success, although on the very first rupture with France he was obliged to retreat before the enemy, far superior in number to his own forces, and shut himself up in the small town of Barletta, on the sea coast. The French followed close upon his track, and had they employed their whole force at once in a vigorous attack upon the town, which was but weakly fortified, it is probable that Gonzalves would have been obliged either to capitulate, or, throwing himself into his vessels, to have abandoned Italy for the time.

The faults of his adversaries are at least as serviceable to a good general as his own talents, and Gonzalves had time to strengthen himself in Barletta, while the duke of Nemours contented himself with investing the place by land, though it could at all times be fully supplied by sea.

The French general did not, it is true, employ his whole troops in this one object, but despatched four thousand foot, and about the same force of horse, into Calabria, under Marshal d'Aubigny, who had commanded in that district during the former war. We cannot follow d'Aubigny farther, than to say, that he was at first eminently successful, and again in the neighbourhood of Manfredonia, gained a complete victory over a superior body of Sicilian troops.

In the meanwhile, Gonzalves remained firm in Barletta, not only acting the part of a great general, but also of a skilful negotiator, treating—now with the Emperor Maximilian, and showing him how deeply his interests were involved in those of Spain, and how much necessity there existed for his instant and powerful co-operation—now with Venice, leading the wily lords of the Adriatic to send him supplies and to furnish the nerves of war, even though they dared not openly break their French alliance. Still the duke of Nemours pressed him hard, closing in upon him with his forces, and cutting off all communication with the land. The supplies from sea became rarer also in Barletta. Some of the vessels fell into the hands of the enemy, some were detained by contrary winds, some were not despatched when they should have been, so that famine and necessity began to rage in the garrison. The soldiers were starved and nearly naked, and, many were the murmurs, as, looking out day after day over the wide sea, they found that the promised supplies did not appear. But still Gonzalves held firm to his purpose, and at length, to the joy of the garrison, and the despair of the besiegers, the sails of the Venetians filled the harbour of Barletta, bringing abundant supplies both of food and raiment.

The spirits of the Spaniards which had sunk painfully during the time of dearth, now rose in proportion, and Gonzalves took care, by continual sorties and skirmishes, to keep the French in active employment, and to exercise his own troops, turn by turn, in every sort of warfare.

Many were the defiances between individuals of one army and of the other, and many the feats of chivalry which were performed between the two hosts. In one instance, eleven Spanish knights were pitted in preconcerted combat

against eleven gentlemen of France, amongst whom appeared the famous Chevalier Bayard. The combat, which took place on this occasion, is variously detailed by various writers, and so different are the circumstances related by each, that were not the names of the champions and the date of the battle the same, no one would believe that the same event was alluded to by any two of the persons who have described it. It is unnecessary in this place to endeavour even to separate the particles of truth that are scattered through the several accounts, or to describe a single combat which took place shortly after between Bayard and a Spanish officer called Sotomayor, and which has been well described elsewhere. Suffice it that these single combats and individual strifes occasioned a degree of bitterness and personal rivalry between the Spanish and French troops, which characterized the whole of the subsequent war. The spirit of bravado was even carried so far, that the duke of Nemours at last advanced with his whole force within half a league of Barletta, and despatched a herald to Gonzalves daring him to come forth and meet the French army in the open field. Gonzalves received the message with the same sort of half mirthful scorn which a man might be supposed to feel on being challenged by some impetuous boy; and thanking the gallant duke for his courtesy, he bade him wait till the Spaniards had shod their horses, and sharpened their swords. By this time the French were completely weary of a siege which produced and promised nothing; nor was any one more tired of the enterprise than Nemours himself, a gay and splendid prince, who loved war as a diversion, but understood it not as a science. At length, with his patience exhausted by the calm perseverance of Gonzalves, yet not daring to attempt the storming of Barletta, he determined to decamp and undertake some other enterprise of a more hopeful complexion.

Gonzalves, however, did not suffer him to depart unmolested; and, having discovered that the French general had sent on his artillery and infantry, and had also detached two considerable bodies of men in different directions, he instantly commanded a large corps of Spanish cavalry under an officer named Mendoza to fall upon the rear of the

French army, while two regiments of infantry were thrown forward in ambush.

No sooner did the French cavalry which formed the rear-guard of Nemours's army find themselves pursued, than, wheeling about, they made one of those brilliant charges for which the horse of that nation have always been famous. The Spaniards gave way, feigning to be overborne by the shock, and the French inconsiderately pursued them for a considerable distance. At that moment the Spanish infantry appeared, and, extending their flanks, completely insulated the rear-guard of the French, while a fresh body of Italian cavalry coming to the aid of the Spaniards, the whole at once reassumed its order, and charged the French in turn with most fatal effect. The imprudent Frenchmen sustained the action for some time with much bravery; but at length the greater part being cut to pieces or made prisoners, the rest were fain to turn their horses' heads, and make their escape the best way they could.

The small town of Castellanetto, at a short distance from Tarentum, had been chosen by the duke of Nemours as the chief magazine for his army before Barletta; but he had imprudently neglected either to secure it by fresh fortifications, or by a garrison strong enough to put its safety beyond a doubt. The troops that were thrown into it were also of the most licentious class; and they soon contrived to inspire the inhabitants with so much horror and disgust, that in consequence a deputation was sent to Gonzalves, offering to open the gates of the city to any force he might send, for the purpose of delivering it from the contaminating presence of the French.

Gonzalves did not neglect the opportunity, and accordingly a strong body of Spaniards were admitted during the night, and the whole French garrison made prisoners in their sleep. The supplies found in the place were instantly transferred to Barletta, where they were much needed; and the duke of Nemours was about the same time informed of the consequences of his own imprudence. Mortified and enraged, he instantly marched upon Castellanetto, resolved to retake it whatever it might cost; but the Spanish garrison had been more prudent than the French. The burghers looked upon them as deliverers, and seconded all their efforts. Incessant

works had been carried on to strengthen the fortifications of the place; and even when the cannon of the duke's army had ruined the wall, which had been the only defence while he had occupied the town, he found he was just as far from success as when he had commenced the siege.

Resolved, however, not to be repulsed, he had given orders for storming the next day; and, considering the immense force he brought to the assault, as well as the small number of the garrison, it can hardly be doubted that he would have been successful.

Gonzalves, however, had not been idle during his absence; and, without directly attempting to succour Castellanetto, he took care that news should reach the duke of Nemours which would compel him to raise the siege.

One of the strongest posts in possession of the French was the small town of Ruvo, situated at the foot of the Appenines. Nemours had taken care to furnish it with a garrison in proportion to its importance; and the famous Chabanes de la Palice, one of the best officers in the French service, commanded there with three thousand chosen soldiers. Gonzalves, however, resolved, notwithstanding the difficulty of the undertaking, that the absence of the duke of Nemours should at least cost him Ruvo; and, leaving but a small garrison in Barletta, he marched with his whole army towards the Appenines, battered the wall of the city during one day, and then commanded a general assault. The French fought every inch of ground, and even met the storming parties without the walls; but at length, after a combat of many hours, their general being wounded and their numbers terribly diminished, they were forced to give way. The Spaniards penetrated into the town on every side, and a dreadful massacre took place, which it was impossible for some time to stay. At length, however, Gonzalves succeeded in stopping the effusion of blood, and returned the next day to Barletta in triumph, taking with him as prisoners not only the whole of the surviving garrison, but the greater part of the inhabitants of the town. The women, whom he had carried off for the purpose of protecting them from the soldiers he had left behind, not yet sated with the license of a storm, he sent

back after a few days in all honour. From the men of the city he required a trifling ransom; but with regard to the troops, he refused to ransom them, in reprisal for some acts of a similar nature which had been committed by the duke of Nemours.

The foot soldiers he sent on board the galleys—an act for which many persons have imputed to him a native cruelty of disposition, which in truth he did not possess. Gonzalves' excuse was the necessity of diminishing to the utmost extent the forces of the enemy, and the impossibility under which he lay of either guarding or feeding on land the prisoners he had made.

The news of the attack of Ruvo instantly caused the duke of Nemours to raise the siege of Castellanetto, and to march to the assistance of la Palice. On his arrival, however, he found that Gonzalves had prevailed, and that a strong garrison occupied the fortress for the king of Spain. This determined him instantly to take up a position at a small distance from Barletta, in such a manner as to secure his own retreat in case of necessity, and yet to straiten the supplies of Gonzalves as much as possible; but though he succeeded in his object in some degree, two new events soon occurred which forced him to change his measures precipitately. The first was the complete defeat and capture of Marshal d'Aubigny, near Gioia. That general presuming much too far upon the good fortune which had heretofore attended his arms, had offered battle to a superior force composed of Spaniards and Sicilians, and, with the usual fate of men who count upon the constancy of fortune, had met with a severe reverse; he had seen his army routed and dispersed, and had been obliged to surrender, after in vain endeavouring to defend Angitola, to which place he had escaped after his defeat. This was not the only mortifying news which reached the duke of Nemours about this time. Two thousand veteran Germans, raised by Octavian Colonna under the sanction of the Emperor Maximilian, now arrived in Italy, and joined Gonzalves in Barletta. With such a reinforcement it was not likely that the Spanish general should confine himself to a defensive posture any longer; and Nemours saw that it would need his whole

strength to oppose with any probability of success a strong and well-disciplined army, headed by the most skilful general of the age.

He instantly therefore despatched messengers to call in the greater part of his detached forces, but especially to command the junction of Aquaviva, one of his steadiest friends and most prudent counsellors.

Gonzalves was at the same time preparing to issue from Barletta with all speed ; for the reinforcement which he had received from Germany not only enabled but compelled him to do so. Provisions, which had been obtained with difficulty for his former force, were not to be found in sufficient quantities after the arrival of the Germans ; and amongst these last, soon after their arrival, a contagious disease began to appear, which was attributed to the change from the inland climate of Germany to the bad air on the sea-coast of Calabria.

Previously to any decisive movement, however, Gonzalves called in all the troops which could be spared from the different garrisons which he still maintained, and a strong body marched down to join him from Tarentum and the adjacent country, under the command of Navarro and Errera. On their journey a party of Navarro's troops by chance intercepted a letter from Aquaviva, in which his purpose of joining the duke of Nemours and his line of march were detailed at length.

The Spanish officers immediately determined to lie in ambush for him, and having well concerted their plan, they succeeded in surprising the troops commanded by Aquaviva, cut great part of them to pieces, and either put to flight or made prisoners of the rest. Amongst the captured was Aquaviva himself ; and thus having deprived the duke of Nemours of a strong reinforcement and a valuable counsellor, Navarro and Errera proceeded with their prisoners and safely effected their junction with Gonzalves.

That general now marched forth from Barletta, and proceeded as quickly as possible to take up a strong position, in order to give battle to the duke of Nemours, by whom he doubted not that he should soon be overtaken. He turned his steps, at the same time, towards Ceregnola,

with the intention of besieging that town in case the French general did not choose to risk a battle. The movements of Nemours, however, soon showed that he sought no delay, and on the 28th of April, 1503, the Spanish and French armies appeared in sight of each other, ready to cast the whole hopes of the campaign on the issue of an evening's strife. Gonzalves had taken advantage of a rise in the ground, and had also occupied an extensive vineyard, the ditch of which he had continued along the greater part of his line, fortifying himself still more securely by a low parapet of earth, behind which were dug pits, and stakes were planted, to embarrass the cavalry of the French. His infantry occupied the centre of the line, and the cavalry formed the wings. No battle has ever been more variously narrated, and all that seems certain is, that the attack began with the French; that the French were completely defeated, and fled with most unseemly confusion; that the Spaniards suffered but little, and lost no officers of distinction; and that the French left several thousands dead, amongst whom were two general officers, Chandenier and the gallant duke of Nemours himself.

In regard to the death of the latter there are as many and as various accounts of his death as there are of every other incident of that day. One author declares that the duke in person led on the first charge of cavalry, and finding his progress stopped by the parapet and ditch, rode along the whole line, endeavouring to find a passage. In this attempt he was of course exposed to the fire of all the Spanish infantry, and at length was struck by a ball which laid him dead upon the spot.

Another account, however, given by an eyewitness of the battle, states, with more appearance of truth, that the duke wished to lead on the charge, but was persuaded by his officers to refrain, and remained to issue his commands on a small mound commanding the whole field. When the battle had continued a short time, he saw the Swiss retreating in disorder after the death of Chandenier, and forgetting all but the enthusiasm of the moment, he put himself at their head, led them back to the charge, and getting mingled in the battle, soon found himself with a single attendant in face of a large body of Spanish

arquebusiers. The dust was so thick that it was scarcely possible to tell friend from foe, and the duke at first rode on to within twenty yards of their line. Escape was then impossible—the enemy's arquebuses were levelled, and to save the life of his lord, even at the expense of his liberty, the attendant vociferated the prince's name, and offered to surrender, but in the confusion that existed, the Spanish infantry neither heard nor attended. They fired at once, and the duke fell; while the soldiers passed on, not even knowing what they had done.

Battles can seldom be judged but by their results. No country loves to own itself defeated, and even if there be possibility of denying the absolute fact, vanity has a thousand ways of taking away the sting, and making the disgrace seem very like a triumph. The best French historians do not hesitate to admit the loss of this battle.

Such battles, however, as the battle of Ceregnoia, leave behind them sufficient proofs to establish the claim of the victor. The camp, the baggage, and the treasure of the French army fell into the hands of the Spaniards, and the party of France from that moment became feeble and languid throughout the rest of the war.

Gonzalves marched on rapidly for Naples, and met with but little opposition by the way. Place after place surrendered without resistance, and, at many leagues' distance, he was met by deputies from the fickle inhabitants of Naples, congratulating him on his successes, and offering him the keys of their city. The entrance of the Spanish general into Naples was pompous and magnificent in the extreme, and he received immediately the oath of the principal inhabitants, who swore allegiance to Ferdinand on their knees, before his general. This assumption of almost royal state was doubtless ultimately the cause of suspicions in the breast of Ferdinand, which ruined the fortunes of Gonzalves. At present, however, his confidence in his victorious general was unbounded, and though peace between France and Spain was concluded and signed, yet Gonzalves, under the private orders of his wily monarch, continued boldly the war, taking fortress after fortress in Naples, which had long been nominally ceded to another. The duplicity of Ferdinand, in all his

relations with France about this period would be well worthy of record, had we space to trace it through its manifold involutions. It must suffice us, however, to state, that he sent the archduke of Austria, his son-in-law, to the court of France, with full powers to treat for peace. He discussed each article of the treaty with formal minuteness, and at length, after every plausible pretext, ratified the peace, when he had never for one moment entertained the least idea of ceasing hostilities, and only sought to gain time, that the reinforcements sent to the army commanded by Gonzalves might arrive in Naples. Gonzalves had his instructions also to continue the war, and consequently, though the archduke, who had been completely deceived by his father-in-law, sent courier after courier to announce the peace and command an immediate suspension of arms; the Spanish general merely replied, that he had no authority from his own sovereign to pause, and therefore must proceed according to his first directions.

On the arrival of Gonzalves in the city of Naples, the French garrisons had retired into the various forts, concentrating their principal force in the two citadels, called, the one the New Castle, and the other the Castle of the Egg; and, expecting hourly succour from a fleet sent from Genoa to their aid, they prepared for a vigorous resistance. The same information which inspired them with resolution to hold out to the last, made it necessary for Gonzalves to force them to surrender without delay, and applying once more to the talents of Peter Navarro, he showed him the necessity of prompt measures, and desired his instant co-operation. Navarro did not fail his general at this moment of difficulty, but having recourse to the expedient which had so well succeeded at Cephalonia, he proceeded to mine the New Citadel, while Gonzalves battered and took a small fort called the Tower of St. Vincent. No sooner was the mine sufficiently excavated, than Gonzalves once more summoned the garrison to surrender, assuring them that, in case of his offer being rejected, he would, within five minutes, bury them under the walls of their castle. The practice of mining being then, as we have said, but little known, the French garrison laughed at the threat of Gonzalves as an absurd Spanish bravado. They had soon,

however, reason to repent their incredulity, for, when the herald's return had given Gonzalves the assurance that his terms were rejected, he ordered the mine to be sprung, which was instantly done with terrible effect. The Spanish troops immediately rushed forward to the attack, penetrated at once into the outer ballium, and drove the garrison back sword in hand over the drawbridge, which they had no time to raise. No resource remained to the French but a vast iron door in the archway, which they instantly closed against their pursuers, and endeavoured to secure with bolts. A party of the Spaniards, however, had mingled with them in their flight, and had entered the inner court along with them. At the head of these was Gonzalves himself, fighting like a private soldier. He instantly collected his men in the archway: those who were attempting to fasten the iron door were slain or driven back, and the barrier being thus removed, the Spaniards at once rushed in, and slaughtered all the French they found in arms. The plunder was immense, and the bloodshed terrible, though, from the moment the victory was assured, Gonzalves used all his authority to put a stop to both. He wished especially to preserve the magazine of provisions; but the regular pay of his soldiers was much in arrear, and they boldly contended that they had a right to pay themselves by the plunder they could make. As they were willing, however, to sell at a very inferior price what they had acquired at the expense of their blood, Gonzalves, whose mind always hurried forward to provide for the future, repurchased from his own purse the stores necessary to supply the fortress for some time after he had garrisoned it with Spanish troops. The Castle of the Egg still remained to be taken, and Gonzalves immediately sent a flag of truce, representing to the commander the fate of his companions, and praying him, for the sake of humanity, to spare him the pain of shedding more blood, by consenting to an honourable capitulation. Chavagnac, the governor, was not to be intimidated; and, in reply to Gonzalves, he declared his readiness to follow the glorious example set him by the garrison of the New Castle. There being no resource, Gonzalves immediately commanded Navarro to mine; and, though the rock was of a harder and

more impenetrable nature than any he had before attempted, everything was complete at the end of twenty days. Willing, however, to make one more effort to save so much bloodshed, Gonzalves again summoned the governor, warning him of his danger. The reply was the same. The mine was then sprung; and it would seem that the very hardness of the rock gave it more intense and concentrated fury, for the whole castle was nearly laid in ruins, and a third of the garrison buried under the walls. It required, however, no small effort to take possession of the ruins, for each man of the garrison had made up his mind to die, and each man did die, where he stood.

The day after the fall of this last fort the French fleet appeared in the bay; but finding the Spanish flag flying both on the city and on the forts, it steered towards Ischia, from which place it was again driven by the cannon of the fortress.

By this time the bad faith of Ferdinand, king of Spain, had been revealed through all its disguises, and appeared in all its deformity. It now became evident to Louis XII. that the last thing desired by the Spanish monarch was peace; and, indignant at his treachery, he instantly commanded the ambassadors of Spain to quit his court, while without delay he drew upon all the resources of his powerful kingdom to prepare for a war which, based upon revenge and indignation, bade fair to be one of the most sanguinary and inveterate which had ever yet desolated the world. Of the five armaments which were instantly equipped for the attack of Spain in her different possessions, we can only follow two,—one of which, commanded by the marquis de Saluces, was to proceed by sea, and to land at the first port open to the French in the Neapolitan kingdom,—the other, commanded by the famous Tremouille, which, entering Italy by the Milanese, marched also directly for Naples.

Pursuing his conquests, Gonzalves, after the reduction of the citadels which we have before mentioned, proceeded towards Caiëta, in which place the French general Alegre had fortified himself after the defeat at Cerignola. The army of Spain, however, was hardly equal to the undertaking, even at the commencement of the siege, and was repulsed with considerable loss from the outworks which Alegre had

constructed round the town; but ere long the improbability of success was changed to a certainty of failure, by the arrival of the marquis de Saluces in the harbour, accompanied by six thousand men, and escorted by a fleet fully sufficient to keep open every channel of supply. Thus, finding that no hope existed of either taking the city by assault or forcing it to surrender by famine, Gonzalves retired in order to cover the extent of country he had gained from the army of La Tremouille, which was now marching forward through the states of the Church. The situation of the Spanish general had now become one of great difficulty and danger. Menaced on all sides by very superior armies, he had no prospect of immediate reinforcements, and was in total want of money to pay his troops. He had been obliged to divide his forces in order to secure the strong places he had taken, and he could not call upon them to join the army under his own command without leaving all the fortresses of the kingdom open to be taken instant possession of by a power who could far better afford to diminish its numbers than he himself could. In short, with a very small force, he had to defend a large tract of country against a very superior enemy, and this under a jealous and suspicious sovereign, ever as prone to punish misfortune as he was disinclined to reward merit. To hesitate or to fear, however, was not in the nature of Gonzalves de Cordoba; and even while expecting every day the formidable army commanded by Saluces, to be joined by the still more imposing force under La Tremouille, he lost not a moment's time, but called every single soldier to his standard that could be spared from the various garrisons.

With his army thus considerably increased, he was watching the movements of the enemy, when an event occurred that by its consequences threw infinitely greater power into his hands, and acted in some degree in counterbalancing the great preponderance of the French power in Italy. This event was the decease of Pope Alexander VI., poisoned, it is said, at a banquet, by a drug prepared by his own natural son for another person. Thus retribution whips us with our own vices. Alexander had, it is true, leaned to the side of Ferdinand; but the interest of his son, the famous Cæsar Borgia, had prevented him from following his

inclination, and bound him unwillingly to the party of France. Through the influence of his authority a multitude of Spanish noblemen served with their retainers in the army by means of which Cæsar Borgia was endeavouring to make himself master of the north of Italy; and a great many of the chief families of Italy, afraid of encountering the united power of the Pope and the king of France, buried in their own bosoms their detestation of the name of Borgia. The death of Alexander, however, dissolved all such ties; and Gonzalves instantly strained every nerve, both to recall to the standard of their native sovereign such Spaniards as had fought—not against Spain, in truth, but in the ranks of her enemies—and to attach to his master every Italian whom the death of Alexander had left comparatively free. In each of these endeavours he was eminently successful. The Spaniards joined him almost to a man; and the Orsini family, with all its friends and allies, led the way in declaring its attachment to the crown of Spain.

In the meanwhile La Tremouille, having fallen sick in the neighbourhood of Rome, had retired to Milan for the re-establishment of his health; and his troops paused on their road, both to wait his recovery and to influence the election of the last Pope's successor. The hopes of Louis XII. were now raised to the highest point, in expectation of a nomination entirely accordant with his interests, which would in all probability have placed the whole of Italy in his power. For this purpose he pressed upon the conclave his admirable friend and minister the Cardinal d'Amboise; but neither Louis nor the cardinal were equal to cope in intrigue with the wily ecclesiastics of Italy. The cardinal of St. Peter's, whose interest was great in the conclave, promised all his influence to the French monarch, as did Cardinal Sforza, the brother of the deposed duke of Milan; but both of course considered their own interest in the first instance; and Francisco Piccolomini, cardinal of St. Eustacia, was unanimously elected by the conclave.

No one could object to his elevation, as in life and manners he was exemplary, and in talents and learning equal to any of his competitors; but still it is more than probable that the true cause of his election was neither to be found in his virtues or his genius, but rather in his age

and his incurable infirmities. The death of Alexander had been sudden, and the cardinal of St. Peter's, who destined the tiara ultimately for his own head, had not had time to prepare his party fully. He therefore joined his interest to the small body who favoured Piccolomini, and won over others to do the same, perfectly certain that the new head of the church would soon leave the papal throne vacant for himself.

As he had foreseen, so it proved; and he had barely time by his intrigues to insure himself success in the next election before Pius III. descended to the tomb. The conclave was immediately called, the cardinal of St. Peter elected, and, taking the name of Julius II., he declared himself at once the enemy of the French party in Italy.

Thus fortune seemed willing to support the cause of Spain against all that menaced it; and Gonzalves took care that the efforts of the fickle goddess in his favour should be well seconded by his own activity. His first care was to snatch from the French, who still remained within the Neapolitan kingdom, those frontier passes which would have afforded to the invading army, now every day expected, the means of marching unopposed into the heart of the country. This was not done without some severe fighting, but at length it was accomplished; and the Spanish general had time to fortify these advanced posts, in such a manner as to render them almost impregnable before the French army appeared upon the frontier.

Manifold impediments had produced great delay in the movements of France. The continued illness of La Tremouille; the difficulty of fixing on his successor; the long pause before Rome, while the election of the new pope was in agitation, and the countermarch which the French had been persuaded to make, upon the plea that the choice of the conclave could not be free while they remained in its proximity; the badness of the roads, now that autumn was fully commenced, and the scarcity of provisions, which had been carried off by the peasantry: all these causes combined to retard the movements of the French army, and to harass it on its march; but it still consisted of nearly thirty-five thousand men—a force far superior to any that Gonzalves

could bring into the field—and counted in its ranks the *élite* of the French chivalry.

The place of La Tremouille had however been very inefficiently supplied by the marquis of Mantua, who had always hitherto fought against the French, and who both despised them, and was despised by them. He was a man of sense, but not of activity, and totally wanted the fire so necessary in every one who would lead an army of Frenchmen. He was also clear sighted and skilful, prudent and cautious; but he was as slow in action as he was in deliberation; and understood warfare theoretically, without having that quickness of perception which can only make it successful in practice.

On arriving on the frontiers of Naples he turned off from the posts which Gonzalves had established in the Monte Cassino, declaring them impregnable, notwithstanding all the ardour with which the French officers combated such an opinion; and proceeding onwards towards the sea, proposed to cross the Garillano not far from the mouth. No boats being to be procured for the purpose of forming a bridge at the spot where the French prepared to pass, the marquis de Saluces sent up with all speed a sufficient number from Gasta, and the bridge was begun in the sight of the Spanish army, which had proceeded step by step towards the sea with the French. The bank of the river on the side occupied by the French, commanding the position of the Spanish army, the cannon of the duke soon obliged Gonzalves to retreat, and the bridge was accomplished without difficulty. It was now the universal demand amongst the French to be led instantly to the attack of the Spanish army, which, already retreating and annoyed by their cannonade, as well as inferior in number, offered, as it would seem, an opportunity never perhaps to be regained. The marquis of Mantua, however, refused to comply, asserting that it was necessary first, not only to complete the bridge, but to guard it with strong entrenchments; which doubtless was true under other circumstances, but was not to be considered for a moment, when the onward road was open to almost certain victory. The French army was obliged, however, to retire to their camp, murmuring loudly at their general; and

before the next morning Gonzalves had attacked the bridge, cut to pieces those that defended it, and would probably also have succeeded in burning it, had not the artillery on the heights again opened upon him as day began to break, and forced him to abandon the attempt. The bridge, however, was injured greatly, if not completely destroyed; and this check, together with several others, the recapture of a fortress that had been taken from the Spaniards, and the cold inactivity of the marquis of Mantua on all occasions, enraged the French to such a degree, that they passed from murmurs to open insult and complete rebellion. Nor was this insubordination confined to the ranks alone; the highest officers of the army had been in continued dispute with their general from the first moment of his assuming the command, till, finding at length he was every hour subject to insult, and could not insure obedience from one moment to another, the marquis threw up the command, and retired with his own body-guard from the French service. A corps of ten thousand Italians shortly after followed his example and withdrew; a defection which threw the French into new difficulties, and even brought upon the marquis of Mantua a charge (probably unjust) of treachery towards the party which he abandoned. The marquis de Saluces, however, was now called to the command of the French forces, and with a promptitude worthy of success, proceeded to do all that the inactivity of the former commander had left undone. Gonzalves attempted in vain to impede the construction of a new bridge, and of the redoubts to guard it; but finding that his efforts for that purpose were, and would still be ineffectual, he at once retreated and took up a position in the midst of a deep valley, about half a league distant from the bridge. Through this valley the only way to Naples and Capua passed by a narrow ravine, which the French army could not attempt without exposing itself to be cut to pieces in detail.

Here Gonzalves maintained his position with the same heroic firmness which he had displayed at Barletta, though every thing combined to try his resolution. The winter set in in the beginning of November, a thing unknown in that climate; the rain poured down upon him day after day, till the whole of his camp was under water and the valley sur-

rounding him took the appearance of a lake; a contagious disease broke out amongst the soldiers; provisions became scanty, the clothing insufficient, and the streams rushing down from the hills washed away the fascines with which he had attempted to raise his encampment above the inundation; but still Gonzalves remained firm. His officers at length came to him in a body, and remonstrated upon his perseverance in staying in a place which had already rendered his camp one general hospital. They reminded him of the mutiny which had taken place before Tarentum, merely from the pay being in arrear; they showed him that here the same thing was to be expected in a much more tremendous form, as not only pay, but provisions, clothing, firing, comfort, and health, were all wanting; and they proposed, finally, that he should retreat under the walls of Capua, where every necessary might be found in abundance, and the cannon of the city would secure his army from attack.

Gonzalves listened to them calmly, and replied with mildness, but firmness, that he had taken up that post for the purpose of shutting the entrance of the kingdom against the enemies of Spain; that he looked upon it as his bounden duty to maintain that post, and that were he, by staying, to die the next day of cold or pestilence, with a thousand other evils to make his death more miserable, he would rather do so than retreat one step, though that step should secure him a hundred years of life, blessed with all that health and fortune could do to make life happy.

No man ventured to reply, and such was the indefatigable zeal with which Gonzalves strove to ameliorate the condition of his troops—so continually did he labour for their benefit—such efforts did he make to drain the camp, to procure abundant supplies, to cure and solace the sick—so little did he spare himself, and so nobly did he bear every privation as a common man, that not a murmur was heard, though misery, pestilence, and famine were raging in every tent.

In the meanwhile the French general, having left a strong garrison in each of the forts he had established for the defence of the bridge, had retreated to a short distance

from the river and formed a strong camp for the winter, hoping that the inclemency of the season would oblige Gonzalves to abandon his position, and leave the passage open against the spring. The neglect and villany of the treasurers of the army, however, soon caused greater detriment to his army than the weather to that of Gonzalves. Suddenly all supplies of money from France ceased, and the marquis de Saluces found himself without any means of providing for his troops. He instantly dispatched couriers to Louis XII., who as speedily proceeded to remedy the evil, and to punish the defaulters; but all this required time, and before it was accomplished immense desertions had taken place in the French army, and the marquis had been obliged to spread his troops over a large space of ground to obtain provisions for themselves the best way they could.

He was the less fearful of giving this liberty as the bridge he had formed was still defended, and the news he received from the camp of Gonzalves represented the fate of the Spanish army as still worse than his own.

Great changes nevertheless at length took place in the camp of Gonzalves of which the marquis did not receive information. Before Christmas three large and unexpected reinforcements had joined the Great Captain, and had increased his army to nearly double the number of that of France. The first that arrived came from the Emperor Maximilian, who, hearing of the immense preparations of Louis, and fearful of losing all his influence in Italy if the French should be successful, had made every effort to raise a strong force to second the efforts of Gonzalves. The second reinforcement arrived from Spain, and ought to have joined the Spanish general long before, but had been delayed by various obstacles. The third was sent him by the noble family of Orsini, and was composed of the Italians who had abandoned the French after the retreat of the marquis of Mantua, joined to a body of veterans who had long served under Cæsar Borgia.

The defensive was no longer the policy of Gonzalves, and he instantly prepared to attack the camp of the French. Calling then his council together, he proposed to begin by storming the forts and forcing the bridge; and in this

every one agreed but Alviado,* the commander of the Orsini troops, who represented to him that such an attack would instantly put the marquis de Saluces upon his guard; that at present he was unprepared; and that by passing the river in secret, higher up than the bridge, a certain and an easy victory lay before them. Gonzalves was ever wise enough to yield to reason, and his fame was too high for such concession to be dangerous to his authority. He therefore embraced the opinion of Alviado in opposition to that he had himself held, and merely modified it by leaving part of his forces for the attack of the bridge while he prepared to pass the river with the main body.

The movements of the Spanish army were perceived by the French, but Gonzalves took care that these movements should apparently tend towards Capua, so that it was generally supposed in the adverse army that he was in retreat rather than in advance. At night, however, he turned, and surprising one of the enemy's outposts, passed the river and marched upon the head-quarters of the marquis de Saluces. The French general was however warned in time that Gonzalves was advancing with a far superior force, and in consequence he sent orders to break up the bridge, while he himself retreated in good order upon Caiëtta. The light cavalry of the Spanish army, under Prosper Colonna, hung upon his rear, but with little effect; while Gonzalves himself, with the main body, marched as fast as possible to force a battle before the French could reach a defensible position. In the meanwhile the troops left to break up the bridge did so in face of the Spanish rearguard; but, either from orders to that effect or from haste and confusion, they merely detached the boats without setting fire to them. The rearguard of the Spanish army instantly took advantage of this oversight, seized the boats as they were drifting down, reunited them into a bridge, and passing the river formed their junction with the main body. Hitherto the French army had been sheltered by the narrowness of the road, which prevented Colonna from effecting any manœuvre of consequence; but before reaching Mola the way opened out into a less difficult country, while the necessity of pass-

* I find the name of this officer sometimes written Alviano.

ing both the bridge of Mola and a long defile between that place and Caiëtta, obliged the marquis de Saluces to pause and make a stand against the Spaniards.

The cavalry, which formed the rear of the French, was instantly attacked by Gonzalves, who had now come up; but, though the Spaniards charged again and again with unremitting fury, the French chivalry sustained its reputation, and repelled every effort made against it. The spirit of Bayard seemed to have communicated itself to all bosoms in the French army, and he himself is said to have defended single-handed the bridge of Mola against the whole efforts of the Spaniards till the French horse rallied to his assistance. A skilful manœuvre of Gonzalves, however, did more to defeat the enemy than all the impetuous attacks of his soldiery. Between Mola and Caiëtta, as we have before said, lay a long defile; and in the very beginning of the action, the Spanish general had despatched a sufficient force to take possession of this passage, and cut off the retreat of the French. For some time this movement remained concealed; but at length, just as the French rear were giving way under the attack of the Spaniards, the marquis de Saluces perceived the squadrons which were advancing towards the defile. Without reflecting on the risk of a precipitate movement, and both astonished and confused by the sudden danger that presented itself, he ordered his troops to make all speed towards the defile. The French horse were already broken and driven back by continual attacks, and this command they received as permission to fly. In an instant, all was rout and confusion; all order was gone, and the plain presented nothing but fugitives, who never dreamed of rallying, although many of them gained the defile before the Spaniards, and might have held it as a point of defence, which would have assured the safety of the whole army. Gonzalves gave instant orders for pursuit, and an immense number were slain, either by his own light cavalry, or by the peasantry; who, irritated with the rapine and violence which they had suffered from the French troops, showed them no mercy in their flight.

Marching on to Caiëtta, he found the outer works quite without defence; and, sending in to the town a summons to

surrender immediately, he found that the marquis de Saluces, who had retreated thither with a number of officers and the miserable remains of his army, was quite willing not only to deliver up the city and its fortresses, but to quit the kingdom of Naples. Gonzalves, with his usual liberality, granted terms much more favourable than might have been expected; and thus terminated all the efforts of the fine and gallant army which had marched out of France not a year before. Its misfortunes, however, had not yet ceased. Those who endeavoured to reach France by land fell man by man by the way side, and those who rather chose to trust to the sea soon became afflicted with a malignant fever, which either destroyed them ere they reached the shore, or left them with diseases which soon after terminated their existence. Pietro de Medici, who had remained in garrison at Garillano, finding himself unable to defend the place, carried off all the heavy artillery, and put to sea; but scarcely had he quitted the shore, when one of the heavy squalls to which that sea is peculiarly subject took the ship unexpectedly, and, heavily laden as she was with an immense weight of cannon, she sank with every soul on board. Thus Misfortune seemed to mark out this unhappy army as her peculiar butt, at which every one of her arrows was discharged successively; and what with war, and famine, and pestilence, and shipwreck, and fatigue, of thirty-five thousand men who quitted France, not five thousand ever reached their native soil again.

In the meanwhile Gonzalves returned to Naples; and though for some time he had to struggle both with sickness and a new mutiny amongst his troops on the subject of their arrears, he soon contrived to free the kingdom of all the French who remained. Shortly after this he received pressing letters from the infamous Cæsar Borgia, offering to put in his hands the greater part of Romagna and Tuscany, upon condition that he would free him from the hands of the newly-elected Pope, who kept him a prisoner in the Vatican. Cæsar Borgia, the son of Alexander VI., had inherited all his father's vices, and superadded a ferocity peculiarly his own. His debaucheries formed the fairest point of his conduct, though they surpassed that of almost any other being then living; but in point of treachery he

might have failed to find a rival, either in ancient or in modern times ; and in cruelty his only fit companion would have been Nero. Yet for his crimes it was not that Julius II. kept the son of his predecessor in bondage, but simply because the ambitious prelate sought to force from him those domains which by so many fearful acts he had acquired. It was under these circumstances that the prisoner wrote to Gonzalves ; but at that moment the mutiny of his troops, and the impossibility of paying them, as well as the fear of involving his sovereign in an unjustifiable war, bound the hands of the Spanish general, and he refused the offer.

Cæsar Borgia, disappointed in his hopes, yielded to the will of the Pope, only stipulating for his liberty. After long negotiations, in which wile was employed against wile, and cunning contended with cunning, Romagna was given up, and Cæsar Borgia enlarged, his enemy, however, purposing to arrest him again immediately. Borgia's spirit, however, was from its own nature prophetic of all treachery ; and the moment he was free he made his escape to Naples, where he threw himself upon the protection of Gonzalves. The Spanish general received him with distinction ; and well aware that the confusion and turbulence of the rest of Italy greatly assisted in establishing his sovereign's power in Naples, even if it did not open the way to new acquisitions, he aided Borgia with whatever money he could spare, and permitted him to levy troops for the conquest of various places on the confines of Tuscany. Cæsar Borgia hastened all his preparations, feeling that nothing could give him security but the command of an army, and being desirous of quitting Naples as soon as possible. Silently, however, the court of Rome had worked his destruction with Ferdinand of Spain ; a full detail of all his crimes had been laid before that king, accompanied by an earnest prayer from the sovereign pontiff that he might be instantly arrested. Nearly fifty murders, besides a fratricide, were laid to his charge, with a thousand other crimes of minor degrees ; so that Ferdinand and Isabella found themselves fully justified in securing the friendship of the Pope by punishing one of the most monstrous criminals the world had ever produced. A swift sailing galley was therefore instantly sent to Naples to command

his arrest, and entered the port on the very day of Borgia's last audience of Gonzalves. The Spanish general, notwithstanding the knowledge of his commission, received the Italian with courtesy and distinction. Borgia, the deceiver, was himself deceived, and retired from the presence of Gonzalves elated with the hopes of sailing that very day upon his expedition; but in the antechamber of the palace he was arrested in the name of Ferdinand, placed on board a galley, and carried into the ports of Spain. There he remained a close prisoner for some years, but having at length made his escape, he joined John of Albret, king of Navarre, and was soon after killed in a night encounter with the troops of Louis de Beaumont, constable of Castile.

Similar reproaches were thrown upon Gonzalves in this affair to those which had been called forth by his detention of the young duke of Calabria—but with far less justice. In the present instance he violated no vow, he violated no duty. It was not under his individual protection that Cæsar Borgia had placed himself, but under that of the crown of Spain. If any blame could be attached to this affair, it belonged to Ferdinand and not to his general; and he fully justified himself by pleading the commands of his sovereign for the act he had committed. It would have been more dignified, perhaps, and certainly more candid, had Gonzalves caused the infamous Italian to be arrested the instant he had received the order, without descending even to momentary deceit. At all events, as far as the act of arresting him—an act certainly unjustifiable, inasmuch as Borgia was in no degree subject to the jurisdiction of Spain—the blame thereof must rest with Ferdinand, who commanded it; not with Gonzalves, who was but the instrument.

Several minor negotiations with the petty states of Italy succeeded the arrest of Borgia, but Gonzalves was successful in keeping himself at peace, and employed all the energies of his mind to wipe away the traces of conquest from the kingdom of Naples, and to attach the population to the crown of Spain, not by the frail ties of victor and vanquished, but by the more durable bonds of friendly feeling and common interests. Reverses, however, were

in store for Gonzalves, which made the close of his existence of a far different complexion from its course, as we often see the sun which has gone on shining in brightness through a long summer's day, sink down amidst clouds and tempests towards night.

The first shadow which came over his prospects was the death of Isabella of Castile, who had been to him at once a sovereign, a friend, and a protector. While she had lived, the envy which his successes and his merits had aroused, crept about in silence, and dared not raise its voice above a whisper; but now it spoke aloud, and the jealous ears of Ferdinand were greeted at all hours with rumours of his general's designs. Some sought to ruin him with poisonous praise, representing to the king his greatness as a warrior, his skill as a politician, his virtues as a man, insinuating how deeply he had touched the hearts of the Neapolitans, how they adored the very ground he trod, and obeyed his lightest word as if it were a law. Others, again, more boldly accused him of peculation in the finances of the kingdom of Naples, and malversation of the soldiers' pay. And others, still, represented the magnificence with which he lived, the benefits that he conferred upon his friends, the estates he granted to the Neapolitans of the Spanish party; and asked, what could be his design if it were not personally to seize the kingdom he had conquered for his master, and appropriate the sovereignty to himself? Ferdinand, himself the most subtle of men, possessed a heart which was the natural home of suspicion; and it is not wonderful that his jealousy of Gonzalves was easily awakened.

He wrote, therefore, commanding his return, upon pretence that he required his aid and counsel, but there were many motives which induced the great captain to evade the order. Ferdinand had reigned in Castile solely in right of Isabella. Now that Isabella was dead, her daughter succeeded to the crown of Castile; and the archduke of Austria, her daughter's husband, claimed the government of that kingdom with as full a right as that by which Ferdinand had held it previously. The kingdom of Naples had been conquered by Castilian troops and with Castilian gold, and it seemed natural that it should rather belong to

Castile than to Arragon. Gonzalves, therefore, paused till the claims of Ferdinand and the archduke were finally settled, before he delivered up Naples to either. Whether he was ever tempted to seize upon that kingdom himself, and while others were disputing for their rights, to urge the strong claim of the sword, can now hardly be told. At all events, he did not yield to the temptation; and though even the promise which Ferdinand made him of the rank of grand master of the order of St. James, the highest distinction in Spain below the crown, did not induce him to quit Naples till the question of its possession was determined, the moment the treaty was concluded between the king and the archduke, yielding all the Italian dominions of Spain to the former, Gonzalves instantly took ship to obey the often repeated commands of Ferdinand. His long delay, however, had awakened the suspicions of the king to the utmost, and at the same time that Gonzalves was setting out for Spain, he was embarking for Naples to cut short the treasonable efforts he doubted not to find in progress. At Genoa, however, he found Gonzalves on his way to Spain, and so astonished was Ferdinand to see him there, that he remained silent for many minutes, overpowered by the sudden dispersion of all his jealousies and fears. When he did speak, however, it was to load Gonzalves with thanks and honours, and re-embarking they proceeded to Naples together. Here, though the conduct of the great captain himself removed all doubts of his integrity from the bosom of the king, the attachment which the Neapolitan people displayed towards him gave but little pleasure to the jealous monarch, and injured Gonzalves more than even the suspicions he had before entertained. Nor was the conduct of Ferdinand himself calculated at all to attach the Italians. He was mean, avaricious, exacting, and reserved; and after having chilled and disgusted the people that Gonzalves had not only conquered but won, he departed again for Spain, leaving strict orders for his general to follow him immediately.

By this time the archduke was dead, and the whole government of Spain had fallen back into Ferdinand's hands, in consequence of the imbecility of the archduchess. He had also endeavoured to unite the interests of Spain and

France by marrying Germaine de Foix, the niece of Louis XII., and on his return from Naples he had a personal interview with the French monarch at Genoa. Thither Gonzalves followed him, and the distinction with which he was treated by Louis, like the affection of the Neapolitans, did not tend to increase the love of Ferdinand towards him. After arriving in Spain, Gonzalves, who under the orders of Ferdinand had refused the command both of the papal and Venetian forces, now urged the monarch to fulfil the promise he had made of creating him grand master of the order of St. James. Ferdinand, however, now repented of his promise, and delayed its fulfilment under a thousand pretences. Gonzalves pressed for its accomplishment; and thus the successful general became odious in the eyes of him for whom he had won a kingdom. These things went on, and a thousand petty causes of irritation were added to the disgust subsisting between the king and Gonzalves.

The town and lordship of Loxa had, some time previous, been given to the great captain for his life; and thither he retired to pass his days in quiet, far from the intrigues and troubles of the court, till such time as fortune, by rendering his services necessary, should insure more attention to his claims. That time did not fail to come; and Ferdinand, after seeing his forces, as well as those of the pope and the Venetians, completely defeated by the French at the battle of Ravenna, was fain once more to call Gonzalves into action, and to give him the command of a great armament, with which he proposed to turn the tide of fortune in favour of Spain. But Gonzalves was never more destined to fight or to triumph. The army was already embarked, the wind had become favourable, and Gonzalves was about once more to set sail for Italy, when a messenger arrived from Ferdinand countermanding the departure of the fleet. News, it appeared, had reached him, which calmed his mind with respect to the fate of Naples. Other enemies had started up around Louis XII. and operated a complete diversion in favour of Ferdinand; and that crafty monarch, instead of employing his forces in the defence of places no longer menaced by an enemy, resolved to turn their efforts against Navarre, and to plunder another monarch of his

right, as he had already robbed the kings of Naples. This expedition, and its change of destination, raised the hopes of Gonzalves, and then disappointed his expectations more than any other event of his life. However, though he lost, by the alteration of Ferdinand's schemes, the opportunity of winning new glory, the very appointment to command so large a force in Italy, gave the lie to all the accusations and surmises which had been founded on his recall from that country, and his subsequent disgrace at court. Gonzalves strove hard to conceal his disappointment; and, in order to assuage that of the soldiers who were to have served under him, and who, like himself, suddenly found their expectations frustrated, he distributed amongst them presents to the amount of one hundred thousand crowns of gold. He then retired once more to Loxa, where he remained surrounded by many of the most noble and influential men in Spain.

Many rumours were, of course, spread of plots and schemes nourished by the disappointed general, in his retirement from the court, and historians have even transcribed such rumours to their pages, without investigating the sources from whence they were derived. The strongest proof that Gonzalves did not plot is that Ferdinand did not suspect him; for that jealous monarch was always far more ready to doubt where there was no cause, than to trust where there was a shade of doubt. Marian, indeed, states that Gonzalves entertained a wish to join the Archduke Charles in the Netherlands, and Ferdinand forbade him, under his high displeasure, to follow up this intention. This may possibly have been true; and it is possible, also, that Gonzalves may have contributed to thwart several of his ungrateful sovereign's projects. We know that he upheld Ximenes in his refusal to resign the archbishopric of Toledo, which Ferdinand sought to bestow elsewhere; and we also know, that he married his daughter Elvira, to the constable of Castile, without obtaining, or even asking, the king's consent; but almost all the rest that has been advanced respecting his schemes of rebellion, is merely hypothetical. One of the deepest prejudices of Gonzalves' mind was the duty of implicit obedience to the will of his sovereign. In compliance therewith, he had risked even that fame which he sought

so eagerly. Men may conquer their feelings or violate their principles; but they seldom—very seldom—overcome their prejudices to any great extent.

If, therefore, we suppose that self-interest and disappointment so far wrought upon Gonzalves, as to induce him to remonstrate, and even to upbraid his sovereign, in his own affairs; and to oppose his wishes, by argument and expostulation with others, we go as far as any tangible evidence, or even a knowledge of human nature in the want of such, will permit. But to believe in rumours unsupported, or to give the authority of repetition to malice buried under the weight of ages, by raising up the mouldy scandals of the fifteenth century, is neither doing service to the living nor justice to the dead.

Deeply wounded, though concealing his wound, Gonzalves retired to Loxa, where, in the rust of idleness, the sword wore the scabbard more than in the days of its most active employment—I mean, that his spirit, in its want of other occupation, preyed upon his body. Not long after he was attacked by a quartan fever, which at first seemed mild in its character; and he removed to Granada for change of air.

In that city, however, the disease took a more serious form; and, on the 2nd of December, 1515, he died in the arms of his wife and his only child.

A hundred standards, taken from the enemy, preceded his coffin to the tomb, and all the chivalry of Spain that could reach the spot, followed the Great Captain to his place of long repose. The enmity even of a king ended when death made gratitude cheap, and Ferdinand ordered a solemn service to be said for the dead warrior in all the churches of Spain—an honour only till that time conferred upon the royal race.

It seemed, indeed, that this was that monarch's favourite mode of recompensing inestimable services. He gave Gonzalves a solemn mass, and Columbus a splendid tomb; after the one had given him a new kingdom, and the other a new world.

Gonzalves de Cordoba was tall, powerful, graceful in form, and handsome in feature. He was of a robust and healthy temperament, and of moderate, though not abste-

mious habits. He was skilled in almost all exercises, and as capable of performing the part of a soldier as that of a general. In society he was easy and witty, yet grave and composed; while as a politician he was keen and penetrating; and as an orator, bold, powerful, and persuasive. In his military career, he showed consummate skill in his manœuvres, as well as prudence and firmness in his resolutions, tempered by deference to the opinion of others and frankness in yielding to reason and conviction. He was vigilant, active, and daring; but, at the same time, cool, sagacious, and calculating. By the one he overthrew his enemies, and by the other he preserved himself. His personal courage was great, and perhaps he exposed himself, even in his latter years, more than was absolutely necessary; but he won the love and the confidence of his soldiers, by showing them that, on all occasions, he shared the same dangers and the same privations with themselves. He was always courteous, and would have deserved to be called liberal, had he not been both profuse and ostentatious. This was the only weakness which we find recorded of him, and his only crime was committed in the service of one who, of course, was ungrateful. As a warrior, none perhaps, under such unfavourable circumstances, had so few reverses; and, as a man, there are not many who have had fewer faults.

THE DUKE OF ALVA.

Born in Spain, 1508—Celebrated for his courage and firmness in early youth—Served under Charles V.—President of the infamous council who tried and condemned the duke of Saxony—Gains military experience against the French—The death of Charles V. brings the two congenial spirits of Philip II. and Alva into conjunction—Cold-blooded massacre of the prisoners and citizens at Haërlem—He has left the character of a great general, but a cruel bigoted man.

FERDINAND ALVAREZ DE TOLEDO, duke of Alva, sprung from one of the noblest families in Spain, was born in 1508, and served from his childhood under his celebrated relation Frederic of Toledo. From him he learned the art of war; and from him also, it is possible, he acquired in some degree that stern and cruel firmness which characterized his after-life, and those deep-rooted prejudices in favour of arbitrary power, which he himself believed to be virtues, though they prompted him to the perpetration of many crimes.

In his early career he became so marked for his courage and coolness in the field of battle, that ere he had reached the age of thirty he was raised to the rank of general by the Emperor Charles V. The famous truce of Nice, however, having put a stop to the war between France and Austria, immediately after he had been elevated to a station which entitled him to separate command, no very brilliant event distinguished the life of Alva for nearly five years. At length the murder of the French and Venetian ambassadors by the marquis del Guasto afforded a good pretence to Francis I. for breaking a disadvantageous truce, and all Europe was once more involved in war.

Of the five splendid armies which the immense exertions of the French monarch brought into the field, one of the strongest and best equipped, consisting of forty thousand men, led by the Dauphin in person, was directed against the Spanish dominions of the emperor.

The fine country of Roussillon, forming naturally a part of the French kingdom, had been but lately annexed to the crown of Spain, and Francis's first and greatest efforts were employed to recover a tract which it was dangerous to the peace of his dominions, and degrading to the honour of his throne, to leave in the hands of a rival and inimical power.

The army of the Dauphin therefore, while the duke of Orleans ravaged the territories of Luxembourg, and fixed the attention of Austria upon that province, marched at once into Roussillon, and advanced with scarcely any opposition upon Perpignan. That city, though of immense importance, was then weakly fortified, but the famous Andrew Doria, on the first news of its danger, had thrown into it immense supplies from Italy, and Alva had been appointed to hold it out as long as possible.

No one could have been better calculated to fulfil the duties of such a station than the young Toledo. Brave and hardy as a soldier, he was cool and skilful as a commander, and resolute, determined, unchangeable as a man. The attack on the part of the Dauphin was vigorous and persevering, and three months were spent in active but unsuccessful efforts to capture the city. The French with their accustomed courage marched up continually to the assault of weak and insufficient fortifications, but the cool steady resistance of the Spaniards, and the obstinate valour of their commander, uniformly presented insurmountable obstacles; every attempt to storm was repelled with loss; and after seeing a great part of his troops perish by disease, or fall in fruitless engagements, the Dauphin was obliged to raise the siege, and abandon the country he had been sent to conquer.

The skill and determination which Alva had displayed in the defence of Perpignan, showed him well fitted for the service of a cold and calculating master, and together with his success, raised him high in the favour of Charles, whose friendship always hung upon his interests, and whose affections extended not beyond the consideration of himself. It was not long before a man of Alva's relentless nature and despotic prejudices was required to serve the mingled purposes of policy and revenge of which his impe-

rial master was sometimes capable. The elector of Saxony had done more than enough to render himself hateful in the eyes of Charles V. The head of the league of Smalkalde, the leader of the Protestant forces, the rival of Charles in power, and the barrier against his exactions ; by his influence if not by his skill, by his courage if not by his activity, he had for long supported the reformed religion, and preserved the liberties of Germany.

In return, Charles had boldly placed him under the ban of the empire without the authority of a diet, which, according to every principle of German jurisprudence, was necessary to give force to this sort of legal anathema. Maurice of Saxony, the kinsman of the elector, had treacherously leagued with the emperor, and only authorized by the illegal ban which Charles had issued against his cousin, had taken possession of his hereditary dominions. The elector then, with the Protestant army opposed to the imperial forces, was compelled by the prayers of his people to return and defend his territories from the oppression of his base relation ; and the league of Smalkalde, thus shaken by a separation of its troops, was almost immediately dispersed. The various princes of which it had been composed, in general, submitted to the emperor, and Charles, freed from his greatest apprehensions, prepared to follow the elector of Saxony, and support his ally Maurice in possession of his usurped power.

Various causes, however, occasioned a delay in his movements. The papal troops, which had hitherto swelled his armies against the Protestants, were now suddenly recalled ; a conspiracy had broken out in Genoa, which he could hardly persuade himself was unsupported by some great foreign power, and it became evidently the intention of the king of France once more to oppose the increasing influence of the house of Austria by a renewal of war. Under such circumstances Charles hesitated to involve himself in new efforts against the elector, and that prince had time to expel his treacherous kinsman from the places he had taken, and to repossess himself of his rightful dominions. At length, the death of the king of France and the fruitless unravelling of the Genoese conspiracy, freed Charles from all foreign apprehensions, and he at once began his march against the

elector. His army, though not consisting of more than sixteen thousand men, was formed of veteran troops and experienced officers; and though the forces of the elector were numerically superior in an immense proportion, his officers had but little of the skill, and his men little of the habit of war. He himself also, though possessed of chivalrous personal bravery, was slow and diffident in counsel, and unskilful and dilatory in the field. With strange and unaccountable imprudence, he separated, instead of concentrating his forces, and neither pursued a bold plan of action, which might have given victory to his inexperienced troops by impetus, nor followed the more cautious policy of protracting the war, which would have insured the enemy's defeat by the difficulties of the country and the want of resources. Charles advanced with more boldness than usual, eager to take advantage of his opponent's faults and irresolution. The indefensible towns in which the elector had scattered his troops, were taken one by one; and with hardly any opposition Charles arrived on the banks of the Elbe, nearly opposite to Mulberg, where the rearguard of the elector was stationed. The banks were high, the river broad and rapid, the passage difficult, and the adverse force strong; but Charles with a daring impetuosity he rarely evinced, determined immediately on attempting to cross and attack the enemy. All his officers combated this resolution, and none more than Alva, who, though as daring as youth, when the palm of success was evidently held out to boldness, followed a more cautious line of conduct where any doubt obscured the way. The emperor, however, was decided, the river was passed in the face of the detachment left to guard against such an event, and Charles hastened forward to attack the main body of the Saxon forces, which were only a few miles distant.

Either treachery or want of precaution had left the elector in ignorance of the movements of his enemy, and Charles had passed the river before his opponent was aware of the attempt. When the matter was beyond doubt, however, an order was given to the Saxon army to retreat; but before the execution of this command was practicable, the imperial forces were in sight, and retreat was no longer possible. Compelled to action, the elector now displayed

that spirit and energy which, had it been previously exerted, would have saved his dominions and himself. His troops, however, were disheartened by an intercepted flight, and his enemies were inspired by a fresh success. Thus, notwithstanding skilful arrangements and desperate courage on his own part, his army was completely routed, and he himself made prisoner. In the exultation of victory, Charles received him with undignified and ungenerous rudeness; but a deeper and more disgraceful scene was about to be acted between the insolent conqueror and his noble prisoner.

The unhappy elector was carried in triumph through his own dominions to the gates of his capital city of Wittemberg, which, strong by nature and by art, promised to set Charles's scanty army at defiance, unless some other means were employed than the ordinary efforts of siege.

The electress, with a considerable body of troops, and the electoral prince, who had escaped, though wounded, from the field of Mulhausen, held out the town, and to the emperor's summons to surrender, and threats in case of refusal, replied by informing him that whatever he inflicted upon the Saxon prince should be visited upon the head of his creature, Albert of Brandenburg, who was a prisoner in their hands. To retire unsuccessful from the walls of Wittemberg would have been a disgrace to the arms of the emperor for ever, and an attempt to convey to the spot the means for carrying on a regular siege having failed, Charles had recourse to an expedient which has only been used by tyrants and barbarians. He threatened to take the life of the elector if his capital was not immediately surrendered; and to convince his beleaguered family of his firm determination, a court-martial was immediately called to sentence a sovereign prince, whose legal judges could only be found in a diet of the empire. No one could be better fitted than the duke of Alva to preside over a tribunal, authorized by power alone, and to pass the doom of death upon a fellow-creature whom he had no title to try. Charles appreciated his general justly, and named him president of the court-martial on the unfortunate elector of Saxony.

Doubtless the others whom he called to share in the judgment-seat were equally well selected. As the court

was a mockery, so was the trial. The whole proceedings were based upon the ban of the empire, into the legality or illegality of which the judges of the elector did not think fit to inquire, and a band of Spanish and Italian officers, under the direction of the emperor, passed sentence of death upon the greatest of the German princes. The elector was engaged in playing at chess when his doom was announced to him—a doom which reflected equal disgrace on the men by whom it was decreed and the monarch by whom it was instigated.

The victim, however, received it without a change of countenance, and paused in his game only to point out the illegality of the proceedings under which he was condemned, to protest against the tribunal, and to express a hope that his family would not suffer his fate to make them less bold in the defence of their rights. He then resumed his occupation, and played on with as much skill and coolness as before.

The danger, however, which could not shake the firmness of the elector, overwhelmed the resolution of his wife, and her tears and persuasions produced that which the threats of his great enemy had not been able to effect. The elector yielded; and for the sake of those he loved, agreed to save a life that he little valued, at the expense of power, dignity, and liberty. The treacherous Prince Maurice was installed in the halls of his injured kinsman, and the elector remained a prisoner: but circumstances afterwards changed, and in the evening of his days he was released, to display in a humbler station, and more peaceful times, the virtues which he had evinced as a sovereign in periods of difficulty and danger.

The next act of arbitrary power, in the execution of which Alva was engaged, was the unjust and treacherous detention of the landgrave; but on this occasion he acted merely in obedience to the orders he received, without assuming the character of a judge or prostituting the name of justice.

Charles V. had now apparently triumphed over all the internal opposition which had so long clogged his active ambition, and he seemed free to pursue those great schemes of external policy which he had long formed, for the

aggrandizement of his own power and the depression of the neighbouring monarchs. But the eyes of the world had not been shut, and the great preponderance which he had already obtained had awakened the jealousy of other European kings. At the same time, Maurice of Saxony repaid the benefits he had received as such benefits deserved; he put himself at the head of the Protestant party, leagued with Henry II. of France; and after deceiving the emperor by a long course of unparalleled subtlety, raised the standard of revolt in the heart of Germany. His ally Henry II. without delay marched into Loraine, took possession of Verdun, Toul, and Metz, and threatening the frontier of the empire, brought about an effectual diversion in favour of the Protestants. Maurice pursued his scheme with vigour; and taking the emperor by surprise, forced him into a treaty of peace, in which the interests of France were very little considered. Treacherous alike to all, Maurice cared little about his ally the king of France, when once the object for which he had contracted that alliance was obtained.

While the treaty was in progress the emperor, in hopes of being able to delay it till he had collected a sufficient force to oppose Maurice by arms, had been busily engaged in making fresh levies through all his dominions; and when the skill, activity, and clear-sightedness of his adversary had baffled all his arts and forced him to ratify the peace, these troops still remained prepared to carry on the war against France.

Eager to avenge the insult which had been offered to his frontier, and to recover those important towns which had proved in many instances not only the bulwark of Germany in the north, but an inlet into the most valuable provinces of France, Charles spared no pains and no expense to complete his army, and to bring it into the field as rapidly as possible. Nearly a hundred thousand men were thus collected; and to conceal the true object of his preparation, he spread various reports concerning the destination of his army, till the direction of its march left no longer any doubt of his real intentions.

The king of France immediately made every exertion to secure the territory he had acquired; and Charles, as

soon as he found that his designs were discovered, hurried forward as fast as possible towards Champagne, giving the chief command of his forces, under himself, to the duke of Alva. Metz, of course, as the strongest and most important city on that line of frontier, was the first destined to attack; and towards the end of October, A.D. 1552, the whole forces of the empire sat down before it, and invested it in form. The gallant duke of Guise, however, had been charged with its defence by Henry II., and had previously employed every means to render its natural strength still more formidable. He destroyed the immense and untenable suburbs, he enlarged the narrow fosse, he repaired all the old and long-neglected fortifications, and erected new ones of greater extent and more scientific construction. The soldiers and workmen he encouraged to almost superhuman efforts, by labouring with his own hands at the most difficult and the most inferior works, and the people he reconciled to the destruction of their property, at once by his popular and fascinating manners, and by his chivalrous abandonment of all personal comfort and individual consideration. Such were his preparations for resistance, and on the arrival of the imperial army, the same vigour characterized his movements. Sally after sally interrupted the progress of the besiegers, and every breach which the German artillery effected in the walls was instantly repaired, or rendered impracticable by new fortifications. The Emperor Charles himself, attacked by a violent fit of the gout, lay ill at Thionville; but Alva, although he had strongly remonstrated against undertaking so difficult an enterprise at so late a period of the year, did everything that a soldier and a general could do to make that enterprise successful. But the courage of the garrison, the active energy of the duke of Guise, the inclemency of the season, and the sickness of his troops, rendered all the measures of Alva fruitless; though those measures are allowed to have been conceived with no small military skill. After a siege of two months, the emperor was obliged to break up his camp and retreat, while Guise marched along the frontier, and prevented the imperial army from striking one blow of any importance, notwithstanding all the great preparations which had preceded the expedition.

The arms of France were not less fortunate in the south than they had been in the east; and the whole of the Austrian territory in Italy seemed likely to fall under the dominion of Henry II. To counteract the French efforts in Piedmont, a general of acknowledged abilities was required; and the choice of the emperor again fell upon the duke of Alva. This choice, it is said, was as much influenced by the jealousy of a rival, who wished to remove Alva from the court, as by his general reputation. Of this fact the duke was well aware, and was no less conscious of the great disadvantages which might arise to himself from a long absence. But the expedition was one of difficulty and danger, and Alva's sense of military honour was too high to permit of his declining a perilous enterprise on any consideration. He nevertheless made high demands in regard to the power with which he was to be invested. These were all granted, and he was consequently despatched to Italy armed with unlimited authority.

His first operations, however, were less successful than his former conduct had led his sovereign to expect. *Maréchal Brissac*, to whom he was opposed, still continued to obtain considerable advantages; and the first campaign closed without any improvement of the Austrian prospects in Italy.

A truce, however, having been concluded between the king of France and Philip the Second,—who having now succeeded to the throne of Spain, had become Alva's sovereign—the war in Italy for a short time seemed concluded; but the ambition and arrogance of the Pope Paul IV. soon dispelled such hopes, and by leaguings with the French king to deprive Philip of the territory of Naples, he compelled the Spanish monarch unwillingly to draw the sword against the head of the Roman church. Alva, who was as superstitiously scrupulous in his reverence for the see of Rome as Philip himself, willingly temporized and negotiated till he received his sovereign's commands to march into the ecclesiastical states. Then, however, he showed that the moderation of his master and himself had proceeded from no want of power to defend or chastise. At the head of a small party of chosen troops, he entered the territory of the church, and made himself master of the

Campagna, taking city after city by the way. The pope, though furious with his reverses, was now compelled to temporize, and by taking advantage of Alva's bigotry, contrived to obtain a truce, during which he pressed his ally, the king of France, to hurry the march of the auxiliaries he had promised.

Reinforcements indeed, soon reached Italy, commanded by the great and noble duke of Guise, who was received at Rome in triumph, and instantly prepared to renew the war. But that commander, on examining the preparations made by the pope, found they were far inferior to what he had been led to expect, and that the representations which had brought him into Italy, were in every respect fallacious. Nevertheless, urged by the eager animosity of the pontiff, he marched towards Naples and laid siege to a small frontier town, but without success. The Spanish commandant of Civitella displayed the same bold and active spirit of resistance which Guise had himself exhibited at Metz; and the French general was obliged to retire and endeavour to retrieve the disgrace of failure by striving for success elsewhere. With this view he turned towards the Spanish commander-in-chief, who by this time had renewed his warlike operations against the pope; and by a rapid march compelled Alva to resume the defensive. He did so, however, with so much success, that, though the duke of Guise with far superior forces advanced towards his camp, and strove to force him to a battle, yet the Spanish commander maintained his position, frustrated all the movements of the enemy, and secured the territories of Spain from all farther aggression. In the mean while, Philip in person had won the famous battle of St. Quintin; the duke of Guise was recalled suddenly from Italy, and the pope, left without support, was fain, notwithstanding all his arrogance, to treat with the monarch he had offended. Philip, whose superstitious veneration for the head of the church was more real than that of most monarchs of his day, gladly acceded to all the terms of the pontiff, even to humiliation and apology; and Alva as a suppliant repaired to Rome, and implored the forgiveness of him whom he had conquered.

On the day that Alva entered the city the duke of Guise quitted it, and it was strange to see the victor acting as the

vanquished; and the defeated general, returning to his native land, to be received with all the honour and joy of a triumph. Nor is it a less singular fact in regard to Alva, one of the proudest and one of the firmest men of his age, that, on approaching the pope, his voice trembled and his composure was lost; a trait of character on which I wish to draw attention, as it evinces the quantity of superstition which must have been implanted in his mind by early education, and naturally connects itself with the cruel bigotry of his after-conduct in the Low Countries.

To this war shortly succeeded the celebrated treaty of Cateau Cambresis, by which Henry II. of France yielded the fruits of many a long expedition and hard-fought field; and in the month of June the duke of Alva proceeded to Paris, as proxy, to espouse for Philip the unhappy Elizabeth of France, who had been formerly affianced to the infant Don Carlos.

An entirely new scene, however, was about to open before Alva. Nothing was more painful to the feelings of the bigoted monarch of Spain, than to behold the progress which the Reformation was making in his Belgian dominions; and, resolved to crush the rising spirit of the people, he sought a man as superstitious, as merciless, as stern as himself, to press down the weight of tyranny upon the devoted heads of his Flemish subjects. To superstition, cruelty, and inflexibility, it was necessary that the instrument of his despotic will should add the military talents which might be required, if the people should rebel under their burden, or other nations should interfere to relieve them. For every purpose of his heart, he could have chosen none better than Alva; and instead of dissuading his imperious master from his purposed tyranny, that general urged him to it by every argument calculated to work upon the revengeful and intolerant mind of the Spanish king. Many bold and noble counsellors had dared to oppose advice and remonstrance to the monarch's inclination; and had warned him that, by pursuing the violent and arbitrary course to which he was inclined, he risked the loss of some of his most valuable provinces. Alva, however, was by far too superstitious in his adherence to the Romish church, to view the Reformers in any other light

than as detestable heretics, and too prejudiced an instrument of arbitrary power, to regard an effort for freedom as anything less than rebellion. He was at once, therefore, the counsellor and the executor of Philip's schemes of oppression. His advice was preferred to that of more moderate or more prudent courtiers, and with a force sufficient to overawe the discontented Belgians, that general marched into Brussels in the summer of 1567.

It would be both too long and too painful to enter into the minute detail of all the cruelties, persecutions, and proscriptions, which the heartless bigot inflicted on the unhappy people of the Netherlands. Consternation and terror pervaded the whole country on his arrival, and blood, massacre, and desolation, spread over the face of the land around him. Happy were those protestants who could hasten into exile; for the flaming sword of persecution was behind them, and neither rank, nor age, nor sex, was a protection. In a very short space of time, more than two thousand people fell by the hands of the executioner; at the head of whom were the noble Counts Egmont and Horn; who had endeavoured, though too feebly, to rescue their devoted country from its merciless tyrant. Every species of torture that the diabolical genius of the inquisition could invent was employed to punish those who professed a different faith; and even the detestable activity of the holy office, not being found sufficient, a Council of Tumults, as it was called, was instituted, to aid in the more speedy punishment of the refractory. The duchess of Parma, who had hitherto exercised the office of regent, retired from a scene of horrors which was soon to become a scene of civil wars; and Alva, invested with immense and extraordinary powers by his sovereign, speedily drove the whole country into general revolt.

The first great effort of the Protestants of the Low Countries was made by the noble house of Nassau, led by the prince of Orange. It is probably seldom that in the course of human action any deed is prompted by one motive alone, and in the case of the prince of Orange, many incitements may have combined to urge him into resistance against the cruel tyranny of Alva. Patriotism, individual revenge for personal persecution, and latent projects of ambition, may

all have influenced his conduct in a degree; but the effect was a wise, noble, and energetic defence of the rights of his fellow-countrymen, and Alva soon found that he must call forth all his powers to contend with the great mind opposed to him.

Prince Louis of Nassau, brother of the prince of Orange, first took the field; and, accompanied by a body of Flemish exiles and German mercenaries, he entered the Netherlands, and gained a complete victory over a detachment sent by Alva to oppose him.

At the same time the prince of Orange and other members of the house of Nassau made every effort in neighbouring countries; but, in the end, the genius and the force of Alva triumphed over all the power they could raise, and for some time upheld him in the painful situation of a detested, dreaded, conquering tyrant.

Prince Louis of Nassau was defeated in the first regular attempt to oppose him in person. Immediately after the condemnation of the Counts Egmont and Horn, Alva, warned of the prince's march and previous success, set out with a considerable force in order to fight the enemy, who was already in the field, before the prince of Orange also could come up. Prince Louis had taken up his position with great skill, and had fortified it with great care; but the rapidity of Alva's march brought him to the ground before the country could be inundated by breaking down the dykes. The Germans in the prince's army mutinied in the moment of need. Alva had information of everything, was ready instantly to take advantage of his enemy's embarrassment, attacked him in his intrenchments, and gained a complete and signal victory, with the loss of but eighty men. The army of the prince was scattered like chaff before the wind, and nearly seven thousand fell by the sword.

Shortly after, the prince of Orange, who had gathered together a force even superior to that of Spain, advanced towards the Low Countries, passed the Rhine unopposed, and directed his march upon Liege. Finding that town less favourably disposed than he had anticipated, he determined upon crossing the Meuse, and forcing the Spanish

general to a battle. Alva, however, guarded the bank of the river with watchful care; and, even after the prince had succeeded in crossing the stream during the night, so sedulously avoided a battle, that his adversary could by no means attack him but with infinite disadvantage to himself. Perfectly aware of all the difficulties of his enemy's situation, Alva, determined to wear him out. He followed him continually, cutting off his supplies, harassing his rear, embarrassing his movements, and always at the same time entrenching himself with such skill, that no danger could result to his own army.

No general ever conducted a campaign with more consummate art, activity, and energy than the duke of Alva on the present occasion.

William of Orange also displayed great abilities and great resolution; but his troops were raw and refractory, his opponent acute and talented, and at length he was forced by the persevering skill of Alva to disband his troops, and at once to retire into exile.

The arrogance and cruelty of Alva rose with his good fortune, and no bound seemed put to his exaction. Both for the gratification of his own vanity, flattered by success, and for the purpose of making that success appear still more tremendous in the eyes of the oppressed Flemings, Alva caused medals to be struck, and statues to be wrought, commemorating his own triumphs, and the failure of those who had attempted to restore liberty to Belgium. At the same time he applied much of his time to purposes which do more honour to his name than his victories, and which, had they been worthily pursued, would have acted in some degree as a compensation for the effects of his many crimes. He endeavoured to regulate and extend the trade of Flanders, and to prevent the corruption of the current coin, but at the same time he neutralized every advantage which the very wish of benefiting the commerce of the country might have produced, by loading the people with grievous and illegal taxes, which at once burdened traffic, agriculture, and manufacture. Even the Catholic inhabitants of the country now became subject to the most rigorous taxation: the goods of foreign merchants were seized in the seaports,

and such cities as in any shape resisted his demands were punished by receiving strong bodies of troops, licensed to live at free quarters upon the inhabitants.

His cruelty and arrogance had rendered Alva detestable in the eyes of the people; but it required oppression which came generally home to the hearts of all, to drive the country again into revolt. This oppression was felt in the new and ill-judged taxes, by which he sought to keep up the military force which he had no other means of paying; and intrigues with the exiled Protestants, followed by risings in various considerable cities, were the immediate results. The important town of the Brille was taken about this time by the exiles; and Count Bossut, sent to recapture it by Alva, miscarried in the attempt, and had the mortification, in his retreat, to see place after place shut its gates against him and raise the standard of freedom. The spirit spread far and wide. Flushing joined those cities already in a state of rebellion. The whole of Zeeland, a part of North Holland, Leyden, Dort, Haerlem, and many other towns throughout Overijssel and Friesland, shook off the Spanish yoke.

At the same time, Count Louis of Nassau, who had long been apparently inactive in France, suddenly entered the Netherlands with five hundred horse and a thousand musketeers, and by stratagem made himself master of Mons, the capital of Hainault.

Alva for a time remained undecided, whether he should march to put down the rebellion in the north, or at once attack Mons, and check any further attempt upon the southern frontier. He determined upon the latter, and soon after besieged that city in form. With the most extraordinary care he shut up all the avenues of access and entrenched his camp in the strongest possible manner. His precautions were not without cause, for William prince of Orange was already once more in the Low Countries, and was advancing with a strong and increasing army to the relief of Mons. The prince marched on as a conqueror; and by force or stratagem he gained possession of Ruremond, Mechlin, Nivelles, Diest, Sichem, Tillemont, Dendermond, and Oudenard. It is but just, however, to acknowledge here, that, if the soldiers of the duke of Alva committed

great excesses in the towns they took during the civil war, those of the prince of Orange conducted themselves with as little moderation, and perpetrated as many atrocities under the plea of religious zeal. There is little difference, in general, between the intemperance of superstition and that of fanaticism; and the first excesses of newly-liberated slaves have almost always been more dreadful than the most frantic acts of despotism. The army of the prince still advanced, and in a very short time appeared before the camp of the Spaniards in battle array.

The Spanish troops were eager to quit their lines and give battle to the Germans; but Alva had formed his plan for the reduction of the city upon other grounds, and neither all the endeavours of the prince of Orange, nor the solicitation of his friends and officers, could induce him to hazard even an unnecessary skirmish.

At the same time he took care that no succour should penetrate to the town, and skilfully repelled every effort to introduce it. The hopes of relieving Mons were thus frustrated; and, after making an attempt to storm the Spanish lines, in which he was repulsed with great loss, the prince was obliged to retire, and leave the city to its fate. Alva immediately quitted his intrenchments, followed the motions of the prince's army, prevented his return, harassed his retreat, and finally, after having made a severe night attack upon the Germans, he returned to the siege, and pressed it on every side with redoubled energy. The prince of Orange was soon obliged to disband his army. Mons fell, after holding out a brief space longer, and the duke turned his arms in other directions.

We shall not pursue the details of the succeeding campaigns. At the siege of Mons, Alva displayed fully the peculiar characteristics of his genius as a general; namely, resolution, firmness in whatever plan he had adopted upon mature reflection, activity in drawing the greatest positive advantage from the success of his schemes, and cool prudence in risking nothing without some certainty of great compensation.

Mechlin was now retaken by the Spanish troops; and though in fact it surrendered without resistance, all the horrors of a town captured by storm were inflicted on the

defenceless inhabitants. The health of the duke himself had been declining, and he now left the chief command of the army to his son Frederick of Toledo, who proceeded from city to city, avenging the least opposition by bloodshed and rapine.

From most of the towns in which the prince of Orange had placed any body of troops the garrisons fled on the first approach of the Spaniards; but Zutphen offered some resistance; and though at length the German forces which it contained retreated, and the inhabitants immediately opened their gates to Toledo, scenes of massacre and lust were perpetrated which no language has power to reprobate sufficiently.

The terror of these dreadful excesses spread through the country; and as Toledo advanced, one town after another sent messengers to assure him of their obedience, and to deprecate his anger. Where unconditional submission was immediately made, Toledo acted with moderation; but the least resistance inflamed his brutal anger almost to madness. The people of Naerden made but a show of opposition; and then, immediately repenting, submitted upon a promise of pardon, given by a person appointed to treat with them by Toledo himself. But the treacherous general violated without remorse the engagement of his agent, indulged his soldiers in every species of rapine and violence, slaughtered the citizens, and gave the city to the flames.

So far he advanced, at once cruel and triumphant; but at length Haerlem offered an obstacle to his progress, which for a time seemed insurmountable. The inhabitants defended themselves with an all-enduring courage, which set his most vigorous efforts at defiance, and but for the earnest and reiterated commands of his father he would probably have raised the siege. At length, however, upon a promise of quarter, the garrison surrendered, and the Spaniards took possession of the town. What followed offers an instance of cool, perfidious cruelty, perhaps unequalled in the records of the world. The garrison and the inhabitants were shut up in separate churches, and taught to believe, during three days, that no infraction of the terms would take place. At length, however, Alva himself arrived, and in cold blood determined with his son the massacre of the greater part

of their prisoners. Three hundred Walloons were first butchered; then followed the death of the greater part of the principal citizens. None of the foreign soldiers even were spared; and when weariness compelled the murderers to lay down the steel, they tied their unhappy captives two by two, and drowned them in the Sparen; neither did the sick or the wounded find mercy, but, dragged from the hospital into the court-yard, they were slaughtered as they lay.

The siege of Alcmaer was next determined upon; but here the arms of the Spaniards were completely unsuccessful. The fate of the garrison and people of Haerlem was a warning to all who had once begun resistance to carry it on to the death. The inhabitants of the town repulsed the first furious attack of the Spaniards with great slaughter; and the duke of Alva, having received intelligence that the Hollanders were about, by opening their sluices, to inundate the whole country round, commanded his son to raise the siege, and disperse his troops in winter quarters.

Alva had long ere this applied for permission to resign the government of the Low Countries, and to return to Spain. That permission was now granted; and, loaded with the curses of a nation that his tyranny had driven to desperation, he took his departure for his native country. His health was broken by a long residence in a moist, insalubrious climate; and he was heartily rejoiced to be freed from a situation which was every hour becoming more difficult and dangerous. As out of the foul manure which we place upon our ground rise up the fairest flowers and fruits, good often in this world springs from that apparently the least calculated to produce it. The tyranny of the duke of Alva procured a nation its liberty; and his bigotry delivered it from the yoke of persecution. Yet, as he left the Low Countries, none said "God bless him!" and it is probable that not one soul accompanied his journey with a good wish. Perhaps the most revolting circumstance is, that superstition and bigotry had so perverted his mind, that the evil he committed was done under the firmest conviction that he was doing right; and even as he left a land which his cruelty had desolated, and his exactions driven into anarchy and revolt, he boasted that eighteen thousand heretics had,

under his administration, suffered by the executioner, besides a much greater number whom he had put to the sword.

Alva now returned to the court of Philip, and was received by that monarch with as much distinction as his cold and haughty character would permit him to show; but Alva was by nature too much like that king himself. His arrogance and his pride gave offence even to the monarch, and he soon had himself to taste that unbending severity which he had often exercised upon others. His son, Don Garcia de Toledo, had seduced one of the queen's ladies of honour under a promise of marriage. The intrigue was discovered, and the king insisted that the promise should be fulfilled. This the pride of Alva would not permit; and, assisting his son to escape from the confinement in which he had been placed by Philip, he rendered the breach of his promise irrevocable by marrying him to another person.

The anger of the king at the contempt of his authority was roused to the highest point; and banishing Alva from his presence, he confined him to the castle of Uzeda, where he remained, in spite of all solicitation, near two years.

Alva remonstrated and complained and petitioned, but in vain; all his services were forgotten in his fault; and it was not till Philip prepared for the conquest of Portugal that he obtained his liberty.

On the death of Henry, king of that country, several claimants had appeared for the crown, only three of whom were so circumstanced as to assert their pretensions with any chance of success. These three were the duchess of Braganza; Philip, king of Spain; and Antonio, prior of Crato. In the first was the direct and evident right of succession, being descended from the eldest male branch of the royal family; but her power was small when compared with the second competitor, Philip, who was the son of her aunt, and consequently claimed by the female line. Don Antonio, the third claimant, was the child of her father's younger brother, but was undoubtedly illegitimate. Nevertheless he possessed considerable popularity, and a large party in the state; and when Henry, after having in vain attempted to settle the succession, died, leaving the point undeter-

mined, Don Antonio was better prepared to resist the Spanish forces than any other competitor.

Philip immediately determined to decide the question of succession by arms; and a skilful and determined general became necessary to lead the force he had collected. The monarch then sent to Alva's prison, to offer him the command of the army destined for that expedition; and though aged, broken, and weary of command, Alva, with that devoted attachment to the service of his sovereign which had always formed one great trait in his character, accepted the fatiguing honour put upon him, and obeyed without a murmur.

Philip, though trusting him with so distinguished a command, had not yet sufficiently forgotten his offence to see him; and Alva, having received written orders, proceeded to Badajos, where, having joined his troops, he marched directly into Portugal, and advanced towards Lisbon.

For some time he met with no opposition; and the towns, though generally averse to the government of Spain, being unprepared for resistance, threw open their gates to receive him. At Cascaes his progress was at length arrested for a short time by an army raised in favour of Don Antonio, one of the claimants of the crown of Portugal. This, however, he attacked and dispersed; and having taken the town and citadel of Cascaes, which, according to his old habits, he suffered to be plundered, notwithstanding a positive promise to the contrary; he at the same time put to death, without any form of trial or pretence at justification, Don Diego de Meneses, the commander-in-chief of the army of Antonio.

Following up this victory, he proceeded as rapidly as possible towards Lisbon, attacked and defeated Don Antonio himself at Alcantara, and entered the capital without further opposition. Here, as everywhere else, he soon contrived to alienate the hearts of the people, by suffering his soldiers to plunder the large and beautiful suburbs, and all the towns and villages round about. His measures, however, as a general, were all well calculated to succeed; and in a very short time the whole of Portugal was reduced to a province of Spain. The duke of Braganza himself took the oath prescribed to him by the haughty duke of Alva; and all competition seemed crushed by the superior power of Philip.

and the talents of his general. This, however, was the last service that Alva rendered to the Spanish crown. He had already reached the age of seventy when he undertook the conquest of Portugal; and in a few years after he died, leaving the reputation of a great commander, but a cruel, haughty, bigoted man.

Few of those pointed speeches are attributed to him which are generally, falsely or truly, heaped upon the reputation of all persons who have distinguished themselves. The only military maxims which he left are, "that all human things are precarious, but the most precarious of all is a battle;" "that it ought not to be the aim of a general to fight, but to overcome;" and "that there are many means by which this aim may be accomplished more successfully than by fighting."

He also was wont to observe, "that a general should be both old and young—sometimes to employ the prudence of age, and sometimes the ardour of youth."

Such are reported to have been his familiar sayings. In the daily commerce of the world we are obliged to take speeches upon trust, and are too often deceived; but in history, where a man's deeds form a continual comment on his seemings, we have little to do with sayings. Fine speeches, like fine clothes, are put on upon state occasions; and he who judges and describes from what a celebrated man said during his life, might nearly as well depict his coat to give an idea of his character. Even a man's actions sometimes lie; but they cannot do so always; and it is from the general tenour that we must judge of the heart that prompts and the mind that governs them

OLIVER CROMWELL.

Born 25th April, 1599—Goes to college—Studies the law in London—Early debaucheries—Turns fanatic—Marries in his twenty-first year—Inherits property, and is returned to Parliament—Becomes a farmer—Attempts to emigrate—Reverses—Obtains a commission under the Parliament, and raises a regiment against the king—Success near Grantham—Battle of Gainsborough—Victorious at Winsleyfield—Battle of Marston Moor—Newark taken by storm—Appointed lieutenant-general—Battle of Naseby—Pension and honours from Parliament—Trial and execution of the king—Commands in Ireland—Campaign in Scotland—Battle of Dunbar—Takes Edinburgh—Battle of Worcester—Dissolves the Parliament—Council of state—Dismisses the Barebones Parliament—Inaugurated Protector—His great character in that office—Dies 3rd September, 1658.

OLIVER CROMWELL was the son of Robert Cromwell, a brewer in Huntingdon, and was born on the 25th April, 1599. His family was respectable, and his uncle, Sir Oliver Cromwell, a man of some consideration. Beyond these facts little is ascertained, though antiquarian research, joined to the love of the extraordinary, has discovered or invented in his behalf a descent from nobility and a family of princes. Those who traced this high origin also attempted to prove that his father did not exercise the trade by which he supported his family, as if commerce were in their eyes a stain on a character where hypocrisy and fraud were none. But the matter is beyond all doubt; and those who have sought to disprove it, only evinced that they shared the weakness of those who made it matter of reproach to the house of Cromwell.

Marvels have of course been provided for his childhood, to harmonize with his pedigree and his actions; but, amongst all that are recorded, the only accident clearly ascertained as having occurred to him in youth was a fall into the water, which would have proved fatal had he not been rescued by a clergyman of the name of Johnstone. The fact of his having

performed in a play called "Lingua; or, the Five Senses," acted by the scholars of Huntingdon school, in which, while representing Tactus, or the touch, he stumbled on a crown and royal robe, and repeated a score of lines somewhat applicable to his after-fate, is only remarkable as a coincidence; and the circumstance of his having dreamed that some one announced to him his future greatness—which dream probably took place while his imagination was heated by the play—deserves notice as having been current long before he attained power, and as bearing the stamp of truth from the pen of Clarendon. Whether this fancy served to nourish ambition and point endeavour historians do not mention; but it is recorded that he related it frequently himself, probably with the view of conveying to the minds of others those anticipations of his future greatness which might lead them to co-operate in his attempts to obtain the realization of his dream.

At school he was a dull and idle boy; and when at college,* which he entered in 1616, in his seventeenth year, he did little as a youth to amend the neglect of his childhood. His father dying while he was at college, he was sent to London to study the law. What inn of court received him is not known; but he apparently made more progress in debauchery than in his profession, and soon returned to Huntingdon a gambler, a bully, and a rake. His faults served to alienate from him his most respectable relations; but the faults of his youth were of a very different character from the faults of his manhood; and, soon leaving him, the same ardent temperament which had led him into bodily excesses easily conducted him to mental ones. From a libertine he became a fanatic, and the imagination which had presented to him in boyhood a dream of coming aggrandizement, now taught him to believe in visions, and revelations, and all the fantastic ecstasies of religious enthusiasm.

The men who rule the world require to have wisdom to see and use the high qualities both of themselves and others, and tact, while they take advantage of other men's faults, to turn their own also to account. This tact was most eminently possessed by Cromwell; and his fanaticism, which

* Sidney Sussex College at Cambridge.

was his folly, he had cunning enough to use with as much success as his wisdom.

Before he was twenty-two Oliver Cromwell married Elizabeth, the daughter of Sir James Bouchier, by which it is said his small paternal property was increased. A great change took place in his conduct: he became sober, orderly, and thriving, and regained the good opinion of his friends and relations. Abandoning the law, he seems to have carried on his father's brewery; but this part of his history is obscure; and all that is correctly known in regard to it is, that he applied for a commission of lunacy against his maternal uncle, Sir Thomas Steward, of Ely, which was refused as unjust. Notwithstanding this proceeding, his uncle was afterwards reconciled to him, and bequeathed him the property of which he had so long coveted possession.

Huntingdon was at this time full of nonconformists, and some of the most influential people in the place were sectarians. Whether from principle or policy, is not very clear; but to these people Cromwell paid the most assiduous court, supported them in their opposition to the law, joined their meetings on all occasions, and sometimes preached himself for their edification. At length, in the third parliament of Charles I., the nonconformists of Huntingdon secured the return of Cromwell to the House of Commons as one of the representatives of that city; and in his official duty he opposed the prevailing principles of the court, especially upon religion and church government.

It would seem that neither mercantile nor agricultural pursuits were at all consonant to the mind and habits of Oliver Cromwell; for, apparently involved in difficulties, he sold his family property in 1631, and took a farm near St. Ives, in which he was equally unfortunate, and approached the very brink of ruin. It was about this period that the death of his uncle, Sir Thomas Steward, occurred, which placed him for the time at his ease, by the inheritance of considerable estates in the Isle of Ely.

Notwithstanding this relief, Cromwell appears to have met with fresh difficulties; and shortly after, either from discontent with his circumstances at home, or brooding hatred towards the government and the established church, he embarked on board a ship destined for America, in which

his fellow-passengers are said to have been Sir Arthur Hazelrigge, Hampden, and Pym. The spirit of emigration was then active in England, without the counterbalancing circumstance of a dense population; and the government of Charles I., whose views, good or bad, were almost always enforced by foolish, and often by illegal measures, had recourse to the tyrannical act of stopping emigration by force, without any specific law to that effect. Amongst the vessels thus stopped was the one containing Oliver Cromwell and his three companions, who bitterly visited on the head of Charles the unjustifiable act by which they were detained.

Cromwell now returned home, to pass his time in gloomy and hypochondriac reveries, in the mingled ravings of hypocrisy and fanaticism, and in factious opposition to one of the best attempts to improve the country which had been devised for many years. The attempt to which I allude was the draining of the fens of the counties of Huntingdon, Cambridge, Lincoln, and Northampton. This beneficial measure was sanctioned by the royal authority, and of course opposed by Cromwell, who, by inflaming the minds of the people, carried his object and rendered the king's views abortive. The popularity he thus obtained amongst the lower orders, and the abilities he had displayed in the dispute, procured him once more a seat in Parliament, and in 1640 he was returned to represent the borough of Cambridge.

It is not within the scope of this work to trace Cromwell through all the long and tangled labyrinth of events which led to the protracted and sanguinary civil war. It is sufficient, that in every act of opposition to the government Cromwell was one of the first. Hampden, his relation, soon saw his abilities and prognosticated his greatness, but believing Cromwell as sincere as himself, he never dreamed how dangerous such a spirit as that of his cousin might become to the very liberty he pretended to advocate. The mingled weakness and haughtiness of the king, his attempts to extend the royal prerogative, and his abandonment of some of its best privileges—the mania for change, and the unsparing virulence of religious zeal, which had fallen as a disease upon the people—hurried the country on rapidly towards those fatal scenes which last as a disgrace

to the annals of the nation, and a proof of the barbarism of the times.

It soon became evident that the sword must end the dispute; and, amongst the most ready to take arms against the king was Cromwell. In the first instance the king had been decidedly in fault, and either by the weakness of his understanding, or by the arbitrary nature of his disposition, had hurried on the events which brought about his overthrow. But after a certain point, the criminality was changed, and fell upon the Parliament, who, having extorted from the king more than the constitution justified, would not be even contented without the total subversion of his legitimate authority.

Amongst the first acts of open hostility, we find those of Cromwell, in sending down arms to St. Ives, and in forcibly attempting to stop the plate which the University of Cambridge had despatched to aid the king. As neither party were yet in arms, an Act of Indemnity was voted by the Parliament to cover this first bold step; and, as soon as the war between the Commons and their king was absolutely declared, Cromwell received a commission, under which he speedily raised a regiment of horse in the district where he was known. This regiment, by his care and ability, he soon rendered superior to any other in the Parliamentary army. Seeing, with the quick glance of political genius, that there was a spirit of chivalrous bravery in the forces of the king, which the Parliamentary army—an army composed, as he declared himself, of tapsters and decayed serving men—could never meet with success, Cromwell felt the necessity of opposing to it a spirit of another kind, which should have equal power to raise and support enthusiasm in the bosoms of his soldiers. For this purpose, he chose alone such men to fill the ranks of his regiment, as felt, or could be taught, the fanatical zeal of the age. Every dark and gloomy spirit to whose imagination religion had become a disease was selected as a follower of Cromwell, not alone with the narrower view of preserving a community of sentiment between the soldiers and their leader, but with the calm deliberate policy of opposing the energy of loyalty by the energy of fanaticism. In these men also, spiritual pride, while it

gave them that confidence of victory which often secures success, had overcome, at least in outward appearance, those wild passions and dissolute habits by which success is often cast away. Sober, gloomy, persevering, hardy, regular, obedient, brave, blood-thirsty, remorseless, the soldiers of Cromwell's regiment were the most serviceable to the Parliament and most terrible to their opponents.

Before the monarch was in arms, the Parliament were in active hostility towards him; and though, with a base hypocrisy, they affected to be acting for the king's interest, they used every effort to slaughter his servants and to ruin his cause. The five eastern counties of Norfolk, Suffolk, Cambridge, Essex, and Hertford, seem to have been particularly entrusted to the superintendence of Cromwell, who, by his military activity and his energetic policy, defeated a thousand attempts to rise in favour of Charles, whose name he boldly made use of to suppress the efforts of his friends.

The king's standard was at length erected at Nottingham; and the earl of Essex, appointed to the command of the Parliamentary army, advanced to Worcester. In the first campaign between the Royalists and the Parliamentary forces, we find little mention of Cromwell; and certain it is, that he in no degree distinguished himself. The famous battle of Edgehill took place without his presence, though he was at that time within a few miles of the spot; and from this fact, as well as many other circumstances, it has been inferred, that he never risked his person or his forces, but where some great and individual advantage was to be gained. Though he feared not to fight for the purposes of his own ambition, he loved not battle for the service of others; and, though he served the Parliament whenever it was absolutely necessary, as the means of his own ascent to power, farther than his personal interest was concerned he cared little for their success.

The first events of the war were favourable to the king; and the excessive demands of the Parliament, even under their reverses, opened the eyes of many who had joined them on principle to their real designs; so that the party of the monarch gained an accession of strength from the very intemperance of his enemies. This, however, was but

small when compared with the advantages the Parliament acquired by the habit of war, the confirmed exercise of authority, and the discovery and application of resources.

It was in the second year of civil strife, 1643, that Cromwell first began to distinguish himself as a soldier. In a skirmish near Grantham, he defeated a superior body of Royalist cavalry; and in the month of June marched to the relief of Gainsborough, on which the Marquis of Newcastle, after defeating Fairfax, was advancing with all speed, in order to wrest it from the hands of Lord Willoughby, the Parliamentary general by whom it had been taken.

Cromwell arrived with twelve troops of horse at the moment the advanced guard of the Royalists appeared on the hill above Gainsborough. Treble numbers, advantageous position, and recent victory, gave the royal forces every advantage. But Cromwell was now sole in the command; the fame of victory or the dishonour of defeat would attach to him alone, and he hesitated not a moment to attack his adversaries. He accordingly charged them up the hill; and, after a severe but short struggle, he broke their ranks, threw them into confusion, and drove the greater part into a morass, where his soldiers butchered them without mercy. No quarter was shown; and amongst other men of distinction who were here slaughtered after their surrender was the gallant and unhappy Cavendish, the brother of the marquis of Newcastle.

The earl of Manchester, who with many other noblemen had joined the Parliament, now lay with his small army near Boston; and thither Cromwell marched, as the main army of the Royalists advanced after the battle of Gainsborough. His conduct during that battle, and the success by which it was followed, had already acquired for Cromwell a considerable reputation, and rendered him a particular object of hatred and attack to the Royalists. Amongst the rest, Sir John Henderson, detached with a large body of horse from the army of Lord Newcastle, eagerly sought for Cromwell, and came up with him near Horncastle. The place was called Winsleyfield, and Cromwell, though far inferior in force to his antagonist, and separated from the army of the earl of Manchester, did not fear to risk the encounter. As soon as he learned the

approach of Sir John Henderson, he gave out the words, "Truth and peace," together with a psalm, which was sung by the whole troop; and then, turning to meet the enemy, he poured his force upon them in their advance. The cavalry of both parties were at that time furnished with fire-arms, and the Royalists received the rebels with a tremendous discharge. Cromwell's horse was killed under him as the two armies joined; and after having risen he was again brought to the ground, by a blow on the head which stunned him for a moment. Almost instantly recovering himself, he was remounted by one of his troopers; and, fighting with desperate bravery, he turned the tide of battle, which at first was going against him, and completely routed the greatly superior force of the king.

The five eastern counties which I have named before, had at this time formed a sort of association against the king, which they called preserving themselves for his majesty; and by their united efforts Colonel Cromwell was now at the head of two thousand of the best cavalry in Europe. With these forces he gained several trifling advantages in the field, but rendered the more fruitful service to the Parliament of keeping the east of England in check, and preventing any rising there which might have co-operated with the success of Charles and Prince Rupert in the west, to the total destruction of the rebels. He also took means the most unjustifiable to swell the finances of his party, by the plunder and oppression of their opponents; and exercised various acts of outrage upon the clergy of the established church, as well as upon the cathedrals and other ancient buildings which they held sacred.

The most tremendous blow which the power of the king had yet received was struck about this time, by the union of the Scottish nation with his refractory Parliament. For this purpose, a solemn league and covenant, as it was called, was proposed by the Scotch to the English houses of parliament, and was accepted. Cromwell, amongst the rest, put his signature to the paper, which, with various other things that he never intended to fulfil, bound him to defend the king's majesty's person and authority. Such is the pitch of hypocrisy to which the alliance of fanaticism and ambition can carry human cunning.

Charles now called a parliament at Oxford, and at the same time recalled his army from Ireland; but the former measure failed entirely to counterbalance the influence of the London parliament; and of the forces from Ireland, a part were defeated by Fairfax, near Nantwich, and part went over to the enemy.

About this period, also, took place the famous battle of Marston Moor, which laid the basis of Cromwell's power more firmly than it had been established by any other circumstance; yet, strange to say, left an imputation upon his personal courage, apparently incompatible with most of his other actions. A large body of Scottish auxiliaries had crossed the Tweed at Berwick on the fifteenth of January, and on the twentieth of April effected their junction with the Parliamentary army. Accompanied by these, Manchester, Fairfax, and Cromwell, with united forces far superior to those opposed to them, had forced the marquis of Newcastle to abandon the open country and take refuge in York, where they pursued and besieged him. Prince Rupert, who was then in Wales, received the most pressing commands from Charles to march and relieve that city, which he accordingly did; and having joined his forces with those of Newcastle, insisted on giving battle to the enemy, notwithstanding the strongest opposition on the part of the Marquis and most of the other officers. Prince Rupert's obstinacy on this occasion has been defended by several writers, who urge that he acted in conformity to the positive orders of the king.

Charles's letter, however, does not bear out the assertion. The monarch only commands his nephew to relieve York, but does not demand that he should absolutely risk a battle. York was for the time relieved, and by skilful manœuvres that relief might have been made absolute; but the impetuosity of the prince led him always to prefer battle to stratagem, and induced him to overbear the opinions of the other commanders.

To describe the battle which now took place, properly, is perfectly impossible; for the accounts of it, as given by writers of equal authority, are so diametrically opposite to each other—the virulence of party and national prejudice, is so abundant on both sides—and there are so many reasons

for believing a part of each description to be false, without any means of ascertaining which part is true—that I must even leave it in darkness as I found it.

The known facts are, that the Royalist and Parliamentary armies met upon Marston Moor in Yorkshire, and that Cromwell, then lieutenant-general, commanded the horse of the left wing. A strange mixture of courage and weakness seems to have been displayed on both sides. Alternately each party was victorious, and the fate of the battle was at length decided by a charge of Cromwell's horse, which carried all before it. The army of Prince Rupert and the marquis of Newcastle was completely routed; their colours, cannon, and baggage, fell into the hands of the enemy; an immense number of officers and soldiers remained upon the field of battle; and while the marquis of Newcastle quitted England in disgust, Prince Rupert saved the remnant of his army by a hurried retreat into Wales.

In regard to the question of the person to whom the honour of this great victory was to be attributed, an angry discussion took place even within a few days of the battle. The fanatics, calling themselves Independents, raised Cromwell to the sky, and assigned all the success of the day to him, while the Scotch and Presbyterians accused him of cowardice, and declared that he had slunk away from the fight. That the battle of Marston Moor was finally decided by the charge of Cromwell's horse is clear; but it is equally clear that Cromwell was not present at that last charge. He had been wounded in the beginning of the battle, some declare so slightly as to be of no consequence, while others affirm that the injury was more serious; but, at all events, on the excuse of this wound he retired from the field, and another officer led his cavalry to their final exertions. That a man can at one moment display the most resolute courage and at the next the most pitiful cowardice, without some great object to be gained, I do not believe. Circumstanced as Cromwell was during the whole of the civil wars, courage could not be assumed if he did not possess it; for fear is known so utterly to incapacitate its victims for thought or action, that the man possessed by it could never have been found leading, commanding, observing, improving every advantage on his own side, and seizing on every fault of his

enemy, through moments of the utmost personal danger and a long course of perilous years. Cromwell's absence at the moment of the last charge must have proceeded either from his wound being severe, or from some motive of deep cunning which we can only appreciate at this moment from the general tone of his character. That he was a hypochondriac, I have no doubt, and trembled at imaginary dangers; but a coward in the moment of activity and exertion, he was not.

While Charles himself pursued the earl of Essex into Cornwall, and forced his army to lay down their arms, Manchester and Cromwell, with the Scottish forces, took Newcastle by storm, and then marched with all speed to join the army which the Parliament had now collected to supply the place of that which had surrendered in Cornwall. This was effected; and, with much superior force, the Parliamentary generals advanced to attack the king, who had concentrated his troops at Newbury. The battle was long and obstinate. The earl of Essex being ill, the command had devolved upon the earl of Manchester. Cromwell commanded the horse, and gave the most striking proofs that cowardice was no part of his character. Notwithstanding his repeated charges, however, the royal army maintained its position till night; and then retreated from the field in good order. Cromwell afterwards declared that if the earl of Manchester would have allowed him to charge the king's forces at the moment they were retiring, he would have rendered the victory complete; but this the commander-in-chief would not permit; and Charles afterwards boldly removed his cannon from Donnington Castle, and took up a formidable position in the face of the enemy.

This conduct afforded a favourable opportunity to Cromwell for taking some of the greatest steps in his course of hypocritical ambition. The balance of power between the Houses of Peers and Commons had been gradually leaning more and more towards the democratical part of the assembly; and now the preponderance had become so great, that the nobles who had hitherto adhered to all the measures of the Parliament found the insanity of their conduct, and endeavoured to stem the torrent the floodgates against which they had so greatly contributed to open.

Cromwell, whose tendency to democratical principles, though always subservient to his personal ambition, was the original bias of his disposition and the natural effect of his situation, was of course peculiarly obnoxious to the Parliamentary lords. His religion and ecclesiastical policy rendered him hateful to the Scotch ; and he had apparently long contemplated the necessity of removing the persons opposed to him from their commands in the army. His first step was loud complaints against the earl of Manchester, whom he accused of trifling with opportunity and favouring the king by inaction. In these charges Lord Essex himself was not spared ; and, as the desire of Manchester, Denbigh, Essex, and many others, evidently tended towards a general pacification, which would have soon reduced many of the most active members of the House of Commons to their original insignificance, Cromwell was supported in his designs by a very large majority in that assembly.

As nothing was to be done in that day without hypocrisy, the pretence used for depriving these nobles of their command was the very reverse of the true motives. A self-denying ordinance, as it was called, was proposed by Cromwell and carried through the House of Commons, by which it was decreed, that in order to prevent the Parliament seeking to carry on the war for the sake of continuing its great authority, no person holding a seat therein should be eligible to any military or civil command. This ordinance the House of Peers first rejected and afterwards accepted, having taken the intermediate step of passing a bill, proposed to them by the Commons, for new modelling the army, the execution of which was entrusted to Sir Thomas Fairfax and Major-general Skippon.

As the real object of both these measures was the prolongation of the war for the extension and continuance of the Parliamentary authority, while the pretext was to guard against that very desire in the minds of the members—so also, the measure by which Cromwell intended to obtain the entire command of the army was cunningly framed with the appearance of excluding him from command.

Fairfax, to whom the chief military authority was given, was an easy and sincere man ; active and energetic in the

execution of rapid movements, but incapable of devising great schemes himself, and totally blind to character and to human nature. Fairfax was appointed commander-in-chief; Skippon, major-general; but the post of lieutenant-general, between the two, was left open for Cromwell. Manchester, Essex, Denbigh, Warwick, and other members of either House laid down their commissions; and immediately the manœuvre was begun to bring about an exception in favour of Cromwell. His services were first actively required in various particular spots; his soldiers then mutinied through fear of losing their beloved general; the king was next found to be threatening the Isle of Ely, which nobody could defend or command but Cromwell; and at length Sir Thomas Fairfax, with all the principal officers of his army, addressed a petition to Parliament, praying that the chief command of the horse might be conferred upon Lieutenant-general Cromwell. This humble petition being in perfect accordance with the design of the House of Commons, was immediately granted; and while Fairfax lent his military skill to the completion of Cromwell's artful policy, the real power over the army became vested in the latter, who soon contrived to render the army the state.

Before his appointment as lieutenant-general of Fairfax's army, and while acting as a detached partisan, Cromwell's successes were not equal to his failures. He defeated a body of troops marching upon Oxford, took Blessington House, and worsted Sir William Vaughan; but he failed in his assault of Farringdon House, and was completely defeated by General Goring.

In the mean while the negotiations for peace between the monarch and his Parliament had been broken off: nor can it be supposed that the House of Commons ever dreamed that their proposals would be accepted—proposals, the fundamental principles of which were, that the Episcopal church should be done away, the Presbyterian religion established, and all the appointments in the army should be filled up by the Parliament.

After the rupture of the negotiations, Charles successfully attempted the relief of Chester, took Leicester by storm, and made a demonstration of turning his arms

against York and Northumberland. Fairfax and Cromwell, with united forces, now marched to prevent the execution of this purpose, and advanced to the immediate neighbourhood of Harborough, whither Charles had retreated from Daventry. News of their proximity reached the royal headquarters at night, and a council was hastily summoned, at which it was resolved to give the enemy battle next morning. The position first taken by the king was an advantageous one in every respect, being situated on a rising ground above the plain leading to Naseby. The right of the royal forces was commanded by Prince Rupert, the left by Sir Marmaduke Langdale, the centre by Lord Ashley, and the reserve by the earl of Litchfield. The wings were composed of cavalry, the centre of foot; and horse and infantry were mingled in the reserve. The king himself retained the chief command of the whole.

The enemy not appearing, Prince Rupert was thrown forward to reconnoitre their position; and, imagining that they were in retreat, he sent word to the king that such was the case. Charles, in order to take them at a disadvantage, abandoned his strong ground on the height and descended into the fatal plain of Naseby, where he soon found the enemy prepared to receive him.

Here also the cavalry were on the wings, which were commanded, the right by Cromwell, the left by his son-in-law, Ireton; while the centre, under Fairfax, was almost entirely infantry. The action began on the right of the royal army by a brilliant charge by Prince Rupert, who bore down everything before him. Ireton fought long and manfully on the side of the Parliament, but his troops were routed in every direction, and Prince Rupert, with that mad selfishness called impetuosity, continued to pursue the fugitives, without heeding or caring for the success of the rest of his army. In the mean time Cromwell, at the head of the Parliamentary right, charged Sir Marmaduke Langdale, and after a long, steady, and determined fight, completely defeated the royal cavalry opposed to him. Never for a moment forgetting the great object of the whole, Cromwell pursued the Royalists no farther than to secure their dispersion, and then turned upon the flank of the king's infantry, which was at that time engaged in a desperate struggle with the centre.

of the Parliamentary forces, who were giving way in several points of their line.

Had Prince Rupert returned at that instant, the battle would have been won ; but the charge of Cromwell upon the flank of the royal infantry, was decisive ; and before the right wing of the Cavaliers re-appeared, the whole of their army was in confusion. The king was seen exposing his person in every direction, endeavouring to rally his troops ; but by the conduct of Cromwell, and the fatal neglect of Prince Rupert, the battle was lost, and the tardy return of his victorious cavalry only enabled the monarch to quit the field of battle in safety.

Extraordinary as it may seem, this severe and protracted battle was fought with the death of less than two thousand men on both sides : but the king lost the whole of his artillery, his stores, cabinet, and royal standard—and four thousand prisoners fell into the hands of the enemy. Charles, followed closely by Cromwell, retreated by Leicester, Ashby, and Lichfield, to North Wales.

Leicester and Taunton were soon reduced by the Parliamentary forces ; and Bristol, into which Prince Rupert had thrown himself, capitulated ; an act which so mortified the unhappy monarch that he is said to have instantly cancelled the prince's commission in his service, and to have ordered him to quit the island. During the course of these operations Cromwell played an active and prominent part, and with his horse alone completely defeated General Goring, taking nearly the whole of his artillery and infantry. Pursuing his success through Wiltshire and Devonshire, he cleared those counties almost entirely of the king's armed partisans ; and having joined himself to Fairfax, they marched into Cornwall, defeating Lord Hopton at Torrington by the way. The rout and capture of Lord Ashley ended the war in that quarter. In the mean time the king himself had retreated into Wales, and attempted to relieve Chester, but in vain. He then crossed the country to Newark, and thence proceeded to Oxford, where, finding his situation daily growing worse, he is said to have written that remarkable letter to Lord Digby, in which he declared that *if he could not live like a king he would die like a gentleman.*

Some negotiation now took place towards a peace; but as time wore on, Charles found that fresh armies were marching to surround his last place of refuge; and seeing that the object of his enemies was but to amuse him till they had him completely in their power, he made his escape from Oxford by night, and threw himself upon the generosity of the Scottish army, which was then besieging Newark. By his command Newark surrendered to the forces of Scotland, and Charles was removed to Newcastle, where negotiations were again resumed. But the English Parliament and their adherents were now divided into two parties, who mutually detested each other. The Presbyterians had still great interest in the House of Commons, but the Independents were more powerful in the army, and perhaps in the nation. The first of these parties principally desired the establishment of their own sect as the predominant religion of the country, and the limitation of the royal authority, but not its abolition. The second class were republicans in every principle whether of ecclesiastical or state government; and at the head of this party Cromwell had placed himself, well knowing that the subversion of every established form must precede the new system destined to work out his own ambitious views.

The party who treated with the king at Newcastle were the representatives of the Presbyterian part of the nation; and aware that in their hands the king would be safe, and the government be speedily re-established, Cromwell and his associates made use of every hypocritical art to induce the unfortunate monarch to reject the unpalatable proposals offered to him. They held out to him the prospect of their own support, to reseat him on his throne upon milder conditions; and they succeeded in making Charles refuse to accede to the Presbyterian propositions.

The negotiations were broken off between the monarch and his people, but were commenced between the English Parliament and the Scottish army. The most disgraceful treaty in the annals of the world was entered into on the occasion; and Charles I. was delivered up to English commissioners, to imprisonment, to insult, and to death.

In the mean while Cromwell, who possessed, as has been justly observed, all the qualities of a usurper, was proceed-

ing with prosperous cunning in the course of his iniquitous aggrandizement. Two thousand five hundred per annum was settled on him and his family by the Parliament. The fat pickings of confiscated estates swelled his coffers and increased his power, and the thanks of the two Houses for his manifold services, declared his merit and stamped his pretensions. Notwithstanding these rewards and honours, the Parliament feared the man they were in the act of elevating; but they feared him not enough, and only endeavoured, after the capture of the king, to diminish his power in common with other of the principal officers of the army.

This, however, was not so easily effected as had been supposed; and the first mention of drawing off a part of the forces for Ireland, and re-modelling the rest, caused an open revolt of the troops from the authority of the Parliament. Cromwell, Ireton, Skippon, and Fleetwood, each of whom possessed considerable interest amongst the forces, were the persons selected for a mission to Walden, in order to calm the minds of the military and inquire into their complaints. The persons sent, however, though they were indeed, as the Parliament supposed, the only men who could tranquillize the spirit of revolt which had manifested itself, were also the very men by whom it was chiefly nourished. A council of officers had been chosen, and a council of agitators was selected from the army, each regiment sending two representatives to this curious assembly, so that the Commons and the aristocracy of the host were arrayed against the other two great bodies of the nation.

Cromwell, the principal mover of all these measures, had a game to play between the Parliament and the army, which required all his own cunning, activity, hypocrisy, and firmness, to conduct with success. With the most searching discrimination he selected his tools, and with the most commanding genius, bent the talents and the weakness, the love and the hate, of all by whom he was surrounded, to his own purposes. The Parliament suspected him, and yet were continually blinded by his art; the army loved him, and were the weak tools of his ambition; the deceitful Ireton was the slave of his greater cunning; and the blood-thirsty Harrison the instrument of the deepest

crimes in the course of his usurpation. Remonstrances after remonstrance, petition following petition, crowded the table of the House in which Cromwell sat, from the army which he commanded; and it is far more wonderful that the most consummate hypocrisy could so long deceive, than that it was at last detected.

Finding that his instigation of the refractory conduct of the army could now be proved by evidence before the House, Cromwell gave orders to a certain Cornet Joyce to proceed to Holdenby, or Holmby Castle, where the king was now in close confinement, and to bring him to the head-quarters; fearful that the Parliament, by making themselves master of the monarch's person, might unite the greater part of the nation against him. While this was enacting, Cromwell, by a display of the most exquisite art, continued to blind the Parliament for a day or two longer. Accused of the very arts he was using, he knelt down upon his knees before the Commons, called God to witness his innocence, shed torrents of tears at the very accusation, and ended by a speech so long, so complex, and so vehement, that, though all were tired of it, and few understood it, the House rejected the clearest evidence of his guilt, and suffered him to depart in peace.

Cromwell immediately quitted London and repaired to the head of the army at Newmarket; the king was brought thither on the same day. The council of agitators boldly acknowledged the measure of his removal; and the sincere, weak Fairfax in vain endeavoured to ascertain the real mover of these acts of insubordination, and to punish the actual offender.

The unfortunate king now became the great object of contention between the Presbyterians and Independents. The army marched nearer to London, and eleven Presbyterian members being accused of high treason, pusillanimously fled, leaving the two parties in the House much more nearly balanced. Some tumults amongst the citizens also soon gave the army an excuse for exercising still greater power. It was declared that the Parliament was intimidated by the people; the party in the House calling themselves Independents fled to the military head-quarters under an affected fear; and Cromwell, with his veteran battalions, marched

into the city, and restored his friends to their seats with a great accession of strength.

The efforts of the Presbyterians to win the king to their interests, were greatly increased by the decay of their Parliamentary power; and Charles, who was sometimes kept at Windsor, sometimes at Hampton Court, soon found himself the object of solicitations on both parts; and strove hard to win from their discord what their union had formerly snatched from him.

Whether Cromwell was at all sincere in the offers which he and Ireton, as the heads of the Independent faction, made to the monarch, must ever remain in darkness. His uniform hypocrisy and his evident ambition tend to evince that his sole object was, by long protracted and artful negotiations, to prevent the king from acceding to the proposals of the Presbyterians till the Independents had confirmed their power. But there is a story extant which imputes to him less criminal views; and the reverence and kindness with which he treated Charles give some confirmation to the idea of his having once leaned to moderation. The demonstrations of a better feeling might be the effect of art to lull the monarch into greater security; and, to judge fairly from the rest of Cromwell's character, the same crooked policy guided that and many other of his actions at the time of which I speak. However, it is certain that the children of the unhappy sovereign were by Cromwell's interference admitted to see their royal parent, and that the consolation of their presence was extended to him as long as it was possible under the circumstances of the case.

About this time, the faction calling themselves Levellers sprang up in the army; and if the aspiring Cromwell did not promote their rise, for the purpose of carrying on to their consummation the changes by which he had already risen so high, accident certainly seconded policy in a very extraordinary degree.

The passions of the army were stirred up to the highest point, and directed against all the distinctions of rank and station; amongst which the royal authority, so long opposed in fact, was now boldly rejected on principle; the office of king was declared useless, unjust, and evil, and the man who had held it was lifted up to abhorrence in the eyes of the

people. Cromwell took care that intimation of these facts should be given to the monarch; and Charles, taught to believe his life was in danger, fled to the Isle of Wight, and trusted himself in the hands of Colonel Hammond, a creature of the aspiring usurper.

The moment he was gone, Cromwell easily quelled the mutiny of the troops, and springing into the ranks of the most refractory, seized the ringleader with his own hand. Several of the most active were condemned, but only one was shot, and subordination was soon restored. The end, however, was by this time gained. The king had quitted Hampton Court, where the love of the people had learned to revive under the influence of their pity. Men had been taught to contemplate the death of the monarch by the hands of those who detained him, as no improbable event; and Cromwell well knew how soon familiarity with the most revolting ideas, robs them of their horror by taking from them the importance of novelty.

Whether Cromwell fashioned these events to his own purpose, or moulded his own mind to take advantage of the events, is now hid in those dark archives into which the human mind is forbidden to pry. Certain it is, nevertheless, that almost immediately after the monarch's departure the negotiations were broken off abruptly between the king and the military leaders. Those with the Parliament continued some time longer; but at length, the sovereign having refused to strip himself of all authority, by sanctioning the bills sent to him as the foundation of a treaty, it was voted by both Houses that no further negotiations should take place. Ireton, a sincere republican, urged the Parliament to throw off the royal authority altogether; and Cromwell himself so far laid down the mask as to support strongly the arguments of his son-in-law, and to speak of Charles as a man whose heart God had hardened.

Such tumults took place through the country, however, at these demonstrations of the designs of the Independents, that a temporary abandonment of their schemes for the total destruction of the monarchy was forced upon them. But this did not satisfy the people. Now that it was too late, they saw that the factions whom they had blindly supported were hurrying them to deeds that they had never dreamed





THE LONDON APPRENTICES ENCOUNTERING CROMWELL'S VETERANS

of in the outset; and they strove in vain to restore that fair order which, for the purpose of correcting some irregularities, they had themselves cast into hopeless confusion.

Risings in favour of the king and the ancient constitution of the land now took place throughout the whole country. The London apprentices took up arms and dared to encounter the veterans of Cromwell. The men of Kent boldly opposed Fairfax at Maidstone, and suffered a defeat which was almost a victory. The duke of Hamilton, at the head of a large but ill-equipped and insubordinate army, entered England in favour of the king, and Pembroke Castle raised the royal standard, while the greater part of Wales rose to oppose the armed oligarchy which had sprung up on the ruins of the monarchy.

In a moment Cromwell found the whole fabric, which had been cemented together by his artifice, his talents, his labour, the concatenation of fortunate events, and the subservient abilities of all those whom he had used as tools, threatened with total destruction. But then it was that his powerful and comprehensive mind roused all its energies to meet the dangers that gathered round him. Wales, in which General Langhorne and Colonels Powel and Poyer were in arms, gaining strength every day, first called his attention, and he immediately marched upon Pembroke, resolving, after the subjection of his first enemies, to pursue his way northward, and attack Sir Marmaduke Langdale on the Scottish border. The Royalists in Wales retired before him, and threw themselves into Pembroke, which Cromwell immediately attempted to storm. He met, however, a more determined resistance than he had expected; his troops were repulsed, and several weeks were consumed in the siege before the castle could be reduced. Cromwell now began a system of military execution to which he had shown himself averse in the commencement of the civil war. Colonel Poyer, the governor of Pembroke, was forced to draw lots with the other principal officers, and the fate falling on himself he was put to death by the victors.

Without loss of time the conqueror proceeded to oppose the progress of Sir Marmaduke Langdale, who now, sup-

ported by the duke of Hamilton and the Scotch forces, was advancing towards Lancashire. The Royalist army was marching boldly on without information of their enemies' approach, Sir Marmaduke Langdale leading the advance, when, near Preston, the flank of that officer's division was suddenly attacked by Cromwell, who soon compelled his forces to retire in confusion. The Scots were next attacked in Preston, and, after effecting one or two gallant charges led by the duke of Hamilton in person, were put to flight. Sharply pursued by Cromwell, they each day fell into greater disorder as they retreated towards the border, in some places turned their arms against each other, and finally dispersed.

It is not possible here to follow all the insurrections which now broke out in different parts of the country. Colchester held out long in the royal cause, and the young prince of Wales commanded a considerable navy at sea. But a want of unity of purpose defeated all the efforts of the king's adherents; and Colchester surrendered to Fairfax, while Cromwell pursued his way to Edinburgh.

The duke of Argyle, and all the enemies of the monarchy, had already risen in Scotland to counteract the efforts of the duke of Hamilton; so that the task of subduing that country was comparatively easy to Cromwell, who, after having concerted measures with the more fanatical part of the nation for raising troops and keeping down revolt, returned to England in triumph.

Though his progress had been a course of victories, it had not been altogether a course of happiness, for in this expedition he lost his eldest son, who was killed in one of the charges at Preston. The Parliament also, alarmed at the manifestations of public feeling in favour of the king, and uninfluenced by the presence of the army, rescinded their former vote, that no further addresses should be offered, and entered into fresh negotiations with Charles at Newport. These were soon terminated; Cromwell marched on towards London; petitions and remonstrances were poured in upon the Parliament, demanding that justice should be done upon the king; several regiments took possession of the city; and the House of Commons, finding themselves driven to extremity, resolved to support the monarch they had

destroyed, and voted that the negotiations of Newport were a sufficient basis for settling the state of the nation. Their power, however, was now gone; and though Cromwell himself had not yet reached London, his intention and that of the army were so well known, that Colonel Pride, on his own authority, marched down two regiments to the House of Commons, arrested forty-one of the members as they came down, turned back one hundred and sixty more, and only permitted a hundred and fifty to take their seats, who were of course the mere creatures of the Independent faction.

I see no reason for believing that this act was known to Cromwell, though it was exactly what he desired, and one which he would beyond doubt have performed himself, if it had not been done before his arrival.

The army had now resolved on the king's death; the Parliament were but instruments in their hands. On the thirtieth of November Charles had been conveyed from the Isle of Wight to Hurst Castle, on the coast of Hampshire; and in the middle of December the victim was brought by Colonel Harrison to Windsor, with the express purpose of proceeding to trial. Immense exertions were made to save him. Foreign countries interfered, private friends solicited, Cromwell's family beseeched him to pause in his sanguinary course, and the people murmured loudly. But to all Cromwell opposed the same cool determination and the same consummate art. Whenever he found that his tools were hurrying forward too rapidly, he affected to be reluctant, he wept, he prayed, he canted, he blamed their over zeal, and called on God to direct him and them. Whenever his friends or his family applied to him to spare the unhappy monarch, he laid the blame upon others, and appealed to his hypocritical professions as proofs of his own intentions. But if any one paused or lingered in the design, none became so violent as Cromwell; and he used every means of invective and abuse to drive his hearers to his purpose. Strange it is, that though a thousand times a day Cromwell betrayed his own hypocrisy, yet still he made it answer his own designs, and command the exertions of others. In their communion with him men saw that they were deceived, and hated and contemned their deceiver; but the influence of

his dark and inscrutable mind seemed to overawe them against their very reason; and the immensity of its uncompromising baseness gave a grandeur even to his hypocrisy.

It is not my purpose to go through all the melancholy scenes of the king's trial with any minuteness of detail. A committee of the House of Commons was appointed to discover the best means of proceeding against the monarch; and a high court of justice, as it was called, was determined upon, to consist of a hundred and fifty members. Only seventy-nine, however, of the commissioners actually proceeded to judge their king. Fourteen days were spent in preparations; and on the 20th of January Charles was brought before the court, where, with unshaken dignity, he refused to acknowledge their jurisdiction, and to plead before so illegal an assembly. After having been three times remanded, and having three several days refused to plead, he was again conducted to Westminster-hall, and received sentence of death, which he heard with the same dignity that he had maintained throughout.

The conduct of Cromwell, who of course sat amongst the judges, was, during the whole of this sad trial, most singular, and has been considered unaccountable. It is said that, while consulting with the commissioners in the Painted Chamber, news was brought that the king was landing at the stairs within sight, in order to undergo his trial. Cromwell with several others ran to the window, to view the arrival of his victim. Human nature for a moment was too strong for ambition, and he returned as pale as death. Through the course of the trial, however, though he maintained his gravity in the court, he displayed in each moment of recess a childish jocularly, which has been regarded as one of the many masks with which from time to time he covered his real feelings and designs. Nevertheless, it might be the effect of agitation, for no one can doubt that, deeply interested in the cause before him, and knowing that for his own personal ambition, though by the instrumentality of others, he was murdering his king, Cromwell's strong nerves must have been greatly shaken during the seven long days which the assassination took in preparation.

In the trial itself Cromwell did not at all put himself

forward, but let the blame of the most active part fall upon others; but with regard to the execution, the aspiring general took care himself that no impediment should arrest that consummation of the civil war. The warrant for the monarch's execution was signed by only fifty-nine of the commissioners, and the name of Cromwell was the third upon the roll. We have reason to believe also that the absolute order for his execution was signed by Cromwell and Hacker alone, on the refusal of Colonel Hunks to take it upon himself. At the actual moment of the monarch's death, Cromwell and his associates were engaged in prayer; or, as it should rather be called, in blasphemy; and it has been asserted by Noble that the usurper opened the coffin of the dead monarch with the sword of one of the soldiers, and contemplated the body from which he had so violently expelled the spirit. No absolute proof of this fact, that I know of, exists; but it is by no means irreconcilable with the character of the man to whom it is attributed.

The first acts of the House of Commons, after putting to death the monarch, were to abolish monarchy; to vote the acknowledgment of Charles, the son of the murdered sovereign, to be high treason; to lay aside the House of Peers as useless; and to establish a democratic form of government on the ruins of the former constitution.

Nevertheless, though the old aristocracy was done away, a new one of course supplied its place; and for the executive government of the country a council of state was appointed, consisting of forty-one members, who acted, in fact, as commissioners for exercising the functions of the kingly office. To reconcile the institution of such a council with the theories of the republicans, and to habituate their mind to its existence, it was declared to be only temporary. But still this did not satisfy the levellers. A strong spirit of mutiny showed itself in the army, several regiments refused to march without the payment of their arrears, and a vigorous remonstrance was presented to Parliament on behalf of the "poor army."

Cromwell, who had formerly been the eager but secret instigator of all the contempt and insubordination which the army had displayed towards the Parliament, felt the benefit of his concealment now that, as the real chief of the

council of state, the mutiny of his troops impugned his own power. Several instances of severity only served to increase the spirit of disaffection, and Cromwell and Fairfax took the field against a considerable body of cavalry who remained in open revolt. When the two forces were within a small distance of each other, Cromwell had recourse to his never-failing hypocrisy to spare the effusion of blood on either side, and assure the victory to himself. He demanded a parley with the mutineers, appeared to lend an attentive ear to their grievances, lulled them into security by negotiation, and surprised them all at night in the village where they had taken up their quarters. A few were executed, and the rest dispersed. Yet still the same feelings of anger and turbulence prevailed, and, having received an individual direction, were poured bitterly upon the heads of Cromwell and Ireton.

About the same time, also, the duke of Hamilton, the earl of Holland, and Lord Capel were brought to trial and beheaded; an act of cruelty in no degree necessary to the state, and which brought an increase of odium upon those who had been its chief instigators.

Finding himself growing unpopular with even the army, which he intended to be the chief instrument in the accomplishment of his future designs, and seeing no other means than active and successful warfare of regaining his great influence, Cromwell prompted the council of state to demand of the Parliament that he should be appointed to the chief command in Ireland, which then, as now, was torn to pieces by greedy factions and continual strife. The native Irish, struggling to recover their lost rights, the fierce republicans of the parliamentary party, and the last determined adherents of royalty, made that unfortunate island their common battle-field. Blood already flowed like water through the land, and Cromwell soon came to deluge it still more deeply in human gore.

On being informed by the Parliament that he was appointed to the chief command in Ireland, Cromwell affected surprise and assumed reluctance; but he was soon prevailed upon to undertake the task; and with the commission of general-in-chief, and the title of lord-lieutenant, twelve thousand veteran troops, and a well-stored treasury,

he set off for his new field of operations in the beginning of August, 1649.

In the meanwhile, Scotland had remained a separate kingdom, and King Charles II. had been proclaimed in Edinburgh almost immediately after his father's death. But the Presbyterians of that country shackled their acknowledgment of the young monarch with so many unworthy conditions, that Charles hesitated long before he would accept them; and during this hesitation Cromwell had sufficient time to execute the greater part of his schemes against Ireland.

On his arrival in Dublin, he found that General Monk had concluded a peace with the famous O'Neal; so that he could direct the whole of his efforts against the Royalists, under the earl of Ormond. These troops had principally left the open country, and had dispersed themselves in different strong places, against which Cromwell successively turned his arms. The first city attacked was Drogheda, which was garrisoned by three thousand steady Royalists, under Sir Arthur Ashton. As soon as a breach was practicable, the fanatics rushed forward to storm; but were met with intrepidity equal to their own enthusiasm, and were completely repulsed. A second assault proved more successful. A Royalist officer, who commanded in one of the entrenchments raised within the breach, was shot as the Parliamentary forces advanced. His troops wavered, the Republicans offered them quarter, and during the hesitation which followed this proposal, poured in and made themselves masters of the place.

All the horrors of a successful assault were now inflicted. Cromwell himself, instead of endeavouring to stay the bloodshed which always followed such an event, gave orders to show no mercy. Some of the unfortunate garrison took refuge in a strong post called the Mill Mount, which offered them little security. The position was almost immediately forced; and Sir Arthur Ashton, with all the officers and men which it contained, was put to death. Another party took possession of the steeple of St. Peter's Church, and held out for some time; but, as the most summary way of destroying them, the blood-thirsty general ordered the church to be fired, which was accordingly done. The rest,

who had thrown themselves into two strong towers, which threatened a more protracted resistance than their assailants could afford to encounter, obtained somewhat more favourable terms. The men were decimated, and the survivors transported to Barbadoes; but the officers, as well as all the Catholic priests who could be discovered, were butchered in cold blood. Nor does this seem to have been the whole amount of blood and guilt chargeable to Cromwell on the capture of Drogheda. For five days the slaughter was more or less continued, and it appears that a vast number of the peaceable inhabitants were slain at the very altars, to which they clung for protection.

The ferocity of soldiers, excited almost to madness by the fierce struggle of an assault, no officer can immediately restrain; but he who suffers the licence of such a scene to proceed for one moment after he can arrest its progress—and far more, still, he who encourages the merciless disposition of his troops, is a murderer and a villain. No excuse is admissible, for, even were the question doubtful, whether stern severity or firmness combined with lenity towards a country in revolt be the most likely to reduce it to subjection (of which, however, there can be *no* doubt), the natural disposition of each man would be shown in his decision. If he were a cruel tyrant he would butcher, like Cromwell; if he were a generous hero he would spare, like Henry Quatre. Nor had Cromwell any personal excuse. Had he before overcome these troops and again found them in arms; had they violated any duty, or broken any engagement towards him, he might have pleaded justice and example as a palliation for rigour; but no such facts existed; the people he slaughtered were opposed to him in party and religion, and such was his only motive to his most awful crime.

From Drogheda he proceeded to Wexford, of which he obtained possession by the treachery of one of the deputies sent to treat for its capitulation. While the negotiation was going on, some of the Parliamentary troops were introduced into the castle; their appearance spread consternation through the garrison; the walls were abandoned, and the republicans rushing in, the same scenes of blood and cruelty which had disgraced the capture of Drogheda were acted over again, with many terrible aggravations, in the

streets of Wexford. The unarmed inhabitants and the military were confounded in one general slaughter; neither sex nor age was spared; and three hundred women were murdered clinging to the market-cross.

It would be tedious and painful to follow Cromwell through the whole of his two campaigns in Ireland, and to carry him from siege to siege. Suffice it, that with astonishing speed he subdued almost the whole of Munster. Ross, Duncannon, Carrick, were taken before the close of 1649; as well as Youghall, Cork, Kinsale, and Bandon Bridge. Goran, Kilkenny, and Clonmell, fell in the early part of 1650; and the greater part of Ireland being reduced to submission, Cromwell left the command to his son-in-law, Ireton, and returned to England, whither he was called by affairs of still greater import.

During his absence the negotiations between Charles II. and the Scotch Commissioners were brought to a conclusion at Breda; and it became evident that the nation who had betrayed the father were about to take arms in support of the son. The young monarch had not yet sailed for the only part of his hereditary dominions which acknowledged him, when Cromwell returned to oppose him in person.

Through the whole of his proceedings in Ireland, Cromwell had maintained a close correspondence with the Parliament; and while, in fanatical ravings, he communicated to the House of Commons the success he had acquired by skill, sagacity, and courage, he himself learned all that was passing in England, and prepared to interpose whenever he might find his presence necessary.

The proclamation of Charles II. as king of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, and the treaty between him and the Scottish Parliament, showed that the moment for action was now come; and Cromwell, who had been often invited back by the Commons, returned full of victory and success. Borne upon the fickle tide of popular applause, which at this period flowed full in his favour, the triumphant general approached London; and after meeting deputations from the officers and the Parliament, which came as far as Hounslow to greet him, he entered the capital amidst the discharge of ordnance and the acclamations of the multitude.

Fairfax's attachment to the Presbyterian interest, his opposition to the more violent measures which had been pursued against royalty, and his unity of feeling with the Scots, taught the Parliament to doubt his firmness in conducting the war about to be declared against that nation; and induced them to determine upon transferring the command to Cromwell.

Whether it was proposed entirely to supersede him, or to detain him in London as general-in-chief, while Cromwell led the army to the field, can hardly be told; but Fairfax spared the Parliament all trouble on the subject, by voluntarily resigning his command when he heard of the arrival of the young monarch in Scotland, and of the universal joy with which he had been received. The council of state pressed him, it appears, to retain his command; and Cromwell himself accompanied the deputation charged with the message to that effect. But, as most of the party were beyond doubt aware, the determination of Fairfax was now fixed; and nothing which was brought forward could shake it. The Parliament nevertheless honoured and rewarded him for his former services; and while the commission of captain-general was made out for Cromwell, Fairfax, the best intentioned, but the weakest of the Commonwealth officers, retired from the service to the bosom of his family.

Cromwell, now resolved to carry the war into the heart of Scotland, made his preparations with activity, and was in the field before July. The campaign began with manifestoes on both sides, equally filled with falsehood and hypocrisy. But in the meanwhile, Cromwell advanced rapidly to the border; and on their part, the Scots spread a report throughout the country, that the English general was about to act the same cruelties in his present warfare, which he had displayed in Ireland, with various additions, which the imagination of the people was left to improve and magnify. Cromwell, though he attempted to counteract these reports, lost no time by the way; but crossing the Tweed at Berwick, he advanced rapidly upon Edinburgh. At Musselburgh, however, he halted, finding that the Scottish general, Leslie, had taken up so strong a position that it was impossible to assail it with success; and

even in reconnoitring it, a part of his forces were attacked and suffered considerably in their retreat.

From Musselburgh, after another severe skirmish, Cromwell retreated to Dunbar, hoping that Leslie would follow and give him battle; but that general, with cautious wisdom, which, had he persevered in it, would have destroyed the English forces, contented himself with cutting off his enemy's supplies, preventing his advance, and harassing his retreat; at the same time securing to himself, with infinite skill, all those impregnable positions which the country everywhere affords. The whole of August was thus consumed in ineffectual manœuvres on the part of Cromwell, and skilful opposition on the side of the Scots. In the meanwhile the English army dwindled away under disease and scarcity; and their general at length began to think of retiring, with the weakened and harassed remains of his troops, towards their native country. The Scottish forces, now perceiving their superiority, followed closely on their retreating foes; and pressed so hard upon the English, that Cromwell in the hurry and confusion of his march suffered himself to be hemmed in near Dunbar, in a situation from which there was no escape.

Swamps and marshes impeded his progress on one side; the sea shut him in on the other; Leslie occupied a high hill on the land side; and the only pass, by fording a river flanked by a steep bank, was already in possession of the Scots. The deliberations that followed are very differently stated. It appears certain, however, that it was at one time proposed that the infantry should be sent off by sea, and that the cavalry should then attempt to force its way through the enemy. Both Lambert and Monk, who were then with Cromwell's army, strongly opposed this suggestion; and one or the other of these two proved to the council of war, that while on the one hand such a measure must necessarily produce immense and incalculable loss and danger, on the other hand, the Scottish forces might be attacked with less disadvantage than had been imagined.

Cromwell probably had before come to the same conclusion, and it was therefore determined that a battle should be risked. Notwithstanding an order to attack at break of day, the action did not begin till near six o'clock, but this

proved no disadvantage, for Leslie, overpowered by the fanatics of his own party, yielded his better opinion, abandoned in some degree the advantageous ground he possessed, and descended from the hill to meet the enemy. When Cromwell first beheld them move, he is said to have exclaimed, "The Lord has delivered them into my hand!"

After a severe struggle, in which the first attack of the English was repelled, Cromwell's own regiment of infantry drove all before them, at the point of the pike. The cavalry followed, and Cromwell himself, marching on as they gained ground, remarking the sun, which had previously been hidden by a mist, shine out gloriously over the sea, raised his hand, exclaiming aloud, "Let God arise, and let His enemies be scattered!" Enthusiasm was added instantly to courage in the minds of his soldiers; confidence gave them victory; the right wing of the enemy were driven in confusion on their centre, and all became flight and disarray. A tremendous slaughter of the fugitives then took place; and about eight thousand were made prisoners. Cromwell on this occasion displayed greater humanity than had been lately his wont. An immense number of the captives were liberated, and the inhabitants of the neighbouring country were called to carry away and tend the wounded. The loss on either part it is impossible to ascertain, as the accounts rendered by Cromwell, from their evident absurdity, are unworthy of a moment's credit.

While divisions of all kinds spread amongst the Scottish people; and whilst the more fanatical ministers of the Presbyterian church, ascribing their defeat to ungodliness and not to folly, purged their army, as they expressed it, of all the best soldiers it contained, Cromwell marched on to Edinburgh, which admitted his forces without resistance, though the Castle still held out. He thence marched for Stirling, where the remnant of Leslie's forces had re-assembled, and had been joined by various other bodies of troops, which rendered their numbers even formidable, while their position was much more so. Finding it hopeless to attack them, the English general retreated first to Linlithgow, and afterwards made a movement upon Glasgow, attempting,

wherever he went, to win the affections of the people, and to bring over to his side, one at least of the many parties into which Scotland was then divided.

He then returned to Edinburgh, and immediately began the siege of the Castle, against which he proceeded with great vigour, maintaining, at the same time, a long and eager theological discussion with some of the Presbyterian clergy within the walls. Whether or not, under the disguise, he carried on a more fruitful correspondence with Dundas, the governor of the Castle, it is difficult now to determine. Two things however are certain:—in the first place, that Dundas made a bold and steady resistance for some time; and in the next, that he surrendered while the place was still capable of long and fearless defence. This last-named fact has brought a charge of treachery upon the governor; but it is to be remembered that many circumstances might have led him to the conduct he pursued, without bribery on the one part, or treason on the other. The increasing divisions amongst the people and rulers of Scotland; the uncertainty of relief; the dangers and inconveniences to which the capital city was exposed during the siege of its citadel; and the offer of the most advantageous terms of capitulation; might each and all act in bringing Dundas to the determination which he adopted, after having sustained a siege of many weeks.

The conditions that he made for himself and his garrison were the most advantageous it is possible to conceive on the occasion of a surrender; and the Castle being delivered to Cromwell, the Scottish forces marched out and crossed the Frith of Forth into Fife.

Cromwell spent the winter following in Edinburgh, endeavouring to conciliate the people, and regulating the military government of the country as far as it had been conquered. Early in the spring, however, he was seized with a severe intermittent fever, which incapacitated him greatly for public affairs, and even threatened his life. In the mean while Charles II. made every effort to increase his army and authority, by persuading the fanatics by whom he was surrounded, to admit into the service, all those steady Royalists who had previously borne arms in his own defence or that of his father, without the permission of the Kirk.

An immensity of hypocrisy was displayed on this subject by all parties—the Scottish clergy demanding from the old Cavaliers professions of repentance and amendment which they knew would be false; and the Cavaliers making protestations they did not feel, and taking oaths they had not the slightest intention to keep. Nevertheless, by this means the ranks of the royal army were considerably swelled; and much greater power in its councils was given to Charles himself. The sickness of Cromwell gave full time for completing every preparation; and having been solemnly crowned at Scone, the young king took up his position at Torwood, resolved to act on the defensive and cut off all approach to Stirling. Early in July Cromwell was once more enabled to resume active operations, and made various movements to draw his enemy from the strong position he had assumed. For this purpose he marched towards Lanarkshire; but Leslie, who in fact commanded the Royalist army, though the name remained with Charles, threw himself into the pass of Kilsyth, and obstructed his progress in that direction. Cromwell then returned to his former ground, and Leslie resumed a defensible post near Stirling. The efforts of the English general were now turned to the opposite side of the Forth, and after sending over a detachment to secure his landing, he led the rest of the troops into Fife, and directed his course towards Perth. General Holburne who was detached from the royal army to oppose his progress, was defeated with great loss, and Perth surrendered almost immediately.

Wearied with the burthensome fanaticism of the Scots, Charles gladly saw before him the means of penetrating into England, where he hoped to find more affection as well as reverence, and to meet with fewer insults and greater zeal, if not with such powerful support.

No sooner therefore did he see Cromwell proceed so far to the north, and leave the road to England open behind him, than, breaking up his camp, Charles instantly marched for Carlisle. As he advanced, however, many of the Scots fell from him; and the levies in England were not nearly so favourable as he had anticipated. The Scots threw every obstacle in the way of success. None were admitted to

join their ranks who would not take the covenant; and the same fanatic enthusiasm amongst his followers, which had raised Cromwell to the highest pitch of fortune, helped to cast away the best opportunities of his unfortunate opponent.

Notwithstanding these difficulties Charles directed his march with very little resistance till he arrived at Worcester, where he was proclaimed king of Great Britain. Here a few of the old cavaliers joined him; but want of time and preparation combined with other causes to make their arrival slow, and at the same time the efforts of the Parliament were immense and successful. Leaving Monk to command in Scotland, Cromwell hastened with the steps of a giant to follow the track of the king; and, though the troops he brought with him were small in number, the activity of the Parliament had been so great that at Worcester, where he overtook the Scottish army, he found himself at the head of thirty thousand men. The two forces lay in presence of each other several days, during which the possession of the passages over the Severn and the Team was hotly contended for by parties from both.

At length Cromwell seems to have resolved on attacking the royal army on two points, and General Fleetwood was directed to force his way over the Team, while Cromwell himself attempted to pass the Severn, for which purpose it was necessary to throw across a bridge of boats. These operations were opposed on both points with the most determined courage. The Scots for long held Fleetwood at bay, notwithstanding the great superiority of his numbers, disputing every inch of ground. At the same time Charles himself opposed the progress of Cromwell, and obtained some temporary success in the first part of the action; but neglecting to make use of his cavalry, which appears to have been left within the town, he was compelled to abandon the field by the veteran reserve which Cromwell brought up to support the Parliamentary levies. The battle continued till nightfall; and its event crushed the royal party for the time. Three thousand of the Royalists fell on the field of battle, and ten thousand are said to have been taken. Charles himself made his escape to France, but the

particulars of his dangers and sufferings are too well known to need recapitulation.*

Cromwell returned in triumph towards London, and every mark of gratitude and admiration was shown him by the Parliament. Commissioners were sent to meet him at Aylesbury, and the House of Commons, with all the high officers of state, came out to receive him at Acton. Nor were honours alone the reward of his services. Fresh grants of land and money increased his revenues and his power; and, possessed of almost kingly authority, he began to affect kingly state. The companions of his rise and the followers of his fortunes found a barrier growing up insensibly between them and their former comrade; and the royal party being now effectually crushed, Cromwell sought to raise himself above his equals to the place from whence he had hurled down those originally above him. The palaces of a hundred kings became the habitual dwellings of the successful soldier; pomp and glitter attended his footsteps; and though still plain in his own appearance, and simple in his habits, he surrounded himself with the splendour which captivates, after having acquired the power which commands.

The ends which he proposed to work out by the Parliament were now accomplished; and he began to weary of the instrument with which he had wrought them. His whole design became, therefore, to lay aside that body as soon as possible; and this intention became so evident that there were few who did not suspect or discover something of the ambitious schemes which floated in his mind.

In regard to the army his views and his conduct were very different. The only firm basis of his power had been its

* Of the prisoners taken at Worcester, the more influential were tried and executed. Some, if they did not merit their fate, at least had reason to expect it from the existing laws, and the warning of former events: but some also suffered in the face of justice, law, and custom. In regard to the private soldiers, the infamous practice which Cromwell had followed in Ireland, was repeated here as it had been at Dunbar. An immense number were sold as slaves to the colonies. Where the price of this human merchandise went, I have not been able to discover; but I find no proof that Cromwell added to the infamy of introducing the custom, the baseness of appropriating the gain.

affection, and as soon as he had determined upon pursuing a course of individual aggrandizement, which he knew would be opposed by such of its members as had most contributed to his first rise, he applied himself calmly and diligently to remove them from their posts, and to supply their places with those less scrupulous men, with whom war was more a trade, who were contented to be soldiers without affecting to be saints, and who were good officers without being either preachers or politicians. The organization of the different corps also he greatly changed, and took good care that the same spirit of insubordination with which he had ruled the Parliament should not be opposed to himself. All this was done slowly and quietly, and was begun long before his invasion of Scotland, so that by the time the dispersion of the king's forces had taken place at Worcester, the army was a much more governable machine than it had been since the commencement of the civil war.

It is not unworthy of remark in this place, that while Cromwell was all this time working by the basest of human means for the gratification of the most selfish of human passions, the tone of his religious enthusiasm grew of a stronger and more vehement character, not only in appearance, it would seem, but in reality. Doubtless, as he felt himself obliged to rely more and more upon the Independents, even while he violated many of their political principles, he found himself called upon to court their favour in other points, by a stronger display of attachment to their religious follies. Yet it is beyond all question, that, in many instances, Cromwell was himself the dupe of his own hypocrisy; that, governed himself by a dark and hypochondriacal fanaticism, he made it the means of governing others; and that by affecting more of the frenzied enthusiasm of the times than he felt, for the purpose of deceiving others, he increased and excited that which he really did feel himself.

One of the first steps of Cromwell after having returned to London was to remind the Parliament of a very unpleasant topic of discussion which had been often spoken of but long delayed, namely their own dissolution. In this, as well as in the proposal of a general amnesty, he was successful, notwithstanding a strong opposition; and the House of Commons voted that the period of their farther sitting

should be confined to three years. His immense increase of power, his success on the present occasion, and all the honours and distinctions he had received since the battle of Worcester, seem to have led Cromwell to the belief that the moment was arrived in which he could safely assume the sovereign power. But cautious in this, as in all things, he proposed several questions to a general meeting of the most influential persons in the state and the army, regarding the future government of the country, which he doubted not would soon in discussion display the views and feelings of all parties. Many present boldly declared their opinion in favour of a mixed form of government, in which the power of the monarch should be checked by a House of Peers and Commons; and Cromwell announced his own sentiments on the same side. But when it came to be considered to whom the throne thus limited could be offered, Charles II., the duke of York, the duke of Gloucester were mentioned; but Cromwell himself seemed never to enter the minds of his companions. Finding that much must intervene before his purpose could be accomplished, Cromwell, disappointed but undismayed, pursued his course and bent his efforts against the Parliament.

That body easily seeing that, whatever might be the ulterior views of the lord-general, the diminution of their power was his present object, resolved to counteract his design by undermining his own. For this purpose they foolishly directed their most open attempts against the army; and as an initiative measure voted the reduction of its members. It was Cromwell's fate, both in war and in policy, to see many of his most difficult undertakings accomplished by the folly of his opponents; and never did this appear more strongly than in the conduct of the Parliament. A spirit of hostility was immediately generated towards it in the ranks of the army; and, without the slightest apparent effort on the part of Cromwell, the council of war deputed six officers to present a humble petition and remonstrance at the bar of the House of Commons, praying for the arrears due to the army, and boldly insulting the deliberative assembly of the nation, by reproach and advice.

The Parliament were highly indignant at this calm affront;

and finding in some degree their error, proceeded to tamper with several of the lord-general's officers, endeavouring to stir up a spirit of rivalry against him, which might impede his ambitious progress. In this they were not totally unsuccessful; but pursuing at the same time their dangerous scheme of reducing the army, they strongly influenced the great majority of the military against themselves, and in favour of any measure that Cromwell might propose.

In the mean while Cromwell steadily followed his object; and while he continued to agitate the minds of the soldiers with reports of the intentions of Parliament, he consulted frequently with his boldest friends on the means of forcing that body to a dissolution.

About this time died Ireton, his son-in-law, a man who, though he had served Cromwell faithfully and powerfully, maintained a great influence on the mind of his wife's father. Every reason exists for believing that he was a sincere and steady republican, and would have strenuously opposed the ambitious views which Cromwell entertained. His death, therefore, may have removed one check from the great general's actions; and after that period* we certainly find his movements much more rapid towards the attainment of his chief purpose.

The only occasion, however, on which he boldly spoke his thoughts on the subject of assuming the crown was in a conversation with Whitelock, who endeavoured to dissuade him from his design. Nevertheless, he continued to urge his measures against the Parliament, till that body—finding their speedy dissolution inevitable, and seeing that the army would drive them forth if they did not themselves call a new House—endeavoured to hurry through a bill, which, instead of removing them from their places, would have fixed them there more steadily, and only increased their party. They provided that they were to remain part of the new Parliament, whether returned in the new election or not, and they were to have a discretionary power of accepting or rejecting the new members, according to their opinion of their fitness.

The absurdity and impudence of this bill made them all

* November 26th, 1652.

feel that they would never be allowed to carry it through without great haste; and they had nearly proceeded to its completion, when Cromwell, informed of what was passing, entered the House. He listened to their proceedings for some time without apparent passion, but at length, rising as the Speaker was about to put the question, he began a discourse, from which he soon deviated into the most vehement invective, and ended by exclaiming, "You are no parliament—the Lord has done with you;—I tell you you are no longer a parliament—you shall sit here no longer to cheat the people." He then stamped vehemently on the floor, and called out to "bring them in!" when the house was immediately filled with soldiers. One of the members, on their appearance, declared, "This is not honest—it is against common honesty!" but Cromwell turning upon him, answered, in a furious tone, "Sir Harry Vane! Sir Harry Vane! the Lord deliver me from Sir Harry Vane! He might have prevented this, but he has not common honesty himself!" He then continued his abuse of the different members of the House before the soldiery, declaring that he had sought the Lord night and day, that he would rather slay him than put him upon that work; and at length directed the troops to clear the house, which was done, after a show of resistance by the Speaker. He then ordered the mace to be taken away as a useless bauble; and having received the act of dissolution, he locked the door, and left the place where so many noisy and factious voices had rung, and so many criminal acts had been devised, to the tranquillity of silence and the innocence of vacancy.

The council of state followed into the grave the parliament from which it had had its being; and on the same evening its deliberations were put a stop to by Cromwell, who himself appointed a new council of state, consisting of thirteen members, of whom nine were officers of the army. Cromwell had now, in fact, assumed the sovereign power; he made peace and war, he entered into treaties with foreign nations, he placed and displaced the judges and officers of state, he levied taxes on his own authority, and was king in all but the name.

Finding, however, that many doubted him, and some-

dreamed of opposition, he endeavoured to lull the minds of the people by solemn but vague declarations; and promises and schemes of new modes of government. Circumstances soon occurred to induce him to call a parliament, which he so contrived as to give more stability to his authority by the appearance of national sanction. No such dangerous and uncertain means as a regular election was resorted to. The persons considered worthy of a seat, were named to the lord-general by the Independent ministers, and from these Cromwell selected a hundred and fifty, who were summoned by writ under the usurper's own hand and seal. This assembly of fanatics, from the name of one of its most distinguished members, "Praise-God Barebones," was called Barebones' Parliament. They proved, nevertheless, somewhat refractory; and proposed so many startling changes, that Cromwell found it necessary to send them back to the places from whence they came. A part were induced to acknowledge their own incompetence, and the rest were easily turned out by a serjeant's guard.

By this time the army, on whom Cromwell depended for support, had been very generally brought over to his elevation; and the people had grown accustomed to his rule, by the passing of several months. The title of king he found it more politic not to assume, but on the 16th of December, he was solemnly inaugurated Protector, in Westminster Hall. Pomp and ceremony, and a mixture of military and civil parade, were added to give dignity to the transaction; and from that day, without the name of monarch, Cromwell exercised more despotic authority than any king of England has been permitted to hold since his time.

Opposition and danger, however, still awaited him; and though he used every art of hypocrisy to make the nation believe that the power he had assumed had been forced upon him, and that his motives were disinterested, none believed, and few respected him. State and show did not procure him honour; elevation gave him no security; and power refused him peace. The first parliament he summoned after snatching the protectorate, began by investigating his title, and were only brought to desist by force, and by the exclusion of many of the members. Several of

the clergy preached against him in the pulpits, and seditious tracts and pamphlets incited to revolt against his government, and menaced his person with attack. Still his administration of public affairs was firm, regular, and active. Frugality, order, and justice, were preserved at home; the honour of the nation was maintained abroad; and the territories of England were extended in various directions; foreign monarchs treated with the British usurper as equal with equal; the superiority of the seas was asserted and enforced; Holland and Spain were humbled; Scotland and Ireland were reduced; and the character of Cromwell was admired by those whom distance of station or country prevented from seeing any part but its greatness; while it was contemned by those to whom daily communication proved its selfishness, its baseness, and its falsehood.

Various conspiracies, both by the Royalists and Republicans, against his life, the Protector discovered and suppressed, by means of an immense number of hired spies which he had spread through every rank of society. A feeble attempt at insurrection, conducted by two weak and violent Royalists, Penruddock and Grove, was instantly put down; and afforded a fair excuse for oppressing the Cavaliers and wringing from them large contributions. The liberty of the press also was soon attacked; and the Parliament, still proving refractory, were again dismissed without ceremony.

Gradually as Cromwell proceeded, the opposition he encountered, the hate and contempt he knew to exist against his person, and the insecurity of his government altogether, drove him on from one arbitrary act to another, and rendered that man a tyrant who was perhaps intended by nature for a just and impartial magistrate. The elections for Parliament were biased by every means that the jealous daring of usurped power could suggest or carry through; and after the returns had been made, the assembly was purged, as he expressed it, by his council, of all such members as were obnoxious to the Protector.

The House of Commons, thus selected, was of course an instrument in Cromwell's hands; but the nation murmured loudly, the army even was shaken in its attachment, and Cromwell owed his security more to the disunion and mul-

itude of opinions prevalent amongst his enemies, than to any individual strength. To guard against revolt, to repress the turbulent state of the country, and render a number of the military dependent upon his government, the usurper portioned out the whole provinces he governed, to a number of officers holding the title of major-general, to whom he entrusted the most exorbitant power. At the same time, his subservient Parliament placed in his hands the last great instrument of despotism, a special commission for trying all persons accused of imagining his death, or the restoration of the house of Stuart, without reference to a jury. The high courts of justice, in which any seventeen of these special commissioners were authorized to try cases of high treason, admitted of no appeal but to the Protector himself, so that in fact the life of the accused was in his hands.

Shortly after these new commissions, Cromwell contrived that the offer of the crown should be made to him by the Parliament. The honour of declining the splendid bauble, though certainly an alternative within the scope of Cromwell's calculations, was certainly not his chief object in promoting the offer. There was something in the name of king that his vanity coveted, and it may be, that he hoped in some degree to stamp stability on his usurped power, by giving it a name connected with old institutions. He hesitated for some time in forming his determination, but finding that the very proposal gave deep offence to the army, he made a merit of necessity, and declined the dangerous honour to which he had long aspired.

Although he thus rejected the office of king, the famous memorial presented on the occasion, called "The Petition and Advice," introduced a considerable change into the state of the government. The Protectorate, which Cromwell had assumed, was now bestowed upon him by the national assembly, which at the same time authorized him to name his successor, and to appoint or create another House of Peers, while one million three hundred thousand pounds were voted for the current expenses of his government. At the same time, various of those powers which he had hitherto exercised were restricted by Parliament, but Cromwell willingly made some sacrifice to give a more solid foundation to his authority. To mark this as strongly as possible,

he was again installed in Westminster Hall, where the Speaker of the House of Commons bestowed upon him, with a long and ceremonious speech, a robe of purple velvet, a sceptre, and a sword.

The rest of Cromwell's life may be narrated very briefly. A strong opposition was raised against him in the next parliament which he called. The House of Peers, named by himself, unsupported by ancient rank, fortune, distinction, or any other quality which insures respect, and attacked continually by the other House, soon fell into contempt. The officers of the army murmured highly, and many of them were cashiered or dismissed. Various bodies of Cavaliers began to rise in different parts of the kingdom; and the marquis of Ormond came over from the Netherlands to put himself at their head. But still the mind of the Protector bore up against all. The plans of the Cavaliers were defeated; their small forces dispersed, and several of their leaders taken and executed. The new parliament was dismissed as unceremoniously as those that had preceded it; and Cromwell, taking the whole government into his own hands, resolved to rule without the cumbrous appendage of a national representation.

February, 1658, was a month of great rejoicing in the family of the Protector, from the marriage of his two daughters, the one to Lord Falconbridge, and the other to Mr. Rich. But in the course of March a pamphlet, written by one Colonel Titus, was thrown into very general circulation. It was called "Killing no Murder," and tended to prove that it was just and reasonable to assassinate the Protector. The writing was bold and spirited, and it ended with vague assertions in regard to the innumerable hands which were privately armed against the life of the usurper.

Such an intimation was much better calculated to daunt the heart of Cromwell than a thousand armies in the field. His dark and gloomy imagination, furnished with such abundant materials for horrible fancies, presented to him the assassin's knife continually at his throat. The vagueness of the danger, rendered it dreadful to a mind that feared nothing tangible. He had had continual proof that such designs against his person really existed; and they were now always present to his mind. He is reported

never to have smiled again ; but domestic grief soon came to aid the gloom of hypochondriac apprehension.

His favourite daughter, Elizabeth, after the death of her husband, Mr. Claypole, had never fully recovered from the sorrows of such a loss. It is a favourite error with people who have no feeling themselves, that strong minds are unsusceptible of deep grief. It is true that minor cares may make no impression ; but the feelings once received by persons of such a character, are like lines engraven upon steel and last for ever. Her father's talents and decision had descended to Elizabeth Cromwell more perhaps than to any other of his children, and they had come down to her unmixed with any particle of his baser nature. She had ever been his favourite child, and though constantly opposing, with the noblest zeal of filial affection, the hypocritical ambition which called down disgrace on her father's name, she still remained beloved. Her husband's death had brought a deep melancholy upon her ; and all the great events in which her heart was unwillingly forced to take a share—the blood she saw spilt, the crimes she beheld committed, apprehensions for her father's safety, and sorrow for his crimes,—carried her gradually to the brink of the grave.

Cromwell hung over the bed of his dying child with affectionate anxiety seldom known to the restless selfishness of ambition ; but neither his love nor his cares could save her, and she died on the 6th of August, 1658, raving on subjects which showed how deeply his crimes had affected her heart. Anxiety and grief had already shaken the constitution of the usurper ; and finding the fever by which he had been attacked in Scotland return with redoubled force, he quitted Hampton Court, where his daughter had expired, a few days after her death, and returned dying to Whitehall. He soon saw that his physicians apprehended danger, and at first bore the knowledge of his fate calmly, desiring to sit up and execute his will. But after a time his apprehensions seem to have increased, and his only support appeared to be in the visionary assurances of recovery which he believed himself to receive from Heaven. His last moments, indeed, during which he deceived himself with the same fanatical dreams which he had often employed as a means of deceiving others, for the base purposes of indivi-

dual aggrandizement, clearly prove how nearly allied hypocrisy may be to enthusiasm. At length on the 3rd of September, the anniversary of the battles of Dunbar and Worcester, Oliver Cromwell expired; and the day of his death was also marked by the most extraordinary tempest of wind that ever visited these islands—a circumstance which all writers have commemorated, however unworthy of notice, but which shows a singular point of coincidence with the death of Napoleon Bonaparte. At the time of his decease, he had accomplished fifty-nine years, four months, and eight days; and had exercised the sovereign power about five years. In person he was strongly made and robust, but somewhat clumsy. His face was harsh in feature; and a large nose of a fiery red afforded subject of merriment to the Cavaliers after they had suffered a thousand defeats from his hand. A man's character can alone be traced in his actions; and inasmuch as Cromwell studiously strove to veil the motives of everything he did under the most varied and most impenetrable disguises, many of the finer shades of his mind are lost, never to be discovered; but, at the same time, the broad fact of his universal deceitfulness stands forth more prominently. He cheated all classes and all professions; he betrayed all parties and all men; and probably there did not exist one individual who could say that Cromwell had ever treated him with perfect sincerity. Whichever party was right in the civil war, Cromwell was wrong, for he deceived and injured them all. His aim was his own aggrandizement; his principle, selfishness; his means, hypocrisy. He possessed vast talent of every kind, but his principal talent was deceit; and though he had infinite presence of mind, great self-command, exquisite discernment of human character, was a mighty commander, a skilful politician, and a man of wonderful powers, he was a hypocrite, a knave, and a villain, who made use, during a long life, of the most magnificent powers to accomplish the basest objects, and died universally hated, condemned, and despised.*

* It may not be uninteresting to notice, that both Bonaparte and Cromwell, who had each confronted so many dangers in the field, had nearly been cut off in mid-career in attempting to drive a set of beautiful horses presented by the sycophancy of a neighbouring state.

GEORGE MONK,

DUKE OF ALBEMARLE.

Born December 6, 1608—Receives an ensign's commission, and is present at the expedition to the Isle of Ré, and in the Low Countries—In early life a Loyalist, and serves against the Parliament—Taken prisoner and sent to the Tower—Liberated to serve against the Irish—Succeeds to his family estates, and accompanies Cromwell into Scotland, where he is left in command—Appointed admiral, and defeats Van Tromp—Takes the command in Scotland—Cromwell jealous of him—Some time after the death of the Protector, he is offered the Protectorate and Hampton Court—He refuses, and effects his great object—Duly rewarded—Dies in 1670—His character.

A PETTY town and a decayed family in Devonshire produced the man destined in after-life to work one of the greatest changes that has ever taken place in the fate of this country.

George Monk was the second son of Sir Thomas Monk, of Potheridge in Devonshire, and was born on the 6th of December, 1608. His family estates were embarrassed, and his father was encumbered with debt, so that difficulties of a painful and inglorious nature surrounded him in his youth. The extreme prudence for which he was afterwards distinguished did not display itself in his early years; and it is said, that the consequences of having cudgelled an attorney, who, contrary to express promise, had arrested his father at a great public meeting, was the immediate cause of his having been sent to Spain with the unfortunate expedition under Sir Richard Grenville.

Whether this was the case or not, no doubt can be entertained that from his youth George Monk had been destined by his family for the army; and after this first campaign, in which he served as a volunteer, he received an ensign's commission, and devoted himself entirely to the service.

The war with France, and the expedition to the Isle of

Ré, succeeded, and there, as afterwards in the Low Countries, he studied war as an art, and perfected himself in his profession. At about the age of thirty he was made captain in the regiment of Lord Goring, but shortly after threw up his commission, on some quarrel between his soldiers and the burghers of Dort, and returned to England, where the first symptoms of the great rebellion were beginning to show themselves. The trial of Lord Balmerino, the attempt to reclaim the church-lands, and the imposition of an obnoxious form of religion on the people of Scotland, joined, it is believed, to the instigation of secret agents from the Cardinal de Richelieu, and promises of support from France, induced the Scottish nation to take arms and to march into England.

In the short and fatal campaign which ensued, Monk, who had acquired a reputation in Holland, was raised to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and probably would have distinguished himself, had the war been prosecuted with vigour by the king and his government; but weakness and indecision were in the councils of England, and this first rebellion was terminated by a disgraceful treaty, which held out every encouragement to future sedition, by paying traitors for their treason.

The Irish very soon followed the successful example of the Scotch; and the earl of Leicester, a distant relation of Colonel Monk, was appointed to succeed the earl of Strafford as lord-lieutenant of that turbulent country.

Monk was now appointed colonel of the earl of Leicester's regiment, and despatched to Ireland to serve with the earl of Ormond. Here under very difficult circumstances he greatly increased his military reputation; but he was neither suffered to prosecute the war in Ireland vigorously nor long. The disputes had by this time proceeded far between the unhappy Charles and his Parliament. At first the supplies for the Irish army were retarded or detained, and at last Charles was obliged to recall a great part of his forces and grant a truce to the Irish rebels. Monk was one of the officers sent back to England, but on his arrival at Bristol, he found that Charles, with the imprudent suspicion which alienated so many from his interest, had ordered him to be arrested on account of his con-

nection with the earl of Leicester. Lord Hawley, however, who put the arrest in execution, was so satisfied of Colonel Monk's loyalty, that he permitted him to proceed to Oxford on his parole to justify himself to the king. In the attempt to do so, Monk was completely successful; and, his regiment having been given to another, he was appointed major-general of the Irish brigade. He immediately hastened to Chester, where, joining Lord Byron, his commander-in-chief, he shared in the engagement with the Parliament forces at Middlewich, and with the rest followed the fugitives to Nantwich. Fairfax instantly hastened to the relief of that place, and proceeding with immense expedition, overtook the royal forces before they were aware of his march, routed them completely, and took a considerable number of prisoners, amongst whom was General Monk.

He was instantly sent to Hull, and thence conveyed to the Tower of London, where the Parliament, being well aware of his value, detained him for nearly four years, urging him, by every means in their power, to abandon the cause of the king.

For a long time Monk seems to have entertained hopes that the court would negotiate his exchange; but although Charles did not forget him, and is said to have conveyed to him in prison a sum of money for his support, yet others were liberated while he continued to languish in confinement, and we may well believe that every day increased his desire for freedom. At length, by a rather curious coincidence, the Parliament and the king united in declaring the Irish insurgents to be rebels; and Lord Lisle, the son of the earl of Leicester, was appointed, by the Parliament, commander-in-chief of a body of forces despatched to that country. Monk was offered his liberty upon condition of serving in this army, and he appears to have accepted it with delight. He was not called to serve against the king; and though he did not display on this occasion that noble and devoted loyalty which many of the Cavaliers displayed, his conduct, though not admirable, was at least excusable. He accordingly accompanied his cousin to Ireland, where the earl of Ormond commanding for the king, refused to receive the Parliamentary forces in Dublin, and con-

sequently Lord Lisle^d was obliged to direct his course towards the south, and effect his landing at Cork.

No very brilliant success attended this expedition; and at the end of a few months Lisle and Monk returned to England.

Whether Monk expressed a determination not to serve the Parliament, in actual opposition to the king, or whether the rebels themselves did not choose to trust him in a situation where inducements and opportunities would not have been wanting to return to the royal cause, can hardly now be ascertained; but it is certain that he was almost immediately appointed to command the forces in the north of Ireland. Here, with small means and refractory troops, he maintained his ground steadily against the well-known Owen O'Neal, and carried on the war with success till after the murder of the king had been perpetrated in London. In the end, however, the Scotch forces under his command having been withdrawn, and a part of the English troops having gone over to the Royalists under the marquis of Ormond, Monk concluded a treaty with O'Neal, and returned to England.

For some time after this Monk seems to have remained unemployed; and, during the interval, succeeded to the entailed estates of his family by the death of his elder brother without heirs male. Up to this period General Monk had not on any occasion been required to oppose a royal army. His operations in Ireland had been against rebels equally obnoxious to the king and the Parliament; but after Cromwell's reduction of that island, which I have mentioned in the preceding pages, the former Royalist was called upon to accompany the Parliamentary general in his expedition against the Royalists of Scotland.

It is vain to seek for any palliation of General Monk's conduct on this occasion. The plain facts are—it was dangerous to refuse Cromwell's offers; it was advantageous to accept them—and we find Monk marching into Scotland with the regicide general to oppose the army raised in favour of the young king. Many, it is true, had set him the example of abandoning their ancient loyalty, but the stain was not the less deep upon the name of each.

The advance of Cromwell upon Edinburgh, his difficulties

and dangers, and his retreat upon Dunbar, have been already noticed. At the battle of Dunbar, in which the Royalist forces under Leslie were so disgracefully defeated, Monk distinguished himself by a vigorous and successful charge, and having once unsheathed his sword against the king, Cromwell seems to have trusted him with unlimited confidence. Edinburgh was soon taken, and the greater part of the south of Scotland submitted to the English, while Charles II. retired to Stirling, and endeavoured by persuasions, concessions, and even hypocrisy, to remove the fanatical disunion of the Scotch, and to raise a sufficient force once more to take the field. In the summer of the following year, a great part of the English passed over into Fife, and Charles, taking advantage of their absence, hurried on into England. Cromwell instantly followed, but Monk was left behind to carry on the war in Scotland; and while the fatal battle of Worcester was lost and won, he stormed Dundee, took Stirling, and overran the greater part of the lower counties.

Monk was a strict disciplinarian, and Bishop Burnet remarks upon the rigid demeanour of his soldiers, "I remember well of three regiments coming to Aberdeen. There was an order and discipline, and a face of gravity and piety amongst them, that amazed all people." Such conduct harmonizing well with the character of the Scotch, and offending neither their prejudices nor their pride, won for the English general a high share of their esteem and respect. He was soon obliged to leave the country from illness, but was afterwards sent down again with the commissioners charged to incorporate Scotland with the English commonwealth. Monk's influence tended greatly to facilitate this object, and after remaining some time in Scotland, he seems to have returned to England with no specific command. The greatest victory, however, which he ever achieved was now before him, though the arms with which it was fought were new to him, and the element on which it was obtained was one on which he had never before commanded.

During his absence in Scotland, war had been declared between Holland and England. Various successes had for some time attended the fleets of the two great maritime powers, and alternately Blake and Van Tromp had been the

victors and the vanquished. At length, however, with an inferior fleet, the English admiral was met by the Dutch, completely defeated, and seriously wounded. Upon this event, the naval and the military service being by no means so distinct as they have since been rendered, General Monk was appointed to the command of the fleet, with Dean as rear-admiral. The English armament instantly sailed in pursuit of the Dutch, who, after the defeat of Blake, had proceeded to the Isle of Ré, to escort back a large fleet of merchant vessels to the ports of Holland. On the coast of France the English admiral first descried the enemy, commanded by Van Tromp and Van de Ruyter. Some authorities declare the Dutch to have been greater in number, and some attribute that superiority to the English; but it is more than probable that the fleets were very equally matched, though Van Tromp was in some degree embarrassed with his convoy. The battle continued three days, and at length Van Tromp was forced to make his retreat with considerable loss. He saved, however, the greater part of his convoy; though a sufficient number were taken to afford both the proof and fruit of victory. The English fleet was much damaged in the action, but as soon as it was possible, Monk again sailed in pursuit of the enemy, and before long, once more encountered Van Tromp on the coast of Flanders.

On the 2nd of June, 1653, the English admirals bore down upon the enemy, and the Dutch quietly lay to to receive them. Admiral Dean, who at the time was in the same ship with Monk, was killed by the side of his brother officer by one of the first shots fired. Monk betrayed no emotion, but, casting his cloak over his fallen companion, proceeded with his commands as before. The battle soon became general, and all writers join in praising the activity, skill, and decision of General Monk, who thus, at the age of forty-five, found himself engaged in a new scene, and opposed to the greatest seaman of his day, with the fortune of his country and the honour of his nation upon his hands.

Through the whole day the fight continued, and night only suspended it, for the next morning to see it renewed again. The efforts on both sides were extraordinary, but at length, after one of the most terrible engagements on

record, the English fleet prevailed, and the Dutch admiral was obliged to run upon the flats near Dunkirk, after sustaining a serious loss. It is scarcely possible to arrive at any certainty in regard to numbers in matters of history, for one of the chief weaknesses of the human mind seems to be a propensity to exaggerate, even where vanity or pride do not contribute to obscure the truth. Some say that the Dutch lost nineteen ships of war, some say eleven; but all agree that the victory remained with England, and that Monk covered himself with immortal honour.

Monk now lay upon the coast of Holland, and for a time the Dutch commerce was at end; but before two months had passed, Van Tromp was again upon the seas, and the two fleets were engaged off the Texel.

The battle again lasted beyond the day, and the commanders on both sides seem to have staked honour and life upon the event. The general order given to the English fleet by Monk, was to sink the enemy and make no prizes, so that the victorious ships might not be embarrassed by those they captured.

The Dutch admiral was not less active or less resolute; but, after an action continued during three days, Van Tromp fell, and his shattered fleet was driven into the Texel, with the loss of thirty of its best vessels.

So severe a defeat reduced the United Provinces to propose terms to England which they would formerly have rejected with contempt; but the notions of the miserable body of fanatics who were then sitting at Westminster under the name of a parliament were so wild and visionary, that the ambassadors from the Dutch republic found no possible means of treating.

Amongst other insane dreams, the Fifth-Monarchy men, as they were called, would listen to nothing but the incorporation of Holland into their projected spiritual kingdom; and as this did not at all accord with the views of the mercantile Dutchmen, it is probable that war would have been renewed, had not Cromwell found it necessary to dismiss the Parliament. Occupied with the consolidation of his power at home, the usurper granted the Dutch better terms than their power, in its depressed state, could have enforced; and at the same time he recalled Monk to take

once more the command in Scotland, where he was threatened by various parties of Royalists, under Athol, Glencairn, and Middleton.

During the absence of Monk, Lilburn had commanded in Scotland; and, equally irresolute and fanatical, he had irritated the Scotch by the excesses he tolerated, without daring to repress the insurrections which his misconduct favoured.

Without delay Monk set out for the scene of difficulty, and finding that the danger had arisen as much from the idleness of the Parliamentary army as from the activity of their enemies, he instantly prepared to remedy the one evil while he met the other. His forces were immediately drawn into the Highlands, where, by fatiguing and difficult marches, and well-timed and skilful evolutions, he at once reduced his soldiers to discipline and obedience, and counteracted the designs of the Royalists. Nor by this conduct did he in fact injure the royal cause, for the temporary success which any of the petty insurrections in the Highlands might have met with, would only at that time have been followed by total and overwhelming defeat. Monk's motives must ever remain a matter of doubt: he might be actuated by remembered loyalty; he might be guided by prudent calculation for future advantage; but still, as he seems on all occasions to have abstained with scrupulous care from acting offensively against the Royalists, we may rationally conclude that he foresaw the great probability of a reaction in public opinion, and the restoration of the house of Stuart.

With the most cautious steps he pursued the earl of Middleton, pressing him continually back into the mountains without ever being brought to an engagement, notwithstanding the eagerness of his own officers, and all the endeavours of the enemy to force him to fight. General Morgan, however, who commanded a body of the Parliamentary forces, detached from Monk's army, encountered and defeated a part of Middleton's force, which caused the dispersion of the rest. Cromwell at the same time held out advantageous offers of peace and immunity to all the Royalists of Scotland who would lay down their arms; and thus tranquillity was soon restored to the country.

After having passed some months in marches through a district which the natives had fancied utterly impracticable for regular troops, General Monk returned into the Lowlands, and established his head-quarters at Dalkeith. His time was divided between rural enjoyments and the preservation of peace throughout the country; and it is generally admitted, that, except from the schism which divided the Scottish church, that part of the island in which Monk commanded, enjoyed a greater share of calm prosperity than Scotland had known for a long series of years.

Authority which has sprung out of the midst of revolution and commotion often ventures to do much that hereditary power could not attempt without destruction; and during Monk's stay at Dalkeith the great body of the gentry were disarmed, and a check put upon the prosecution of those private feuds and family hatreds which had so long been a detriment and disgrace to the country.

As Cromwell's own schemes of power extended, and new views of aggrandizement opened on his sight, he unwillingly trusted any great share of authority in the hands of another man. To lessen Monk's influence without depriving himself of the use of his talents, the Protector sent down a Council of State to Scotland, consisting of seven persons, of whom the general was one. The power of a state, however, which was alone kept in subjection by the army, of course remained in the hands of him who commanded, and Cromwell seems, from time to time, to have been jealous of General Monk, though either his suspicion was not sufficiently strong to induce that officer's removal, or the danger attending such a step appeared to the wary usurper greater than the advantage to be obtained. He is said to have written a letter on one occasion to that officer, in the postscript of which he makes use of the following singular words: "There be who tell me, that there is a certain cunning fellow in Scotland, called George Monk, who is said to lie in wait there to introduce Charles Stuart. I pray you use your diligence to apprehend him, and send him up to me."

On what authority this letter stands I am not aware; but it is not unlikely that, amongst the many varied and cunning artifices with which Cromwell strove to read the

hearts of those he doubted, this may have been one. Certain it is, also, that the regiments in Scotland were continually changed; and that the wildest and most untractable corps were sent down to relieve those which were withdrawn from Monk's command. This proceeding was doubtless intended to prevent that officer from acquiring too much influence with the troops; but as Monk, though strict as a disciplinarian, was both just and liberal to the soldiers, it is very likely that his reputation was thus spread through the whole service, and that the very means taken to confine his power, enabled him afterwards to perform so much.

Of General Monk's domestic life I do not find much trace; but it would appear that he had now been married for some years, and that at Dalkeith House his privacy was sweetened by the enjoyment of all the dearest relationships of life.

The death of one of his sons, bearing his own name, George, is recorded during his stay in Scotland, and he is said to have been more deeply affected by this loss than his general fortitude and equable disposition had taught his family to expect. The only public annoyance which greatly disturbed his command, was the well-known conspiracy of Colonel Overton, who went far in a scheme for overthrowing the government of the Protector, and for murdering both Monk and Cromwell. Monk, however, was cautious and wary; and, long before the plot was ripe for execution, he had obtained information of its existence and its extent. A sufficient time was given to allow the conspirators completely to commit themselves, after which they were severally arrested in their quarters. Overton was sent to London for Cromwell's own decision, and the rest were punished and dispersed.

On the 3rd of September, 1658, Oliver Cromwell yielded his uneasy life, and Richard Cromwell was proclaimed Protector. Immediate news was sent down to Scotland of these events, and the ceremony of proclamation was performed in Edinburgh by order of Monk. One of the first acts of Richard Cromwell was to write to the commander in Scotland, and desire his assistance and advice. Monk's answers were nearly as ambiguous as some of the late Protector's own speeches; but they were civil and respectful;

and with his usual prudent maxim of taking advantage of events, rather than striving to guide them, he remained calmly in Scotland, securing his own power, extending his own influence, courted by all parties, understood by none, and looking forward to that time when action might be effectual.

The brief protectorate of Richard Cromwell ended in a few days, with the full conviction of the whole nation that some great change must be operated in the constitution of the government. The wretched remnant of the Long Parliament re-assembled, the army restrained and overawed the state, the fanatics formed a junto, and endeavoured to overthrow all the institutions of society; and the city of London opposed all parties, and demanded a free and regular representation of the country. All was anarchy and confusion; and the different factions, which the strong genius of Cromwell had been hardly able to keep in subjection, now threw off all control, and spent their fury on each other. For a time the army, or rather a council of officers representing that body, obtained the ascendancy, and supported the shadow of a Parliament, which had now received the contemptuous name of the Rump. This coalition gave a temporary power to both, and as the immense influence of General Monk in Scotland was judged dangerous, messengers were sent to him for the apparent purpose of giving him notice of the changes in the government, but in reality with the design of seducing his soldiers. Attempts were also made to remove his chief officers, and remodel his army; but Monk remonstrated in such a tone as soon caused the Parliament to desist.

A weak and ill-timed endeavour to restore the king having by its total miscarriage strengthened the hands of the Rump, and elated its pride, that body determined to reduce the army in England to obedience. The council of officers, with Lambert at their head, resisted, and the two parties were soon at furious variance. In the meanwhile the royal cause, which, though kept down, had never been destroyed in England, strengthened and spread itself in various directions; and at the same time the immense body of Presbyterians, warned by experience, and influenced by hatred to the fanatics, leaned strongly towards a restoration.

Secret agents for the king had never been wanting in England, and amongst others was Sir John Granville, a cousin of General Monk. This gentleman had been permitted to compound for his estate under Cromwell, and had presented the living of Kelhampton to Nicholas Monk, brother to the general of that name. No sooner, therefore, was it determined in the council of the exiled king to try to win the commander of the army in Scotland, than his brother was sent for to London, and intrusted with the mission. Monk was desired to make his own terms, and every promise was added, in the king's own handwriting, which might hold out sufficient temptations to induce him to join the royal party.

The clergyman procured a passage in a ship about to sail for Leith, aided by the general's brother-in-law, Dr. Clarges, who was one of the commissaries in London. His voyage was quick, and he soon found means of communicating to Monk his mission, and the proposals he was charged to make. General Monk heard all, and made many inquiries, but replied nothing; and his brother seems to have remained in perfect ignorance of his designs. According to report, on one occasion—but one occasion only—he betrayed himself; which was when his chaplain, Dr. Price, a steady Royalist, pressed him to hasten his measures. "Would you, by over haste," he exclaimed, "bring my head to the block for the king, and ruin the whole design?" His brother was sent back to London unsatisfied and deceived; and Monk, shut up in impenetrable reserve, meditated in silence over the great events in which he was destined soon to act.

The negotiator for the king had not yet departed, when both the council of officers and the Rump Parliament applied to Monk for support in their contests with each other. Monk knew the innate weakness of the Parliament, and resolved therefore to support a body he could control at his pleasure, rather than one which would resist his will. He accordingly at once declared himself in favour of the Parliament, and charged his brother, who was on the eve of his departure for London, with a message to Commissary Clarges, offering to march his forces into England if the council of officers continued refractory. Thus supported, the Rump overrated their power, urged their dispute to

extremity with the army, and were in consequence once more expelled by Lambert and his associates, who instituted a committee of safety, as it was called, for the purpose of carrying on the government.

It is probable that Monk had foreseen these changes, and had already determined to take advantage of them for the restoration of the royal family. At all events, his preparations were carried on with unceasing alacrity and care. Considerable sums of money were provided, and large stores of ammunition were laid up. Warned by Dr. Clarges, that Colonel Cobbet, sent down by the committee of safety with a specious compliment, had orders to seduce his officers and arrest himself, if found opposed to the views it entertained, Monk at once laid hands upon the deputy, and sent him prisoner to the castle of Edinburgh, which city, with every other point of importance, he had taken care to secure by the presence of his most faithful adherents.

He then prepared for his famous march upon London, declaring that he acted upon two general principles. First, that the military force must be subservient to the civil; and second, that the present constitution of the commonwealth was to be administered by parliaments. As the time advanced, he took every measure of prudence also to secure co-operation. It appears that he opened a communication with Lord Fairfax, who agreed to raise Yorkshire in his favour; and that he wrote both to the officers of the fleet and to the army in Ireland, who for some time remained neuter. His pretence was still the restoration of the Parliament, though no one can doubt that he never dreamed that the weak and fanatic remnant who assumed that title could hold their seats one month after the army was put down. Still, with such caution did he veil his thoughts, that no one penetrated his designs; and, as he marched, he took care to make known, both by letters and printed declarations, that the army of Scotland only proposed to defend the freedom and privilege of Parliament, and to vindicate the rights and liberties of the people against all opposition whatever; without any contention with the army of England relating to religion or any religious persuasion, and without the design of violating the spiritual liberties of any one.

The news of all these steps produced great consternation amongst the officers in London, and Commissary Clarges was sent immediately to Scotland, accompanied by Colonel Talbot, for the purpose of persuading Monk to abandon his design, and to enter into a treaty with them for the general welfare of the state.

Clarges and Talbot, however, were by no means well calculated to fulfil the task imposed upon them, neither of them being strongly attached to the party by whom they were sent. From them Monk learned the precise state of the committee, their total want of finances, their disunion amongst themselves, and their suspicion of all who served them. He had gone too far already for any negotiations to be successful; but seeing plainly that delay would every day weaken his enemies, while it strengthened himself, he sent three officers to London, in order to concert measures with the committee; furnishing them at the same time with private orders to contest every step, and draw out the conferences as far as possible.

In the meanwhile Lambert was not inactive. He himself marched down to York; while Carlisle on the one hand, and Newcastle on the other, were secured by the English army.

General Monk's envoys either mistook or mismanaged his commission. The treaty was concluded with unnecessary haste, and Monk himself was obliged to take the decided step of refusing to ratify it. This proceeding, indeed, he coloured in some degree by pretending that some of the points were not clear, and by demanding an explanation; but at the same time he felt that the time for delay was past, and he immediately began his march for London.

Lambert had by this time advanced to Newcastle with a strong body of horse and foot; but both were ill-disciplined, and discontented for want of pay. Monk's army was in a much better state of subordination, was veteran, and well paid; yet, as he approached his adversary, several large bodies of his cavalry deserted, and his situation was certainly for a time most precarious. Lambert, however, took no advantage of his superior numbers; suffered himself to be amused; negotiated instead of acting; and while a discontented and needy host might have been well employed in bold and

rapid movements, which at once promised plunder and afforded occupation, he suffered them to waste themselves away in idleness, and spend their energies in murmurs, contentions, and mutinies.

Having advanced from Berwick to Coldstream, Monk, with apparent willingness, listened to Lambert's proposal for a treaty between the two armies, and drew out the negotiations with consummate skill, till he found that his opponent was sufficiently weakened in the field; that the confusion in London had reached its highest pitch; and that the Parliamentary party had succeeded in bringing various parts of the country to a state favourable to his views. Lambert, with the wish of conciliating Monk and facilitating the treaty, as well as to satisfy his soldiers, withdrew from Northumberland, and retreated upon York. A meeting of the Scotch nobility offered to raise a large force in aid of Monk's design of restoring the Parliament, which proposal, though rejected for the time by the general, was declined in such terms as left the Scotch people well satisfied with his demeanour, and prepared to support him. Fairfax sent him word from Yorkshire that he was in arms upon Lambert's rear. News arrived that the fleet had declared for the Parliament, that Portsmouth had followed their example, and that the regiments sent against that town had cast off the authority of their officers and joined the garrison. All these favourable tidings showed that the moment for action was come; and, passing the Tweed, Monk advanced into England on the first day of the year. The Rubicon was scarcely passed, when a letter was brought to him from Lenthall, the speaker of the Parliament, informing him that Fleetwood and the Committee of Safety, alarmed by the general demonstration of opinion throughout the country, had yielded their usurped power, and restored the Commons to their seats. Many thanks were expressed for Monk's support and firmness; but no orders for marching to London were contained in the epistle; and it was very evident that such a proceeding was not at all what the Parliament desired. Monk, however, had no thoughts of receding. The path he had traced out for himself in the secret depths of his own mind was, onward still; and, seeming not in the least to feel the distrust of the Parliament, he commanded the

speaker's letter to be read at the head of the regiments, and, amidst the acclamations of the soldiers, declared his resolution of leading them to London, to see their rulers fixed firmly in their seats.

The march forward was painful, difficult, and obstructed by all the rude obstacles of a bitter and inclement season ; but Monk's soldiers were hardy and veteran, and their advance was as rapid as circumstances would admit. In the meanwhile the news which had brought joy to the army of General Monk had spread consternation through that of his adversary Lambert. He himself seems to have lost all energy and spirit ; and where his whole fortunes were at stake, instead of striking one blow, either against the hasty levies of Fairfax or the inferior forces of Monk, he suffered his army to dissolve, and gladly availed himself of an opportunity to fly.

Monk's march to London was now unopposed, though one great difficulty remained to be overcome. The army of General Fleetwood, which had submitted to the Parliament, was now in London, and superior to his own.

To have this force sent out of the city, and the troops he brought with him received, was of course the first step to whatever plan he might ultimately determine to pursue ; but such a measure could only be effected by the Parliament ; and that wretched body were already violently suspicious of his sentiments towards them. The restoration of the excluded members to their seats, or the calling of a new parliament, were equally unpalatable to them ; and yet from every quarter on his march Monk was besieged with addresses and petitions, beseeching him to restore the free representation of the country. The least incautious word—the smallest symptom of disaffection towards the fanatics—would have confirmed Fleetwood's force in the occupation of the capital, and frustrated all Monk's long-laid and difficult designs. To add to his embarrassment also, two commissioners, chosen from the most furious members of the Rump, named Scott and Robinson, were sent to meet him, and to watch his demeanour. Monk, however, had a habit of cold silence, which aided wonderfully in the concealment of great projects. The addresses and petitions, after the arrival of the commissioners, were received as before, and

the deputations which presented them were personally well treated; but Monk was silent on the subject of their request; and the two fanatics supplied the answers, with torrents of abuse and fury.

From St. Alban's Monk wrote to the Parliament, demanding that Fleetwood's forces—except two regiments which he specified, and of which he had made sure—should be sent out of London, affirming that he did not choose his own well-disciplined and obedient troops to be mingled with others which had shown such a spirit of riot and insubordination. So completely had he quieted the suspicion of the two commissioners, that upon their report the Parliament acceded to his request, and Fleetwood's forces were removed, though not without some attempt at mutiny. This, however, was soon quelled; and, after a halt at Barnet, Monk marched into London at the head of his troops, fixing his head-quarters at Whitehall.

Although he had hitherto succeeded in deceiving the Parliament, the whole of England, except those whose fanaticism shut their eyes, very easily divined that the design of General Monk was anything rather than to maintain in power a few wretched madmen, joined with a few disgusting knaves. One party believed his intention to be the summoning a free Parliament, another imagined that his personal aggrandizement was the object, and that a new protectorate was at hand; but in the midst of many jarring opinions, that which we find from Pepys increased and strengthened every day, was that Monk intended to restore the king; and it seems to be now beyond a doubt that before his arrival in London, his resolution had been taken to that effect.

A reasonable cause for quarrelling with the Parliament in its present state, was the next object to be attained; and this, that body very soon afforded spontaneously. Being conducted to the council of state, of which he had been named a member, the oath of abjuration was tendered to General Monk. This he declined for the time, declaring that the officers of his army were scrupulous in regard to oaths, and demanding that his mind should be satisfied of the necessity of the one proffered, before he accepted it.

A few days after, Monk was conducted to the House of

Commons, and a chair having been placed for him within the bar, the speaker, in the name of the House, thanked him for his services.

As far as formal reverence could go, Monk showed himself deeply respectful to the Parliament; but his speech in answer to the speaker's address plainly showed that he knew his power and their weakness. He declined sitting in the chair of honour that had been prepared for him, but, standing behind it, he recommended that grievances should be redressed, and that the sober gentry should be encouraged; he deprecated the multiplication of oaths, and prayed that all consideration might be shown for the ease and convenience of the people. These expressions, it is true, were vague and indefinite, but, in the mouth of one naturally silent, habitually cautious, armed with power, and of known resolution, such words grew weighty.

Either encouraged by this demonstration of opposition to the Rump Parliament, or tired out with the government of knaves and fools, the common council of the city came to a resolution of not paying any taxes till a free parliament should be called. Enraged by such bold resistance, the council of state commanded the general to march into the city, to arrest eleven of the common councilmen, and to take down the chains and portcullises which then existed. It is probable that this command was not only given in order to punish the city, but also to try Monk, with whom Hazlerig, Walton, and Morley had been joined in command since his arrival in London.

Monk knew not yet how far he could trust to his soldiers for support, in opposition to the Parliament. He had led them on to London under the continual pretence of maintaining that very body he now intended to overthrow, and doubtless he was not at all sorry that the Parliament should now put them upon a task which he felt sure would soon become distasteful to them. He accordingly obeyed without remonstrance, marched into the city, arrested the obnoxious members of the common council, took up the posts, and broke the chains of the barriers, watching as he did so the growth of discontent and disgust in his soldiers. To all representations he pleaded the orders of the Parliament, and declared himself only an unwilling instrument. By

the time that these insane commands had been fulfilled, Monk had fully ascertained the temper of his troops, and had in some degree learned the general feeling of the nation. At the same time, he could well reckon upon the Parliament soon giving him some new commission, equally unpalatable to all; and therefore, having obeyed his orders with precision, he left the city and returned to Whitehall to wait for the next act of folly which the rulers might commit. The same night he received commands to march back, disarm the city, and take away its charter, which opportunity was not to be lost. Monk assured himself of the concurrence of his officers; and, as if in obedience to the Parliament, again marched his troops from Westminster. His reception in the city was of course somewhat cold; but having led his troops to Finsbury-fields, he sought and obtained an interview with the lord mayor, wherein his designs were explained.

At the same time, the news of his having sent a letter to the Parliament, reproaching them with seeking to bring himself and his army into detestation and contempt, and requiring them to issue writs for filling up the House within a week, spread like lightning through the whole town. The citizens assembled in immense numbers; the shouts of "God bless your Excellence," were deafening as the general proceeded to the court of aldermen; the whole night was spent in hospitality towards the soldiers, and in lighting bonfires and roasting rumps in ridicule of the Parliament. The bells rang from every steeple, the city was in one blaze of light, and greater joy was expressed at the prospect of a free parliament than ever greeted a mighty victory.

The Parliament made various ineffectual efforts to maintain itself in the purity of its debasement. It now threatened, and it now endeavoured to persuade; but Monk's calm resolution was not to be changed either by menaces or caresses. He seems for a short time to have balanced in his mind various plans for restoring a free representation to the country; and at length to have determined upon re-admitting the secluded members upon certain conditions, to which they subscribed. Amongst the promises exacted from them, were the two following—to dissolve themselves by a specified time; and to issue writs for summoning a new Parlia-

ment to meet on the 20th of April. After these arrangements had been made, the secluded members were brought into the house by Monk's soldiers. The more violent part of the junto immediately abandoned the field, while the moderate party remaining, united with their newly-restored brethren, to provide for the safety of the state.

Monk was immediately created commander-in-chief of the forces, and although he still affected to uphold the Commonwealth, and declare against the return of the king, yet a firm persuasion got abroad, that his ultimate object was the restoration of royalty. "Everybody now drinks the king's health without fear," says Pepys, "whereas before it was very private that a man dare do it."

Monk now left the Parliament to their own deliberations, little caring what measures they took during the brief space which was allowed them before the assembling of a new House of Commons. The royalists wisely kept themselves quiet, and seemed satisfied in regard to what must prove the result of the complicated and difficult part which Monk was playing. The Presbyterians gave the general to understand that they were willing to co-operate in his measures for recalling the king, but prudently abstained from any other steps than such as might overawe the discontented and support the friends of order and tranquillity. The republicans were the only enemies to be overcome; but these were the most dangerous, because at once the most active and the most insidious. They possessed also immense influence in the army; and to divide and neutralize that influence, while he concentrated and strengthened his own, became the first object of Monk's thoughts and endeavours. Having now the supreme command, and being furnished with funds to satisfy all mercenary discontent amongst the privates, he hastened to remove such officers as were ill-disposed towards a regular government. Nor did he restrain his view to one point, or one county, but we find that in an astonishingly brief space of time, the army in all parts of England had undergone changes favourable to royalty, that Scotland and Wales had been provided for, and that a multitude of mutinous movements had been repressed and guarded against, both in near and in remote districts.

At the same time an act was passed for raising the militia and enrolling the train-bands, and a force was thus

created which Monk felt sure would be subservient to his views. The republican party, and more especially the republicans of the army, men of both zeal and talent, resolved not to lose their power without an effort; and Monk had to contend as much against dark and wily policy, as against open opposition. Greater part of the crown lands had been distributed amongst the adherents of the Parliament and the Protector, but Hampton Court, with a considerable extent of land, still remained to be disposed of, and this was speedily voted to General Monk, as a reward for his services. Monk had carefully abstained from taking any share of the plunder of royalty, which had been so lavishly distributed during the Commonwealth, and he was not now to be tempted. The offer of Parliament was declined, and he remained free as ever from any participation in the pillage of his king.

The republicans seem to have imagined that the bait was not large enough, and, in consequence, they determined upon pressing him to assume the sovereign power. Smollett has imagined that they really intended to submit to Monk as protector, rather than expose themselves to the vengeance of injured majesty; and others have doubted the proposal altogether; but the fact of a large party having offered Monk the protectorate is now clearly established; and it is much more probable that their intention was to lure him into difficulties and then abandon him, than to give themselves a master, contrary to both their prejudices and their principles. Whatever was their scheme, absolute rejection on the part of General Monk obliged them to abandon it; and their next attempt was to intimidate where they could not seduce. A great meeting of officers was convoked, and a seditious declaration drawn up, in order to force the Parliament to pass an act which would exclude monarchy in any form.

This declaration was presented to Monk, who, after taking a day to consider of it, or, in truth, to frustrate it, gathered together such adherents as he could trust, and met the officers in council. There he suffered a long discussion to be entered into between the malcontents and the persons he had provided to answer them, choosing that the storm of conflicting opinions should be raised and weakened before

he interposed his authority to quell it altogether. At length he spoke himself, and after sternly rebuking the officers for attempting to interfere with the civil government, whose deliberations they had marched from Scotland to protect, he dismissed them to their quarters, with a command to hold no more assemblies without his especial direction.

Whether the officers found themselves too few and too powerless to urge their declaration in opposition to their commander, or whether there were other means used to satisfy some and remove others, cannot be now ascertained. It is nevertheless certain that they submitted with extraordinary alacrity, and shortly after signed an agreement promising perfect obedience to their general, to the council of state, and to all the commands and resolutions of the free Parliament about to be called.

At length, on the 17th of March, the Long Parliament, which had sat at intervals for nearly twenty years, dissolved itself, and are represented by a very simple and original writer of the day, as "passing very cheerfully through the hall, and the speaker without his mace. The whole hall was joyful thereat," adds the author, "as well as themselves; and now they begin to talk loud of the king."

The prospect of restored harmony, order, and peace, was doubtless the most joyful that could be offered to England; and everything now tended so evidently towards the recall of the royal family, that only one man in the kingdom could have successfully opposed it, and that one was General Monk. The council of state, to which the administration was confided during the dissolution, was formed of men in general well affected towards the royal cause. In it Monk had a large party, as well as his individual vote; and at the same time he was commander-in-chief of all the forces by land, and was joined with Sir Edward Montague, afterwards earl of Sandwich, in the command of the fleet.

Still Monk did not declare himself, and the royal party began to be alarmed at his long and cautious delay. At length Sir John Granville, who had formerly conveyed a message to him in Scotland from Charles II., resolved once more to open the subject to him.

As his cousin, Granville had free access to the lord general's levees, and sought every opportunity of privately communicating with him; but for some time Monk

studiously avoided all secret conference, and it was not till he had tried by various difficulties the caution of his relation, that at length he consented to an interview. That interview was brought about in the apartments of a Mr. Morrice, a royalist gentleman whom Monk had for some time especially attached to his person. The accounts given of the conversation between the royal agent and the general are various and doubtful; but it is beyond question that Monk then avowed himself decidedly favourable to the royal cause, explained his conduct, and pointed out with the same wisdom and prudence which had characterized his own conduct, those steps which were necessary for Charles to pursue. At the same time, with sagacious generosity, he refused all offers in regard to personal reward. He made no terms; he urged not a request, when he had a crown in his gift and a king at his mercy. He declared that he would not sell his duty or bargain for his allegiance; and begged that his majesty the king would not interrupt his more serious considerations by offers of recompense or proposals of reward. With this glad reply Sir John Granville was sent to the king, who followed precisely the advice he had received. A full commission was returned to Monk, and all measures were concerted for restoring the king without shackling his recall with any conditions. The Presbyterian party, though equally determined upon the restoration, would fain have imposed upon the monarch many hard and galling terms which would have left him a magnificent cipher in his own dominions, and have rendered the government but a commonwealth miscalled a kingdom.

Assured of Monk, however, in whose hands the real power lay, and trusting to the hurry with which men engaged in such a race endeavour to outrun each other, Charles suffered himself not to be disquieted by these proposals. The elections for the new Parliament continued, and the royalist party were returned in great numbers; but in the midst of these favourable events, a circumstance occurred, which, though quickly remedied, was well calculated to give temporary alarm. General Lambert, after flying before Monk in his march to London, had been taken and committed to the Tower; but now, as a last resource, the republican party contrived his escape, and although his

evasion was instantly discovered, he managed to reach Warwickshire and gather together a small force.

Colonel Ingoldsby was immediately despatched in pursuit, and Monk prepared, in case of the insurrection taking a serious form, to display the king's commission and call to his standard the royalists of all classes through the three kingdoms. This, however, proved unnecessary; Lambert was overtaken by Colonel Ingoldsby at Daventry; his forces made scarcely any resistance, and he himself was taken, after having evinced less courage than he might have been expected to derive even from desperation.

This was the last serious attempt made to frustrate General Monk's designs; but nevertheless he slackened no effort, he spared no precaution; and a few days only before the Parliament met, we find him carefully removing such officers in both the fleet and army as were likely to embarrass his movements. At length, on the 25th of April, the two Houses of Parliament assembled, but no business of any importance was transacted at their first meeting. The king's arms were now to be seen displayed in various places, the insignia of the Commonwealth were hurried away, the great reaction of long-repressed feeling took place, and the voice of loyalty was heard throughout the land.

The time was come, and Sir John Granville, with Monk's privity and consent, delivered the king's letter to the council of state. All were prepared to contribute their share to the change about to be wrought, and each member had contemplated the means of effecting it; but when it was, at once and suddenly, brought before them as a tangible proposition, it seemed to take them all by surprise, and strike them with astonishment and consternation. A resolution was passed that the letter should not be opened till Parliament resumed its sittings, which were suspended till the 1st of May; and a motion was made for the committal of Sir John Granville, which was only withdrawn on General Monk becoming responsible for his appearance.

The blow being once struck, the object which had long formed the secret desire of a great majority of the nation having once been proclaimed, a thousand voices were found to support it, and all opposition was drowned in shouts of gratulation and tumults of delight. On the 1st of May, the king's letters were presented to both Houses of Parlia-

ment, and an instant vote was passed, declaring "That, according to the ancient and fundamental laws of the kingdom, the government is, and ought to be, by king, lords, and commons." Sums were also voted for the immediate use of the monarch and his brothers, his messenger was rewarded, and deputies were appointed to wait upon him at Breda, and conduct him to the English strand.

The army—the factious, difficult army—received the monarch's letter with the same demonstrations of joy which that document had drawn forth from the Parliament; and a country which, not six months before, never heard the king's name breathed but in secrecy and dread, now teemed with loyal addresses, and wooed him with petitions to its shore. Charles was immediately proclaimed in London. Admiral Montague was despatched to the Dutch coast to convey the restored monarch to his dominions; and Monk received the king at Dover, and conducted him in triumph to the capital. At Canterbury the restorer of royalty began to experience his master's gratitude, and was invested with the order of the garter. He was soon after appointed master of the horse, gentleman of the bedchamber, one of the lords of the treasury, and was summoned to the upper House of Parliament as duke of Albemarle; thus rising at once from the rank of a commoner to the highest grade of the peerage.

Care also was taken that his fortune should be equal to the station to which he was called; and amongst the many charges of neglect and ingratitude which have been urged against Charles II. for his conduct towards those who had upheld his cause or aided in his restoration, the case of General Monk is a strong testimony in favour of the monarch. It is true that in common policy he could not forget to reward a man who had placed him on the throne, but he might have allotted the recompense with a more niggard hand where the proportion was left to his own judgment, and a nation of claimants afforded a good excuse for parsimony.

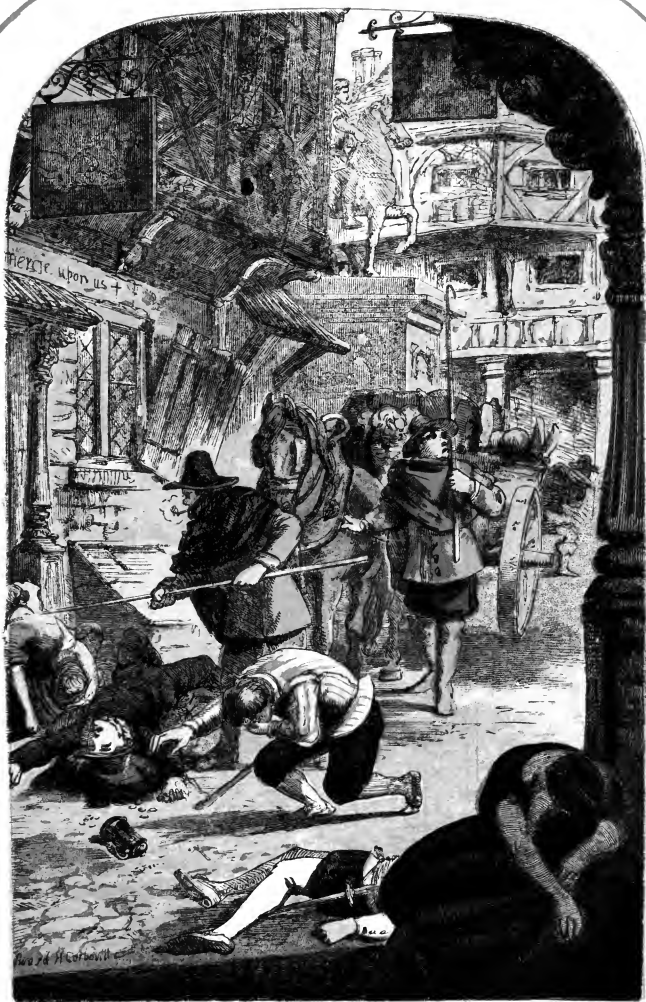
After the Restoration, Monk's life passed in general tranquillity. The disagreeable task of judging the regicides, indeed, followed soon upon the king's return; but in the discharge of this duty Monk showed himself as moderate as any of those with whom he was joined. The army was disbanded also, which, to one so long accustomed to military

command, could not but be an unpleasant event ; and before long the plague appeared in London, involving all ranks and classes in gloom and destruction. The nobility in general fled from the great charnel which the capital now became, and left those who had no means of seeking refuge in the country to bear the horrors of their situation alone. The court removed to Oxford ; but by the desire of the king, the duke of Albemarle remained to maintain order and security in the city. The archbishop of Canterbury, and Lord Craven also, continued during the most severe period of the disease ; and, beyond all doubt, the chances of war and battle, with the object of glory and the stimulus of action, required less of either mental or physical courage than the fearful command of a great city against which the destroying angel had unsheathed the burning sword of pestilence.

Monk in no degree evaded the full duties of the task imposed upon him. It has often been proved, that none of the causes which foster and spread vice and crime have half so great an effect as the demoralizing influence of despair. A thousand examples of this fact might be produced from the history of the great plague of 1665, were such illustration necessary here. But it is sufficient to say, that a rich city, abandoned by the greater part of its population, was not at all safe from the passions and follies of those that remained, even though the livid plague kept sentinel over the doors whose lords had either fled for safety or been swept away by the pestilence. An armed force was necessary to protect and restrain ; and all the soldiers that could be collected were encamped in Hyde Park, while Monk himself still remained at Whitehall, taking means for staying the progress of contagion and maintaining order.

Of his personal security he seems never to have thought for one moment ; every one had access to him at all times without difficulty or precaution, and he now acquired a glory above successful policy or triumphant arms. He devoted himself for many months to the succour of his fellow-creatures, looking death calmly in the face, though under a far more horrible and ghastly form than when clothed in fearful splendour as the King of Battles.

Towards the approach of winter the plague began to diminish ; and though it still lingered for some time in different parts of the city, and penetrated into various towns



THE GREAT PLAGUE OF LONDON, 1665

and villages throughout the country, it took a mitigated form, and lost a part of its active contagiousness. London resumed its activity and trade; and all thoughts reverted to the naval war then carrying on against the Dutch, over whom Prince Rupert and the duke of York had gained some successes, though not without loss. The safety of the heir presumptive to the crown combined with other motives to restrain Charles from permitting his brother to hazard his person any more in the war, and the duke of Albemarle was joined in command of the fleet with Prince Rupert.

Monk was now no longer a young man; and it is rather extraordinary to find that he who in his prime had been renowned for caution and prudence even to a fault, now verged upon rashness in the decline of life. Early in the year the two admirals put to sea, and having gained some intelligence that the French were about to send out a small fleet to co-operate with the Dutch, Prince Rupert sailed to meet it, and prevent the junction of the two armaments, while Monk proceeded towards the coast of Holland. Scarcely had he left the Downs, however, when he encountered the Dutch fleet under De Ruyter, amounting to nearly double his own force. Notwithstanding his inferiority, Monk resolved to attack the enemy, and accordingly the action was begun by the English.

During the whole of that day it continued with various success, and was resumed the next morning at break of day. The enemy, however, from their number, could better support a long-continued action; and the English fleet, though still maintaining the battle, suffered much during this day's fight. At a council of war held on board the English fleet at night, it was determined to avoid a further engagement unless Prince Rupert joined; and, after spending the night in refitting, the English fleet retired before the enemy. The Dutch pursued; but by some mismanagement, several of the British vessels ran upon a sand-bank, and it is probable that great part would have been taken or lost had not Prince Rupert appeared at the same time, and brought his squadron to the aid of Monk. The next morning the battle again commenced, and a severe engagement ensued, in which both parties suffered much; and at night the two fleets separated in such a situation that both might claim the victory, which neither had absolutely won.

An action without success of course called up many a charge in London against every one who had taken any part either in the battle itself or the movements that preceded it. The court was much censured for ordering the two admirals to separate. The officers of the Navy Board were attacked for not conveying prompt information to Prince Rupert of intelligence which they had obtained in regard to De Ruyter's strength and intentions. Monk was severely blamed for attacking the enemy without sufficient strength; and he himself declared that he would have beat the whole Dutch fleet before the prince's arrival, if the captains under his command had fought as they did in the victories he had won thirteen years previously.

To retrieve, however, was now the great object; and every exertion was made to put the fleet in a fit state once more to encounter the enemy at sea.

The Dutch were first prepared, and for some days insulted the English coast unopposed; but on the 23rd of July Monk and Rupert once more quitted the mouth of the river, and the enemy drew off towards their own shores. Two days afterwards the British fleet came up with the Dutch early in the morning. The forces were as nearly equal as possible, and the battle lasted from ten in the morning till four in the afternoon, when De Ruyter drew off and bore away. His retreat, however, was skilfully performed, and the English gained but little advantage, except that of keeping the sea and driving the enemy into their ports. In this pursuit two large ships only were captured by the British fleet; but in the battle the Dutch loss in killed and wounded was immensely greater. Three admirals, a great number of captains, and several thousand men, by their own account, fell on board their ships, while the slaughter amongst the English officers and sailors was comparatively trifling. To reap some further benefit from this victory, the two British admirals remained upon the Dutch coast. Sir Robert Holmes was sent upon an expedition against a fleet of merchantmen at Schelling, and part of his force being landed, and part employed in boats, he plundered and burnt the town, together with nearly a hundred trading vessels, and returned with very little loss.

The duke of Albemarle was shortly after this recalled to London, where the accidental fire which had destroyed a

part of the city had given rise to a thousand vague and visionary fears. The only military duty which he was called upon to discharge after this, appears to have been the command of a small army sent to the coast to guard against any attempts of the Dutch, who still kept the seas. At length the peace relieved him of this charge also, and finding his health begin to decline, he retired into the country, and endeavoured to shake off disease by quiet and repose. His constitution, however, seems to have been broken by fatigues and anxieties, and he was seized with dropsical symptoms, which, though relieved for a time by the prescriptions of an empiric, and by the country air, gradually returned as the winter approached.

In this state he went to London, where, becoming worse each day, the restorer of the house of Stuart met with all decent attention from the royal family during his last illness. He abstained not, it seems, from public business to the last moment; but the principal object of his attention was the marriage of his only son, at that time but seventeen, with a daughter of the duke of Newcastle. The previous arrangements were soon completed, and the marriage was solemnized in Monk's presence, only four days before his death. At length, on the 3rd of January, 1670, the duke of Albemarle expired, leaving behind him a character which has been judged more variously than perhaps that of any other man.

The violent parties which were born of the civil wars viewed the conduct of Monk in the most opposite aspects; nor was it alone those two factions which would have excluded the king, or shackled his return with unworthy conditions, which either misrepresented General Monk's actions, or imputed to him evil motives, or depreciated his talents.

Those persons who had concurred in the restoration hated him who had effected it with the virulence of rivalry, strove to invalidate his claims in order to enhance their own, and envied him the rewards which they had neither merited nor obtained. Thus the disappointed cavalier, the thwarted Presbyterian, the crushed republican, are alike found slighting Monk's abilities and denying his merit. Bishop Burnet himself, with the violent party feeling which overcame in him sometimes both an excellent judgment and

a strong love of truth, has spoken lightly of Monk's understanding. But in the very writings of the men who would condemn him, we find the highest tribute to his character. If we take but the facts which they state, and put aside the prejudices with which they comment on them, we shall perceive that Monk distinguished himself highly in early life, and won the esteem of both parties in the state, when both were prolific in men of great and extraordinary genius. We shall find that he was eminently successful against the greatest officer the Dutch ever produced—that in his command in Scotland he reduced a turbulent, dissatisfied, and irritated population to quietude and order, and did so by means which at once compelled their obedience, obtained their respect, and won their love—that in a most difficult and extraordinary time he acted with consummate prudence, skill, and firmness, repressed insurrections, guided the obstinate, governed the unruly, intimidated the fierce, overawed the bold, and without the effusion of a drop of blood, conducted a total revolution in thoughts, feelings, policy, and government, to a safe and speedy termination.

A man may perchance gain one victory, or more—increase his wealth, or raise himself in station, by a mere concatenation of fortunate circumstances; but a man cannot go through a long and complicated enterprise, where many are opposed to him and all are jealous of him; where he has frequently to change his conduct without changing his object; where he has to take advantage of some circumstances and create others, without many of those qualities of mind which constitute a great man.

Monk did so, and he was a great man. Nor can it be said that he was ungenerous, though the rewards that he obtained made many envious, and the wealth he acquired offered a fair excuse for party accusation. His admission of the king, without making any terms for himself, was either an act of noble feeling or of policy. If of noble feeling, it speaks for itself; and if of policy, it was that of generous policy, which none could conceive or appreciate but a generous heart. Taken by itself, it was a fine and magnificent action, and as such will be remembered when the politics of those times are forgotten, and prejudices are no more.

MARSHAL TURENNE.

Born September 11, 1611—Anecdotes of his infancy—His fine character—Sent, at the age of thirteen, to study the art of war under Prince Maurice of Nassau—Serves against Spinola, in Holland, and enters the French service—Under de la Valette in Germany—Gains military renown—Serves in various campaigns—Commands in Germany—Acts in conjunction with Condé—Siege of Philipsburg—Subdues the Palatinate—Battle of Norlinghen—Wars of the Fronde—Marries—Is converted to Romanism—Commands in Holland—Killed while reconnoitring, July, 1675—His character.

HENRY DE LA TOUR D'AUVERGNE, Vicomte de Turenne, was born at Sedan, on the Meuse, the 11th September, A.D. 1611. He was the second son of Henry, duke of Bouillon, by marriage sovereign of Sedan, a prince whose distinguished military and political talents had rendered him the friend, the companion, and the adviser of Henry IV. of France, during all the civil dissensions that desolated that country towards the middle of the sixteenth century. Henry, in gratitude for his services, brought about his marriage with the heiress of Sedan; and from that union sprung the famous Maréchal de Turenne.

His brother, destined to succeed to his father's honours and estates, being five years older than himself, was soon separated from him and sent to pursue his military studies in Holland; while the young Turenne, a delicate and feeble boy, remained at Sedan, under the care of his father.

Many anecdotes are related of him during infancy, displaying his great natural inclination for the profession of arms. His father having observed that his weak constitution would never be able to sustain the fatigues of war, Turenne, to prove his hardiness, is said to have escaped from his preceptor, and, making his way to the ramparts, to have there passed the greater part of a severe winter's night. After a long search, he was found asleep upon the carriage of one of the cannons. In another instance, at a very early age, he challenged one of his father's officers for speaking disrespectfully of Quintus Curtius, his favourite

author. The officer, to amuse the duchess of Bouillon, Turenne's mother, accepted the defiance, and the young duellist was punctually upon the ground. There, however, instead of an adversary, he found a hunting breakfast prepared; and his mother having appeared as second to his antagonist, the business was laughed off and forgotten.

Turenne's first studies were slow and laborious. He showed no disposition for learning anything, and it was only by piquing him upon it, as a point of honour, that he could be at all induced to apply. Gradually, however, he acquired a taste for that which was at first most unpalatable; and, aided by a happy memory, he rendered himself an elegant, if not a very profound scholar.

Before he was twelve years old he lost his father; but the same course of education continued to be pursued with Turenne, under the direction of his mother, and hardy exercises were added, which probably improved his health and invigorated his constitution. Many high qualities were now so distinguishable in his heart and his mind, that they were marked and remembered in after-years. He was mild, moderate, just, and charitable, even as a boy; fond of thought and reflection, capable of drawing nice distinctions, and an unswerving lover of truth. Such was the character he had acquired, when, at the age of thirteen, he was sent from his native place to study the art of war under his uncle, the famous Prince Maurice of Nassau.

It must be remembered that Holland had not long thrown off the yoke of Spain; and though the States had been acknowledged as an independent nation, and a truce of twelve years had been wrung from the Spanish government, still Flanders was occupied by Austrian troops, and the infant republic was obliged to keep constant watch to guard against any new aggression of its old oppressors. To William, prince of Orange, who first founded upon sure grounds the liberty of the Dutch people, had succeeded Prince Maurice, who, at the early age of seventeen, had been invested with the command of the army, and well justified the confidence of the nation, by a long series of brilliant actions, by firmness, integrity, and success. To him it was—now no longer young—that the duchess of Bouillon sent her son, shortly after the truce with Spain had expired, and hostilities had again begun. Her object

in so doing was undoubtedly to secure for Turenne the advantages of an education under the first military genius of the day. At the same time, however, it cannot be doubted, that, as a member of the Reformed Church, she sought to remove her son from the power of the cardinal de Richelieu, who, while he vigorously supported the Protestants of Holland in their war against Spain, had expressed his full determination of crushing them in France and its dependencies.

For the first few months after Turenne had joined the army of the States, his uncle suffered neither his rank nor their relationship to gain for him any exemption from the most laborious duties of his profession. He was received but as a simple volunteer, bore his musket, and served in the ranks with the rest, and thus acquired a minute knowledge of all the details of military service, which was undoubtedly of infinite use in his after-life.

At the same time, by his patience, activity, and obedience, Turenne showed himself worthy to command, and won the highest praise from his uncle. However, before he received any promotion, Prince Maurice died; and his command, as well as his rank and property, devolved to his brother.

Henry Frederic, who succeeded, now confided to his nephew the command of an infantry company; and in this station Turenne served three years against the famous Spinola, studying with the most profound care and attention the greater and more extensive branch of science displayed before him, while at the same time he performed most scrupulously all his duties as an officer and a soldier. His company appeared always more neat, more regular, and better disciplined, than any other in the army; and he himself was always ready, calm, and obedient.

Several minor sieges first accustomed him to active warfare; but for some time no enterprise of great importance occurred, in which he could distinguish himself. At length, however, the siege of Bois-le-Duc was undertaken by the prince of Orange; and as this was at that time one of the principal fortresses of the Netherlands, strengthened in various ways by nature as well as art, skill, courage, and activity had a wide field to display themselves. Turenne did not lose the opportunity, and on every occasion signalized himself both by his energy and talent, in conducting

whatever military operation was intrusted to him, and by his indefatigable attention to every other circumstance which could either facilitate the object of the siege, or increase his knowledge of the art of war. So little care, indeed, did he take of the safety of his own person, that he received a reproof from the prince of Orange for exposing himself unnecessarily; but at the same time that commander is said to have remarked to those around him, that if he was not much deceived, that youth, Turenne, would some day equal the greatest captains of his age.

For five years Turenne continued to serve in Holland; but at the end of that time, the cardinal de Richelieu, who, though nominally but a minister, possessed really the whole power of France, threatened to garrison Sedan with French troops, lest it should revolt from its allegiance to that crown. The duchess of Bouillon, in order to avert a proceeding which would have converted a separate sovereignty into an inferior town, and rendered her son a simple gentleman instead of a tributary prince, engaged herself and her heirs, by treaty, to remain ever attached to the crown of France. Treaties, however, to ambitious princes are but like silken threads on the wings of an eagle, which may seem to bind him while he remains at rest, but are snapped like gossamer whenever he spreads his pinions. The durability of such ties was well appreciated by Richelieu, and he demanded of the duchess some firmer guarantee for her good faith than that of a perishable parchment.

She was accordingly forced to yield her youngest son, and Turenne was sent as an honourable hostage to the court of France. His reception there was as distinguished as even a young and ardent mind, with all its bright hopes and lofty expectations, could have anticipated; and, without any solicitation, he received the command of a regiment in the French service immediately on his arrival.

For what reason is not apparent, but for several years Turenne does not seem to have been employed under any circumstances which could afford opportunity for the display of his abilities. At length, however, Lorraine having been invaded and conquered by the French, with the exception of the single town of La Motte, siege was laid to that place in March, A.D. 1634, four years after Turenne had entered the service of France; and here, for the first time, we find

him acting a conspicuous part in the ranks of that country. La Motte held out for five months; the determined courage of the garrison employing to the best purpose every bulwark with which art and nature had strengthened their position. The obstinacy of the defence, however, gave full scope for the display of those high military qualities with which Turenne was so pre-eminently endowed, and the very first lodgment made on one of the enemy's bastions was effected by himself, after the marquis de Tonneins had been repulsed with loss in making the same attempt. Turenne, however, did not create an enemy in his less successful rival, for modesty was so blended with talent and courage, in the deportment of the young soldier, that he had the rare fortune to win friendship in spite of competition, and to gain the love even of those whom he excelled.

His conduct at the siege of La Motte was rewarded by the rank of *maréchal de camp*, at that time the second grade in the French service; and from this period all eyes turned upon him as one of the brightest in that galaxy of great men that was then rising over France. Turenne was not without ambition, and he saw with joy the wide field of glory open before him, in a country whose political and geographical situation showed a long prospect of wars and contentions, which could not be terminated without calling into action the great powers which he felt his own mind possessed.

The state of France at this moment is worthy of some consideration. By a number of ill-directed enterprises, which were terminated in loss and defeat, however splendid might be their first success—by long civil wars and religious disunion—France had for more than a century been losing her political importance amongst the nations of Europe; while the house of Austria, uniting Spain, Flanders, Germany, and great part of Italy, under its domination, had acquired an apparent power which made the rest of Europe tremble. The eyes of the cardinal de Richelieu, however, saw deeper than the surface, and as soon as he had worked his way to the head of the French government—strong in his own powers of mind, seeing vast resources unemployed, and even unknown, in the country which he ruled, and a thousand points of real weakness under all the apparent vigour of Austria, he determined to raise France

to her proper level, by depressing her rivals to their true station among the nations of Europe. War was, then, his policy, as far as regarded France, and war was also his policy as far as regarded himself; for—feeling certain that if he could once launch the vessel of the state upon that wide and stormy sea which intervened between her and greatness, no one would be able to hold the helm, and no one possess the chart but himself—he hesitated not to put from the shore, secure that the pilotage must rest in his own hands as long as he lived.

A pretext for war is never wanting, and soon four armies were on foot to strike in every way at the power of Austria. We shall only follow one of these, however, for the moment; and that merely because Turenne was attached thereto as *maréchal de camp*. The circumstances under which this army was placed, together with the object it was to effect, show, in rather an extraordinary light, the inconsistencies of policy.* It was raised by Richelieu, the most bitter persecutor of the Protestants of France, for the express purpose of co-operating and aiding the Protestants of Germany. It was commanded in chief by the cardinal de la Valette, one of the princes of the Church of Rome, who chose himself the Protestant Turenne to second him, as his *maréchal de camp*, against the Catholic princes of Austria.

With this army Turenne was present during the whole of the glorious campaign, in which the cardinal and the duke of Saxe Weimar forced Count Mansfield to retire from before Mayence, drove back Galas, and compelled the city of Frankfort to adhere to the Protestant league. But he had also their reverses to share as well as their success; and perhaps his true merit appeared more fully during the famine which the army was obliged to endure after quitting Frankfort, and during the difficult and precipitate retreat it was obliged to make, than even in the moments of its highest fortune. During the dearth which reduced the soldiers to live on roots and herbs, and even food from which humanity revolts, Turenne sold his plate and every article of value he had brought into the field, to administer to the wants of the army; and in the retreat the whole

* The history of all nations is full of such incongruities. Francis I. did just the same.—EDITOR.

energies of his mind would have seemed devoted to solace the hardships and privation of the soldiery, had not his brilliant efforts to repel the enemy, that hung constantly on their rear, evinced that, though he combined humanity with military skill, he did not forget his duties as a general in his feelings as a man.*

We shall but briefly notice the events of Turenne's life while acting under the command of another. It is necessary, however, to mention a severe wound in the arm which he received on the last day of the siege of Savergne, not alone from the importance of the event as affecting his health, and inflicting on him a long and painful abandonment of his pursuits, but also on account of the grief and mourning that pervaded the whole camp during his illness, and the joy caused by his recovery—an eloquent testimony of the love which he had already inspired in the bosoms of the soldiery.

The only separate command which he took during this campaign was even before his wound was perfectly healed. On this occasion he was completely successful, attacking General Galas, who was in the act of entrenching his army near Jussey in Franche Comté; and after a severe struggle, forcing him to quit his lines to retreat on Brissac, and ultimately once more to cross the Rhine.

The following year Turenne accompanied his friend and general, the cardinal de la Valette, into Flanders, where his share in the successes of the campaign consisted in the capture of the fortress of Solre, one of the strongest places in Hainault; and in the glorious defence of Maubeuge against the whole force of Spain. We next find him at the siege of Brissac, which lasted more than seven months, though all the horrors of famine had been felt within the walls long before its surrender, and to so severe a degree that guards were regularly stationed at the gates of the cemeteries to prevent the living devouring the bodies of the dead. Innumerable efforts were made by the imperial forces to succour the place or compel the French to raise the siege. Their efforts, however, were in vain; and their want of success is generally attributed in a great degree to

* So far from boasting of his humanity, he pretended that he sold his property to pay his gambling debts, whereas all went to the relief of the soldiers.

the skill and activity of Turenne. At all events the taking of the last ravelin, which terminated the defence of the town, was accomplished by Turenne himself at the head of four hundred men, who, under a tremendous fire, cut down the palisade with axes, and, forcing their way in, put the defenders to the sword.

The reputation of Turenne had now risen to so high a pitch that Richelieu is reported to have offered him one of his nieces in marriage. Turenne, however, declined an honour which was never refused by any one but himself with safety. The motive, however, of his unwillingness was one which the cardinal himself approved—the difference of religion; for though before this time his brother, the duke of Bouillon, had embraced the dogmas of the Church of Rome Turenne still held firmly to the Reformed Church.

The scene of Turenne's exploits now changed to Italy; and, under the cardinal de la Valette and the count de Harcourt, he went through the whole of the war in Savoy. Throughout this campaign no signal victories were obtained, for no great battles were fought; the number of troops on each side was small, and success was more to be gained by skilful manœuvres than by physical force. Turenne, however, distinguished himself in every movement of the army, and contributed, at least as much as the generals who commanded, to the success that was obtained.

Hitherto that small tract of country on the French side of the Pyrenees, called Roussillon, had belonged to Spain as a dependence upon Catalonia; but the tyranny of the Count Duke Olivarez and the bad conduct of the Castilian soldiery had roused the Catalonian people into revolt, and a favourable opportunity presented itself to Richelieu of dismembering Spain by taking possession of Roussillon. The armies of France immediately entered that province, and Turenne was called to act as lieutenant-general under the maréchal de la Meilleraye, commander-in-chief. A single campaign accomplished the subjection of Roussillon, and but little opportunity occurred for Turenne to increase the fame he had already gained. At this time broke forth the conspiracy of Cinq Mars, formed certainly with motives originally good, and for an object highly patriotic, but which, carried on by treasonable means, lost the character of virtue

to take that of crime. Either by treachery or accident the conspiracy was discovered before it had reached maturity, and the actors therein were arrested. Amongst these was the duke of Bouillon, the brother of Turenne; but while persons not more criminal than himself were executed for their united treason, the duke was spared at the intercession of his powerful friends, but only on the condition of yielding his sovereignty of Sedan, and becoming a subject instead of a feudal prince. Turenne himself had accompanied the court to Paris, to join his voice to those who solicited his brother's pardon; and here, after the death of Louis XIII. and of Richelieu, which took place with a very short interval, he joined himself to the party of the queen in the brief intrigues for the regency of the kingdom during the minority of Louis XIV. The queen in recompense once more gave him the subordinate command of the French army in Italy, commanded in chief by Prince Thomas of Savoy; and, after a very short space of time, sent him the baton of field-marshal, the highest grade in the French army.

Shortly after this, Turenne was called to the command of the army in Germany, which had been left, at the death of the *maréchal de Guébriant*, in a dreadful state of disorganization. His first care was to ameliorate as far as possible the condition of his soldiers; and, after a short time, he brought them into winter quarters in Lorraine. In the commencement of May, the following year (1644), the Bavarian army, to which Turenne was opposed, proceeded to besiege *Fribourg*. The place was important, and though the army of France was very much inferior to that commanded by the Bavarian General *Mercy*, Turenne hastened with all speed to the succour of *Fribourg*. Finding, however, after several skirmishes with the Bavarian troops, that the town had capitulated to the enemy, he retired to some distance to watch what movements would follow. In these circumstances it was that he was joined by the great *Condé*, after whose arrival the three battles of *Fribourg* took place, of which I have given an account elsewhere. It is only necessary, therefore, to pause here to remark that the characters of Turenne and *Condé* were as opposite as those of any two great generals can be. Turenne, prudent, cautious, and skilful, was never bold but as an effect of calcu-

lation, and avoided difficulties rather than surmounted them. Condé, bold, ardent, and impetuous, was a great general by nature rather than education, and thought that Heaven threw difficulties in his way only that he might triumph in overcoming them. It may easily be seen therefore that no two men could be less fitted to act, the one under the other. Nothing could have been more painful than for Turenne to be commanded by Condé, except for Condé to have been commanded by Turenne, and yet Turenne served under his great rival without a murmur, aided him in his bold projects, and contributed to his success. Such is true greatness.

After the battles of Frankfort, Turenne still followed Condé to the siege of Philipsburg, and remained with him till that city surrendered. He was then, however, detached, for the purpose of attacking Worms, which opened its gates to receive him. This example was followed by Oppenheim and Mayence; and Turenne pursued his course towards Landau, which was already besieged by the marquis d'Aumont. That general, however, had been severely wounded in the first approaches, and the continuation of the siege fell entirely upon Turenne, to whom the garrison capitulated five days after his arrival. Mannheim, Neustadt, and the rest of the adjacent places, surrendered after the fall of Landau, so that the palatinate, the country between the Moselle and the Rhine, and the course of the latter river as far as Coblenz, remained as the fruits of one year's success.

Condé now retired to Paris, and Turenne was left with the army, to support the whole weight of the war in Germany. His forces, however, were considerably weakened (by the garrisons thrown into the various cities), and it was with great difficulty, and the most skilful manœuvring alone, that he prevented the junction of General Mercy and the duke of Lorraine, whose united forces would have been sufficient to overwhelm him. He was successful, however, in his endeavour to keep them separate, and having swept the whole country of provisions, he maintained his position between the two armies during the whole of the winter.

The necessity of reinforcing the imperial troops opposed to those of Sweden, had before the spring forced General

Mercy to greatly diminish his forces, and Turenne immediately marched to attack him. Mercy retreated before him, and Turenne, carefully snatching each advantage on his way, added a considerable tract of country to that already conquered, pausing not till he had established his head-quarters at Mariendal. Here he determined to await the arrival of reinforcements, and wrongly calculating that the army of General Mercy had separated, he suffered his cavalry to disperse itself in the various villages round about, for the purpose of more easily procuring forage. This fault did not escape the Bavarian general, and collecting his troops together, he turned upon Turenne with extraordinary rapidity. The news of his march reached the French just in time to call in some of the detachments; but General Rosen, to whom the command of the advance had been given by Turenne, neglecting to take advantage of a strong position, which might have been defended till the whole of the French forces were re-assembled, Turenne found himself obliged to give battle with inferior numbers and under various disadvantageous circumstances. The result was that the cavalry, led by Turenne himself, was victorious over the right wing of the Bavarians, but at the same time the French infantry, under Rosen, had been completely defeated and dispersed, and the famous John de Wert had turned the flank of Turenne's cavalry, so that he was obliged to fall back behind a large wood, in the rear of his first line. He was here joined by some of the recalled detachments, and presented a firm face to the enemy, who now paused in the attack. Turenne instantly formed his plan of retreat, and causing the whole of his army to direct their course towards the landgravate of Hesse, he remained with but two regiments to cover the rear. With this small force he succeeded in effecting a retreat, which though disastrous and painful, was considered as a most brilliant effort of military skill, and which in some degree compensated for his imprudence at Mariendal.

By thus turning towards the centre of Germany instead of retreating upon the Rhine, Turenne gained three vast objects. In the first place he drew the enemy away from the late conquests of France, and by placing a strong force in his rear, prevented him from attempting their recapture; in the next place he obtained strong reinforcements

from the landgrave of Hesse; and in the third he facilitated the junction of a large body of Swedes with his own forces.

He was now eager to repair his defeat, but Condé was once more despatched into Germany to take command of the army. The great panegyrists of Turenne have attributed this fact to some personal enmity which Mazarin, then at the height of power, entertained towards that general: but it appears much more likely that, the minister, alarmed by the defeat of Mariendal, and little competent to judge of military talent, imagined Turenne incapable of commanding a large separate force, and therefore despatched Condé, whose unvaried successes gave brilliant promise for the time to come. Whatever might be the feelings of Turenne, and doubtless they were those of bitter disappointment, that calm sense of duty which formed the great governing principle of all his actions, soon taught him to suppress his individual mortification, and to contribute with his whole soul to work out the triumph of his country.

The campaign that followed, and the victory of Norlingen, will be detailed in the life of Condé; but we must not forget that Turenne had a mighty share in the success of that day, and that Condé himself could not claim a higher meed for his conduct in the battle itself, though Turenne had opposed the attack in the first place, and declared that it must be unsuccessful.

The illness of Condé soon obliged him once more to resign the command to Turenne and Grammont, who determined to proceed into Suabia for the purpose of refreshing their troops. For some months but little of any consequence took place, and the French and Bavarian armies remained in the neighbourhood of each other in a state of inactivity.

The duke of Bavaria, however, having received considerable reinforcements from the emperor, the French generals found themselves too weak to maintain their position, and retreated precipitately on the Rhine, where they formed their camp under the cannon of Philipsburg. The archduke commanding the united forces of the empire and Bavaria, followed close upon their track, but finding them firmly stationed in the open space between the city and the

river, he forbore an attack which would have been worse than useless. Turenne felt himself strong enough to maintain his position with but a small force, and the Maréchal de Grammont passed the river in the face of the enemy with a part of the infantry and almost all the cavalry, and proceeded towards Landau.

After examining the camp of Turenne for several days, the allies, finding it next to impregnable, retired and turned their arms against Vimpfen, which had been made a great magazine for artillery by the French. The want of cavalry and the scantiness of his forces obliged Turenne unwillingly to relinquish a design he entertained of marching to its succour. Vimpfen was taken, and after it almost all the late conquests of France were again captured by the imperial forces.

The army of the archduke, however, soon separated from that of Bavaria, and though the forces under Grammont had also quitted Turenne, an opportunity presented itself of striking at least one stroke for France before the close of the campaign. The elector of Trèves had been not only deprived of his dominions, but also imprisoned by the allies on account of his attachment to France, and though the first steps of the negotiations for peace held at Munster in 1645, had been his liberation, he was not yet restored to his dominions. To reinstate him by force of arms appeared to Turenne not only the surest way of depressing his opponents, but also the best means of strengthening the attachment of all the other adherents of France, and of making her enemies more willing to become her friends.

For this purpose he marched with the utmost rapidity upon Trèves, though the winter had already set in, and after a vigorous attack of four days forced that place to surrender. He then took care so to fortify his conquest that it could not easily be retaken, visited and strengthened all the frontier line on the Moselle, and returned to Paris to enjoy for a time in repose the reward and the glory he had so well merited.

How his time passed in Paris is only to be told by the different anecdotes related of him in the works of contemporaries, for his military life alone has been written with anything like minute detail. It is certain, however, that on every occasion the Catholic priesthood exerted all their

powers of persuasion and argument to win so great a man to their own religious faith, and through the whole of the *Memoirs of De Retz*, we find that a sort of argumentative persecution was carried on against Turenne, from which it was scarcely possible he could ultimately escape. There was, however, a calm and enduring good sense about Turenne which preserved him long, and though he listened to all the disputes which were carried on in his presence for the purpose of converting him, he replied not, and still rose unconvinced. The most formidable enemy to his Protestant principles was the excellent bishop of Lizeux, whose motive being personal affection, and whose zeal being tempered with the most kindly mildness, attacked the citadel of Turenne's conscience through the easily opened postern of the heart, at the same time that he made many a fruitless attack upon the well-defended rampart of his understanding.

The winter, however, passed, and Turenne, still unconverted, quitted Paris to join the army on the Rhine. Here, having formed the whole plan of his campaign, and determined, by a junction with the Swedish troops, to oppose an equal force to the imperial and Bavarian army, he was suddenly stayed in his progress by the commands of Mazarin. After the rupture of the conferences at Munster, the duke of Bavaria had succeeded in deceiving the French minister, by promising that if the army of France would not pass the Rhine he would refrain from joining the forces of the emperor. In consequence of this, Mazarin commanded Turenne to keep on the French bank of the river, and to lay siege to Luxembourg. Turenne, however, was not to be deceived, and though he obeyed so far as the non-passage of the river was concerned, he took care not to undertake a siege which would have ruined the prospects of a war. In the meantime, as Turenne had foreseen, the duke of Bavaria, smiling at having outwitted the wily Italian, marched onward totally unmindful of his promise, and, forming an easy junction with the imperialists, threw himself between the French and Swedish forces. Turenne now waited no more commands; but writing his own intentions to Mazarin, he instantly set out to nullify by his own skill the treachery of the duke of Bavaria.

He did so completely, though immense difficulties were opposed to him. He forded the Moselle, passed through

the territory of Cologne, forced his way rapidly through a part of Holland, in spite of the slow caution of the Dutch, passed the Rhine, cut across Westphalia, and at length, after one of the most extraordinary marches on record, effected his junction with the Swedes upon the frontiers of Hesse.

The imperial troops now retreated before him, and passing the river Maine, he continued his march towards Frankfort. He was here joined by a large body of infantry, and then, descending the Maine, he took town after town, on his way, in most cases blowing up the fortifications, as his army was not sufficiently strong to permit of his placing garrisons in the captured cities. A road was now opened for him into the heart of Franconia and Suabia, and while the imperial forces remained in thunderstruck inactivity, he marched on from triumph to triumph.

At length the duke of Bavaria found the enemy whom he had deceived, in the heart of his territory. Augsburg was now besieged; Rain was taken, and had not the archduke advanced with all speed to the aid of the former, it and Munich would probably have soon fallen into the hands of the French. The imperial army, however, was now swelled by reinforcements, and Turenne was obliged to retire; but his retreat was more fatal to the cause of Austria than his presence could have been; for falling upon Landsburg, which had been established as a magazine for the imperial troops, he not only recruited his own stores abundantly, but cut off the supplies of the enemy, and forced them to separate and retire into winter quarters. The consequence of this *coup-de-maitre* was even more important than it seemed at first. The duke of Bavaria, irritated at the coldness with which he had been seconded by Austria, and finding the French army absolutely at his gates, abandoned the interests of the emperor, and entered into a separate treaty with France.

Several places, even in the heart of his territories, were left as sureties in the hands of the French troops; and Turenne, after having gained a greater extent of country, taken a greater number of fortified cities, and baffled his enemy more completely than perhaps was ever known to have been done before without a single battle being fought, concluded his glorious campaign in Germany, and, by

order of the minister, led his victorious troops towards Flanders.

At Saverne, however, the Weimarian troops, which formed nearly a third part of the army, revolted at once, both from a disinclination to quit Germany, and from their pay being many months in arrear; nor could all the efforts of Turenne prevent them from retreating across the Rhine. Perhaps his conduct on this occasion displayed more firmness, judgment, and courage than had appeared in any of his campaigns. He felt that the Weimarians were necessary to the success of the French arms, and, instead of suffering them to depart alone, he despatched the whole of his French troops to join the army in Flanders, and, singly, accompanied the mutineers in their retreat. He persuaded, he threatened, he commanded; and after having gone with them as far as Etlingen, he caused General Rosen, by whom the sedition was kept alive, to be arrested, won over a great part of the soldiers, charged and dispersed the remainder, and made a number of the most refractory prisoners.

After this he proceeded, as he had been directed, towards Luxembourg; but by this time the affairs of Flanders had taken a new aspect, and all Turenne effected was a diversion in favour of the other generals commanding in that country. He then received permission to re-enter Germany; and, having again formed his junction with the troops of Sweden, he once more passed into Bavaria; and though harassed in his designs by the interested machinations of the Swedes with whom he was joined, he succeeded in desolating the whole of that country. Thus some of the finest districts in Germany were laid waste; and, however much the interest of his own sovereign might demand such extremities against its enemies, we may be permitted to regret that Turenne, who was the most humane of men towards his soldiers, showed no one remorseful feeling—no humane consideration—towards those who, though his adversaries, were still his fellow-creatures. Fire and the sword, plunder and rapine, raged through four months without one check; and when the peace of Westphalia at length came to suspend hostilities, the scene of Turenne's marches was a desert.

It would occupy far too great space even to touch upon the wars of the Fronde, of which we are about to treat in the life of Condé. Suffice it that therein Turenne had his

share with the rest in the follies, the madnesses, the defeats, and the successes that were alternately the meed of all parties. In the first war of Paris we find him wishing to act as an armed mediator between the court and the Parliament; and shortly after we see him deprived of his command, and seeking refuge in Holland. After the imprisonment of Condé, again we find him raising an army to release him, leaguings with Spain, becoming general-in-chief of the Spanish forces, and suffering a defeat at Rhetel. Peace, however, again succeeded; and in exchange for the principality of Sedan, which had been yielded by the duke of Bouillon, and had never been in any way compensated, there were now ceded some of the most valuable domains in the gift of the crown, comprising the duchies of Albret, and Château Thierry, and the counties of Auvergne and Evreux.

Turenne now returned to Paris, and for some time lived there in great retirement, according to De Retz. The civil war, however, was soon re-lighted; and we find that Turenne now took the part of the court against Condé, and adhered thereto, through every change of fortune, till he once more brought the king back in triumph to Paris, and terminated the civil wars of the Fronde.

About this time took place his marriage with Mademoiselle de Caumont, only daughter of the duke de la Force. She is represented as having been mild, amiable, and affectionate; but those were not times when domestic virtues were greatly prized; neither could Turenne remain to enjoy her society for any length of time, for a Condé was now in the field, commanding the armies of Spain against France, and a Turenne was needed to defend the native country of both.

The campaigns that followed will be hereafter described; and therefore we shall pass at once to the treaty of the Pyrenees, which permitted Condé to return, and terminated the operations of the two greatest generals of the day against each other. It is said that, as a recompense for his great services, Louis XIV., now arrived at the age of manhood, offered to revive in favour of Turenne the dignity of constable of France, upon the sole condition of his embracing the Roman Catholic religion. Turenne, however, declined; and Louis, who knew how to appreciate such firm integrity, created a new title of honour in his favour, appointing him *Marshal-General of the Camps and Armies of the King*.

Turenne now followed the young monarch to St. Jean de Luz, whither the court repaired to solemnize the marriage of Louis with the infanta of Spain. It was on this occasion that Philip IV., hearing that he was present, desired to see the general who had so often fought against his armies; and on Turenne being presented to him, he said, after gazing on him in silence for some minutes, "*So this is the man who has made me pass so many a sleepless night?*"

The days of Turenne now rolled on in peace. Negotiations and counsels succeeded the more active enterprises in which he had been engaged. His views were generally fulfilled; and the first thing which broke the calm of his tranquillity was the early death of his wife, for whom he seems to have entertained a sincere affection, and whom he mourned with more bitter sorrow than was often, in that day, poured upon the broken bonds of connubial intercourse. The course of his thoughts, however, was soon diverted by the war which, arising between Holland and England, quickly spread to the neighbouring states. Peace was speedily concluded between the powers which had originally commenced the war; but the preparations of France still continued; and it was soon found that Louis had other views than those he at first pretended to entertain. The conquest of Flanders now became his declared object, and, with Turenne to aid him, the king declared that he would carry on the war in person. To be ambitious of every kind of glory is the first grand principle of a great monarch. Many other qualities are of course required to give just effect to that vast motive; but it must exist before a king can be a great one in the eyes of the world. Louis XIV., though lamentably deficient in the mental means of winning great glory, had more than any man, perhaps, the powerful desire; and his life afforded a wonderful example of what that desire alone can effect. His first campaign, which we may say was fought under Turenne, was crowned with success, and the strong city of Lille was the fruit of victory. The negotiations which followed, and the threatening aspect of the surrounding nations, brought about a peace; but it was stipulated that, in return for Franche Comté, which Condé had lately conquered, and which was to be restored, Spain should leave in the hands of Louis the whole of French Flanders, with Courtrai, Bergues, and Furnes.

Thus ended the first short campaign of Louis XIV., and Turenne returned to Paris. Shortly after he professed himself a convert to the Roman Catholic religion. Though he had hitherto resisted all reasonings and persuasions, he at length yielded, it is said, to the arguments of the famous Bossuet; and no sooner was he convinced than he owned his conviction. His change of opinion is also attributed to another cause, namely, the personal knowledge he acquired, in this part of his life, of the multitude of sects into which the people of England were at that time divided, as well as of the various absurdities and blasphemies which the complete licence of the Church had brought about. Whatever might be the cause, Turenne abjured the Protestant religion; and the only thing we can wonder at is, that, surrounded by its enemies, pressed by interest, friendship, persuasion, argument, and the wishes of a king, he resisted so long and so strongly, when he would have triumphed by yielding, and when weakness would have met with both honour and reward.

The pretences for warfare are almost always so false that it is hardly ever necessary to name them in history, without it be for the purpose of recording human insincerity. Louis XIV. determined to attack Holland, and assembling an immense army for the purpose, he separated it into four grand divisions, the command of one of which was of course bestowed upon Turenne. To detail the operations of the army of Turenne would be little better than a catalogue of successful sieges, where the feebleness of the defence left little to interest posterity. Town after town was taken, province after province invaded, and at the end of summer 1672, the only defence remaining to the States of Holland were the friendly waters which had so often protected them against their oppressors. At the same time, however, England, jealous of the progress of France, remonstrated against any farther advance, and embarrassed the councils of Louis. Overtures were made towards peace; but the demands of both the French and English monarchs were so exorbitant, that the Dutch, notwithstanding their dangerous situation, courageously rejected them with indignation, and called upon the surrounding nations to aid them in their necessity. The princes of Germany rose at their appeal, and while Louis himself retired to Paris, Turenne was left

as generalissimo of the whole army, to defend the conquests which had been made, and to meet the storm that was gathering in the east. The elector of Brandenburg first advanced upon the Rhine; and, shortly after, the imperial army marched in the same direction; but Condé, in Alsace, and Turenne, in La Marek, so well combined their measures, that although the two armies opposed to them formed their junction, and for three months attempted to pass the river, that object could never be accomplished. The imperial forces then turned upon Westphalia, followed step by step by Turenne, who, with his usual skill, wearied out his enemies, and with very inferior forces took town after town as he proceeded, until the troops of the empire, exhausted, diminished, and terrified at their persevering and indefatigable enemy, retreated precipitately, and left Turenne to establish himself quietly in the district of La Marek.

Though Turenne suffered his troops to pillage with somewhat of licentious good humour, and laid the conquered countries under contribution with far more consideration for the victors than the vanquished, personal cupidity had no share in his conduct. He loved his soldiers as a father, overlooked their faults with a partial eye, and did more for them than he would have done for himself; but no share of the plunder ever found its way to his hands. Two anecdotes of his disinterestedness are attached to the campaign we have just described. On one occasion an officer of rank came to propose to him a plan for gaining four hundred thousand francs in a few days, without the possibility of the transaction being known. Turenne heard him with his usual mildness, and then replied: "I am much obliged to you; but having often found similar opportunities without taking advantage of them, I do not think it would be worth while to change my conduct at my time of life."

The inhabitants, also, of one of the towns towards which he was marching, sent out to offer him a hundred thousand crowns, if he would take another road. Turenne replied, that their town was not precisely in the line of march, and therefore he could not accept their money.

Success had hitherto followed the arms of France; but success was of course accompanied by the jealousy of the nations around. Though the elector of Brandenburg

gladly concluded a treaty of peace with Louis, the emperor made greater efforts than ever in favour of Holland. At the same time Spain joined its interests with the Dutch, and declared war against France, while the prince of Orange, with all the energetic talent of his race, finding himself supported by two great powers, roused himself at once from the inert defence which was all he could hitherto oppose to the French, effected his junction with the Spanish troops marching to his aid from the Low Countries, and directed his course to the strong town of Bonn. In the mean while Montecuculi, who commanded the Imperial troops, advanced to the Rhine, deceived Turenne by an artful stratagem, and joined the prince of Orange at Coblenz. Bonn was immediately besieged and taken. The French troops were obliged to evacuate Holland, and Turenne, recalled to court, distributed his troops in winter quarters, and returned to Paris.

During the whole of the campaigns which we have just detailed, the famous Louvois, who would have been a great minister had he not been the most arrogant of men, had embarrassed the measures of both Condé and Turenne by orders which, conceived at a distance from the scene of action, were always inapplicable on their arrival. The two generals had agreed to remonstrate with Louis XIV. on the conduct of his minister, but Condé, at the earnest solicitation of Louvois' relatives, abandoned his intention. Turenne, however, persisted in his determination from a sense of what was due to his country. With the noble moderation, however, which was one of the greatest traits in his character, he suffered no personal resentment to mingle with his nobler motives.

In one of those private interviews which Louis often granted him, the king himself spoke of Louvois, and the bad consequences which had been produced by his interference in the affairs of war. Turenne took advantage of the occasion, spoke of the talents of Louvois as they deserved; but, remarking that the minister knew too little of war to direct its operations, made it his request that Louis would suffer him to obey no orders but his own.

Another anecdote is told of Turenne, which may as well be repeated in this place, as it shows that grand and

honourable candour which is one of the noblest qualities of the noblest minds. During the time that Louis XIV., abandoned by all his allies, had to struggle alone against the united power of Europe, he employed Turenne to carry on a secret negotiation with Charles II. of England, for the purpose of detaching that monarch from the famous triple alliance. This transaction was conducted through the intervention of the Princess Henrietta of England, who had married the duke of Orleans. In the suite of that princess was a lady of whom Turenne, in the course of frequent and continued intercourse, became enamoured, and with a culpable weakness he revealed to her the object of his negotiations with her mistress. The lady, of course, in turn, confided the secret of her ancient lover to a younger one, and he betrayed it to the duke of Orleans, from whom it had been kept studiously concealed. The duke reproached his brother, Louis XIV., with want of confidence; and Louis, who had only entrusted the knowledge of his plan to Louvois and Turenne, doubting the discretion of the minister, but firmly confident in the general, complained bitterly to Turenne of the supposed misconduct of Louvois. Without a moment's hesitation, Turenne acknowledged his fault, and shielded his enemy from the wrath he had not deserved, by calling it upon his own head. Louis appreciated his magnanimity, and received his confession as full compensation for his offence; but Turenne himself never ceased to regret the event, and to redden whenever the subject was approached. It is said that in after years the chevalier de Lorraine, to whom the secret had been betrayed by Turenne's frail confidante, happened to mention the circumstance to the great general. "Stop, stop a moment!" Turenne exclaimed as the other began, "let me first put out the candles!"

France was now destitute of allies, but Louis still maintained not only his hopes of successfully defending himself, but also expectation of new conquests. His first attempt was again upon Franche Comté, which had been given back to Spain at the last peace. Here his success was complete, owing, in some degree, to the wise precaution of covering his measures in that district by a strong army on the Rhine commanded by Turenne. No sooner, however, was the conquest of Franche Comté complete, than Turenne pro-

ceeded to more active measures; and being once more in presence of the Imperial armies, a campaign of long and complicated manœuvres again began, which would be far too tedious to detail. In this campaign, however, two general battles took place, one at Sintzheim, and one at Ensheim; and though neither were in any degree decisive, yet the advantage, in both instances, certainly rested with the French. The retreat of the Imperial army, after the first of these battles, laid open to the troops of France the whole of the Palatinate; and we are sorry to say that the advantage taken of the opportunity reflected no honour upon Turenne himself.

The country was not only laid waste, swept of all its produce, and left desolate and naked, but the peasantry were slaughtered, and the villages and hamlets, and smaller towns burnt with unsparing cruelty. The Palatine wrote a letter full of bitter reproaches to Turenne, who replied by declaring that these crimes had been committed by the soldiery without his knowledge or consent, in revenge for some cruel aggressions on the part of the peasantry. He even proceeded to punish some of the offenders; but still, unhappily, the fact of most glaring barbarities having taken place in the Palatinate by the army under his command remains as a deep stain upon the memory of Turenne. No general could so easily have prevented it as he could, for no one ever possessed more power over his troops: he did not prevent it, and therefore the crime was his.

For some time Turenne made considerable progress against the Imperial forces, but at length, the German army having increased to nearly sixty thousand men, Turenne laid down for himself a plan for defeating them in detail, which he communicated to the court, and then proceeded to put it in execution. His intention was—to use his own words—to pretend no longer to be able or willing to resist the Imperial forces, and to retire into the heart of Loraine. The enemy, he then foresaw, would spread themselves out through Alsace, giving him the opportunity of attacking them in their various quarters before they could imagine he would be ready to annoy them: and by this means he hoped to drive them once more across the Rhine. The whole plan was completely successful; the enemy were

outmanœuvred, and defeated in detail; and having once more driven them across the French frontier, Turenne returned to Paris, anxious, if possible, to retire from the anxious and fatiguing life he led, and to finish his days in tranquillity and peace. The dangerous situation of his country, however, still had an undeniable claim upon his services, and early in the spring Turenne returned to the frontier, to oppose the famous Montecuculi, now universally acknowledged one of the greatest generals of the day. There existed between the characters of the two officers, thus brought into individual opposition to each other, a singular similarity, as well in age as in talent and experience. Turenne was calm, thoughtful, moderate, trusting more to skill than to ardour, clear-sighted, persevering, and beloved by his soldiers. The same words might be precisely applied to Montecuculi; and thus, with nearly equal forces, talents, experience, and opportunity, they now met with none to restrain their movements or to shackle their genius.

The campaign that followed was as brilliant a one as the most profound skill and tactical knowledge could make it. Turenne, by passing the Rhine, had carried the war into the enemy's country, and menaced the frontier circles of Germany. Montecuculi made every effort to force him to repass the river, but in vain: stratagem after stratagem, and art exceeding art, were tried by each general to circumvent his adversary. Turenne was resolved not to repass the Rhine without fighting, and Montecuculi seemed determined to force him to do so by cutting off his supplies and harassing his troops. At length, the famine which began to manifest itself in the French camp obliged Turenne to change his position; but the change on which he determined was anything but to pass the Rhine, and he advanced upon Montecuculi in order to force him to a battle. Montecuculi, however, retired at his approach, still watching in his retreat for some favourable opportunity of attacking any detached portion of the French army. So passed their march for several days, till at length, almost at the same time, the French and German forces appeared on either side of the little town of Saspach, near Acheren. Montecuculi, however, occupied the strongest ground, having taken up his position upon the slope of a hill well defended with

hedges and low woods, while a rivulet flowing through some deep ravines lay in front of the infantry, and the church of Saspach formed a strong advanced post at a little distance from the general line.

Turenne calmly examined every part of the enemy's position, and for some time seemed to deem it almost unattackable. At length, however, in reconnoitring their left, he discovered that they had left a defile unguarded, and remained for some time silently calculating all the chances which that error threw in his favour. He was then heard to say, "*'Tis done with them; I have them now; they cannot escape me: now we shall gather the fruit of this laborious campaign!*"

After remarking for some time a movement and agitation which was evident in the enemy's army, and which was caused in fact by the preparations for a retreat, Turenne retired to breakfast and rest himself beneath a tree. Either from a conviction that the enemy could not escape, or from some other cause, Turenne remained longer than usual inactive, and he was still seated beneath the tree when he was informed that the enemy's infantry were seen making a movement towards the mountains. He instantly rose, and springing upon his horse, proceeded to a slight eminence, to ascertain the cause of the motion which had been observed. At this time the Imperial army was keeping up a heavy fire upon the French position, in order to conceal the retreat which they were attempting to effect undisturbed, and Turenne, commanding all his attendants to remain behind, advanced alone. "Stay where you are, nephew," he said even to the duke d'Elbœuf; "by turning round and round me you will cause me to be recognized by the enemy."

A little farther on he met the Lord Hamilton, then serving in the French army, and paused to speak with him. "Come this way, my lord marshal," said the Scotch nobleman, "they are firing in that direction."—"I do not intend to be killed this day," replied Turenne, with a smile, and rode on. A moment after, he was met by the commander-in-chief of the artillery, named St. Hilaire, who called his attention to a battery he had caused to be constructed near the spot, and held out his hand to point out some particular object.

Turenne reined his horse a step or two back, when sud-

denly a canon-ball carried off the arm of St. Hilaire, and, passing on, struck Turenne in the midst of the stomach. His face fell forward instantly, and his horse feeling his hand relax its grasp of the reins, turned its head, and galloped back to the staff, where Turenne fell dead into the arms of his attendants, on the twenty-seventh of July, 1675.

The consternation which spread through the army was dreadful. The soldiers, who loved Turenne almost to adoration, demanded clamorously to be led against the enemy in order to avenge his death, shouting loudly to turn out his horse, *la Pie*, before the ranks, and she would bring them, they asserted, right to the foe. The general officers, however, held a council, in which terror and haste reigned much more than sense and resolution. The French army retreated, the Imperial troops advanced, and all that the skill, the wisdom, and perseverance of Turenne had gained for France, was lost again by his death.

Voltaire has compared Turenne to Gonzalves de Cordoba, the great captain, and in their military character there is certainly a great resemblance. Each had skill, patience, perseverance, calmness, and judgment. But in private life no two men could be more strikingly different. Turenne was anything but brilliant in conversation, and no way remarkable for the graces of his person, either natural or acquired. He was mild, tranquil, even retiring, hating pomp and display, giving no signs of quickness of apprehension, and loving reflection and solid sense far more than brilliancy and wit. It will easily be seen, by the account we have already given of Gonzalves, that though the great qualities of these two generals might be the same, their faults and their failings were entirely opposite.

The character given of Turenne by the cardinal de Retz is probably nearer to the truth than any other, because it was drawn from the life by an acute observer, who in this instance had no object in deceiving.

“Monsieur de Turenne,” says De Retz, “had from his youth upwards all the *good* qualities, and very, very early he acquired all the great ones. He wanted none but those which he did not know of. He had all the virtues as natural gifts, without having the tinsel of any of them. It has been thought that he was more capable of commanding an army

than leading a party, and I believe so also, because he was naturally not enterprising ;—nevertheless, who can say ? In himself, as well as in his conversation, there was always a certain something of obscurity, which never developed itself except in great opportunities, but then always developed itself to his glory.”

Such is the picture of Turenne as drawn by De Retz ; and it may further be said, that in his communication with others he was always mild and gentle. He had none of the pride of wealth, of rank, or of talent. It is said, that being applied to by some mechanics, who did not know him, to measure a disputed distance, he did so with his cane, and on the one to whose opinion he was unfavourable declaring he did not judge fairly, he knelt down and measured the ground over again. He was far less severe on others than on himself ; and however great was the fault he committed, he was ever ready to acknowledge and to atone.

Such was Turenne. We have already seen what he was as a general ; and the few traits here given of his private life may serve better to tell what he was as a man than the most long and laboured description. The greatest tribute to the memory of Turenne was the grief and consternation that spread through France on the tidings of his death. “ Every one seeks the other to speak of Monsieur de Turenne,” says Madame de Sevigné ; “ they crowd together. Yesterday all were in tears in the streets—every other business was suspended ;” and again, “ The news [of the death of Turenne] arrived at Versailles on Monday. The king was afflicted as one ought to be on the death of the greatest captain and most excellent man in the world. . . . Never was man regretted so sincerely. All the quarter where he lived ; the whole of Paris ; the whole people, were in trouble and emotion. Every one spoke and crowded but to regret the hero.”

THE GREAT CONDÉ.

Born in 1621—Sent to the College of Bourges—Appears at court—Makes his first campaign—Marries the niece of Richelieu—Battle of Rocroy—Siege and capture of Thionville and Fribourg—Philipsburg, Worms, and other towns taken—In conjunction with Turenne gains the battle of Norlinghen—Wars of the Fronde—Arrested—His liberation—Raises the standard of revolt—Civil wars—Leaves France and enters the service of Spain—Restored to his honours and estates—Dies in retirement, December 11, 1686—His character.

To conquer the difficulties of an inferior station, and not only to tread the path to renown, but to form it for oneself—to hew it out through the thousand stumbling-blocks of misfortune—to carry it up over the mountain-like obstacles of continual competition under adverse circumstances; and to clear it of all the tangling thorns of poverty and distress, is certainly the most difficult of undertakings and the most glorious of triumphs.

There are, nevertheless, dangers and obstacles attached also to high station, which, besetting it in the outset, attack the mind in its infant feebleness, and, like the serpent-enemies of the young Hercules, threaten to destroy great endeavour in its childhood.

Those who are born to wealth and rank have, it is true, greater means of success; but they have less incitement to enterprise. They have fewer impediments to overcome in the course; but the prize is to them less valuable in proportion. For this reason we rarely hear of the sons of great men equalling their fathers—they have greatness, they have no occasion to strive for it. Thus, in their case, the love of fame, and honour, and virtue—or, in other words, the aspiration after greatness—is divested of all the accessory stimulants to exertion which the desire of wealth and consideration furnishes to the humbler classes; and when, to the absence of all such incitement, we add the corrupting influence of luxury, early indulgence, adulation, and bad example, it

is only wonderful that the higher ranks of society—a class infinitely small when compared with the lower ranks—should have produced such a multitude of men who have added the real distinction of great deeds to the fictitious one of high station. The struggle to them is less difficult when once undertaken; but the undertaking itself must generally originate in the purer kinds of ambition. The indolence of prosperity, the pride of rank, the self-sufficiency of wealth, must each be overcome before a man of high fortune starts forward to become great by his own actions, and mingles himself with a contending crowd of all classes and conditions. He begins, indeed, the race at the middle of the course; but he must first leap a high barrier to reach it; and then the steps he has to take are the steepest and the most slippery of all those that lead to the goal of glory.

Louis de Bourbon, afterwards known by the name of the Great Condé, was born at Paris in 1621, heir to the illustrious house of Condé, and son of the first prince of the blood royal of France.

He had an illustrious name to sustain, and a great station in society to fill; and his father seems to have been fully impressed with the fact, that high birth and ancestry, so far from freeing us from any of the ties of virtue, impose upon us stricter duties; and that those things which in other men are but faults, in the great become crimes.

There is a virtue that we owe the dead in return for any inheritance of glory they may have left us, and a virtue that we owe the living for the respect that they show to us for our descent from the dead. Such should be the feeling of every man who looks back with pride to his ancestors, and such seems to have been the sentiment of the prince de Condé in the education of his son.

It is only by implication, however, that we can discover what this early education was, for but few facts are recorded of the boyish years of Condé, then duke d'Enghien, and these facts are recorded by a hand which had the plea of consanguinity to excuse partiality. Nevertheless, though the details are lost, sufficient remains to show what was the general principle by which his education was conducted. We find that his father almost always superintended it himself, and we find that it was productive of the deepest respect, on the part of the son, towards his parent. Such

an education never could have been bad ; but, besides this, we have many other causes to suppose that it was vigorous and judicious. In that age, when the privileges of nobility were uncontested, and any one who claimed kindred with royalty was worshipped with criminal adulation, one of the greatest mental evils to be guarded against was pride, the most impassable barrier in the way of greatness.

Probably with a view of correcting the natural tendency of the mind to that weakness, the duke d'Enghien was sent, at an early age, to the college of Bourges, where little or no distinction was permitted between himself and his school-fellows ; and to teach him to govern the passionate ardour with which he was constitutionally disposed to follow every pursuit and amusement, we often find his father breaking abruptly through his sports and pleasures, and from the beginning teaching him, who was destined to command others, the first rudiments of that great science, in the habit of commanding himself. The most painful of the sacrifices which he directed him to make, was the resignation of his hunting-equipage ; but though, in common with almost all men who have distinguished themselves in war, he was passionately attached to the chase, he yielded ready obedience to his father's commands, and even acknowledged that he had pursued that amusement with more ardour than any sport deserved.

When first withdrawn from the studies of youth, and introduced at the dim and faded court of Louis XIII., the duke d'Enghien found the splendour, as well as the weight of royal authority, transferred from the feeble hands of the monarch, to those of his great but cruel and ambitious minister, Richelieu, and his ardent and impetuous spirit seems to have burned within him at the usurpation to which others tamely submitted. At the same time, however, he found the interests of his father inseparably united to those of Richelieu, and he appears to have lived in a continual struggle with himself to prevent his indignation from breaking forth in any of those rough and uncereemonious sallies to which, on other occasions and with other persons, he was too apt to give way.

For the purpose, probably, of removing him from the dangerous proximity of the minister, whose jealousy was of the most irritable as well as of the most vindictive nature,

the young duke d'Enghien was sent by his father, then governor of Burgundy, to supply his place in that province, though he had not yet passed his eighteenth year. In the following spring also (A.D. 1640) he was permitted to make his first campaign under the celebrated Marshal Meilleraye, and soon gave proofs of that extraordinary genius for war which his whole life so strongly developed.

He returned to the court with a reputation already formed, but many disappointments and vexations awaited him there. The nobility of France had, after repeated struggles, fallen completely before the ascendancy of Richelieu; and it was hardly to be expected that when the king himself had become his slave, the princes of the blood-royal should be less than his servants. The prince of Condé, then, the father of the young warrior, had already made a thousand sacrifices to the ambition, the pride of the minister, and his own cupidity; and on the return of his son from the campaign in Flanders, a new concession was demanded of him, and he made it, by marrying D'Enghien to Clara de Brezé, the niece of the cardinal de Richelieu.

Discontented with a marriage in which his dignity was as much hurt as his inclinations were little consulted, the prince absented himself as far as he could from a court where he found himself out of place, and spent the greater part of his time amongst those great and agitating scenes for which he was born. Honour and success attended all his steps, and very shortly after, the death of Richelieu broke the chain that manacled every noble spirit in France, and left him, amongst others, free to act upon an enlarged stage. His father, the prince of Condé, resumed the place which his birth and character should have preserved to him from the first; and D'Enghien himself was appointed general-in-chief of the army of Champagne and Picardy.

He had not yet reached his one-and-twentieth year, and, notwithstanding the valour and talents he had already displayed, his genius was still not justly appreciated, either by his friends or his adversaries. The command bestowed upon him was merely a mark of consideration for his rank and family, and the old *maréchal de l'Hôpital* was joined with him, to correct the errors which it was anticipated he would commit, and to cool the boiling impetuosity of un-

tried youth with the chill and tardy deliberation of age and experience.

Committing the ever-fatal fault of undervaluing his enemy, Don Francisco de Mello, the Spanish general, had advanced into Champagne and laid siege to Rocroy, counting wrongly that the ardour of the young duke would lead him into errors of one kind, and rightly that the tardiness of the old general would be productive of errors of another cast; so that the experiment of a divided command would have its usual unhappy effect upon the French army, and that, instead of the character of the one correcting the character of the other, their united faults would ruin both.

D'Enghien, however, depended but upon himself; and, having the power, he resolved to use it on his own responsibility, taking at once his determination to relieve Rocroy and give battle to the Spanish army, without seeking the more timid counsels of his cautious coadjutor.

Great deeds must be attempted boldly to succeed, and the very circumstances which seemed to throw additional obstacles in the way of the French were precisely those in which the ardour and enterprise of a young and fiery spirit were calculated to be successful. Had victory depended on cautious manœuvring and wary observation, the impetuosity of the duke d'Enghien might have proved his ruin, but here there were difficulties to be boldly overcome, quick and laborious marches to be undertaken, passages and defiles to be forced at once, and here the genius and the ardour of the young warrior went hand in hand.

Between Joigny, from which place the French army marched upon Rocroy, and the Spanish army which besieged it, lay a most defensible tract of country, full of defiles, of woods and marshes, so that in a thousand points the prince might have been taken at a disadvantage in his advance. He proceeded rapidly, nevertheless, throwing forward the brave General Gassion, with a part of his disposable forces, for the double purpose of casting supplies into the town, and of reconnoitring the enemy's position and the country in advance. In both these objects Gassion was successful, but the tidings he brought of the difficult nature of the country were sufficient to have daunted a less decided mind than that of Condé.

That obstacles were made but to be overcome is the motto of all great men, and the duke paused not an instant for those that lay before him. On the 17th of May, the French army arrived at Bossut, within a day's march of the enemy, from whom it was separated only by a long and difficult defile.

Here, for the first time, D'Enghien, who had opened his views to no one but Gassion, communicated to the council of war his intention of forcing the enemy to a general battle. With the brief eloquence of a vigorous mind, he showed the immense advantages to be gained, contrasted with the difficulties to be overcome; and full of hope and confidence himself, he succeeded in communicating the same bright anticipations to his hearers. Even the *maréchal de l'Hôpital* himself acceded to his views, and gave his consent to the attempt, though it is supposed that he did so expecting Don Francisco de Mello to oppose the passage of the defile, and thus prevent a general engagement. The Spanish general, however, with veteran troops, a strong position, food, and repose upon his side, entertained no doubt of the issue of the approaching battle. He had more even to gain by it than the French commander, and he was as confident of his own powers.

He suffered, therefore, the duke d'Enghien to pass the defile unmolested, and even to take up a position on the other side, though, had he attacked the prince at the moment the cavalry passed, while the infantry and artillery were embarrassed in the ravine, the army of France would have been infallibly destroyed. It was one of those faults by which empires are lost and won.

The time expended, however, in the passage of the infantry and the cannon brought the day nearly to its conclusion, and neither general chose to risk the great object for which he fought upon the chances of a struggle during the night. There was sufficient time, nevertheless, for two egregious faults to be committed before nightfall. Nothing but a small valley separated the two armies. The prince's right, commanded by himself, rested on a wood. The other wing, commanded, under the old *maréchal de l'Hôpital*, by a general officer named La Ferté, touched upon a marsh, to the left of which lay Rocroy.

La Ferté no sooner perceived that by tacit agreement

the battle would be deferred till the next morning, than he formed the idea of throwing aid into Rocroy, and, without consulting any one, proceeded to pass the marsh with his cavalry, leaving the left flank of the army completely exposed. The Spanish general instantly saw the fault, and hastened to take advantage of it; while D'Enghien, raging with vexation, issued orders for La Ferté to return, and for the reserve to advance and fill up the vacancy in his line. Don Francisco de Mello perceived the movement of the reserve; and, whether he took La Ferté's folly for a pre-concerted manœuvre to draw on a battle, or judged that he had not time to profit by it, cannot be told; but he paused in his attack, gave La Ferté time to re-assume his position, and let the cup of victory once more slip from his hand.

This error on the left being thus retrieved, the duke d'Enghien gave his orders for the attack next morning; and, having seen that all was prepared, calm in the certainty of his own powers, and fatigued with the efforts of the day, he wrapped himself in his cloak by the side of a watch-fire, left fears and anxieties to the timid and the doubting, and slept profoundly through the night.

His attendants were forced to awaken him next morning for the attack, but all his dispositions having been made the night before, no further delay took place. A few words of encouragement to the soldiers was his only preparations, and then, putting himself at the head of the right wing, he began the battle by the attack of a wood lined with Spanish musketeers, which defended the flank of the enemy's cavalry, commanded by the duke of Albuquerque. The wood was carried in a moment; and General Gassion, sweeping round it with a strong detachment of horse, attacked the Spanish cavalry in flank, while the prince himself charged them in front, and drove them in disorder over the hill.

The German and Italian infantry, which formed the strength of the enemy's left wing, were now exposed to all the efforts of the French general, and soon shared the fate of the cavalry, giving way in every direction before the impetuosity of the prince's attack. Wherever D'Enghien appeared, victory followed him; and in an amazing short space of time the left wing of the Spaniards was totally routed. Not so, however, their right, where De Mello

fought in person. There success attended the arms of the Spaniards. The *maréchal de l'Hôpital* was not only repelled in his attack, but was driven back from his own position, his infantry cut to pieces, his cannon taken, and his division mingled pell-mell with the body of reserve.

Such were the tidings brought to the duke d'Enghien, as he followed up the victory he had gained over the enemy's left. With the lightning resolution of mighty genius, his conduct was determined at once. Calling together the whole cavalry of the wing he had commanded,—no longer necessary, from the complete route of the enemy, in that part of the field,—he passed at once behind the whole line of the Spanish infantry, and thundered down upon the rear of De Mello's cavalry, who were following up their advantage against De l'Hôpital. Everything gave way before him, and the victorious division of the Spanish army, now conquered in their turn, were soon dispersed and flying over every part of the field.

Notwithstanding this signal defeat of both wings of the Spanish army, a formidable body still remained to be vanquished, consisting of the old and renowned Castilian infantry, commanded by the gallant count of Fuentes. At the same time news was brought to the prince, that at this very critical moment the German General Beck was advancing to support the Spaniards, with a division of six thousand fresh troops, and was already within sight of the field. Detaching a small force under Gassion, to hold the Imperial general in check, D'Enghien instantly directed his whole energies to overcome the Spanish infantry before any succour could arrive. That celebrated phalanx, almost as celebrated, says Voltaire, as that of ancient Greece, had never yet been broken. Such a renown is doubly terrible—from the confidence with which it inspires those who possess it, and from the dread with which it affects their enemies. To oppose this, D'Enghien led to the charge that cavalry which he had twice conducted to victory in one day. But the veteran soldiers of Castille received his impetuous attack with a firm aspect, and a tremendous fire of musketry, or opening their hollow squares, as was their custom, suffered the cannon, which occupied the centre of each battalion, to pour forth suddenly a murderous fire upon the approaching cavalry. Three times the French were brought

back to the charge by their gallant leader, and three times they were repelled from the battalions of Spanish infantry, like waves driven back by a rock. At length D'Enghien, perceiving that the cavalry made little or no impression, commanded the whole of his reserve to advance; and the Spaniards, finding themselves hemmed in on all sides, made it understood that they demanded quarter.

At this moment an unhappy mistake produced a dreadful and unnecessary effusion of blood. The duke d'Enghien, seeing and comprehending the signal of the Spanish infantry, rode forward to check the advance of the reserve. The Spaniards, misunderstanding his movement, imagined that he was ordering a fresh attack, and, resuming their arms, opened a tremendous fire upon the French. They, in their turn, taking this conduct for an act of the basest treachery, charged the enemy in every direction, and the unhappy Spaniards were massacred by thousands.

It was with infinite difficulty that D'Enghien could put a stop to the fury of the exasperated soldiery, and he was seen at the end of the battle surrounded by the officers of the conquered army, who, clinging to his knees and to his charger, found their only safety near his person. On that field of Rocroy, Condé won his first full harvest of glory; but—singular as it was, to see a young man in his twentieth year, by the union of courage, and genius, and intuitive skill, defeat three of the best and most experienced generals in Europe, conquer renowned and veteran soldiers with a fatigued army, and transfer at one blow the fame which the Spanish troops had acquired and maintained during two hundred years to the arms of France—it was still more singular that this ardent and impetuous youth suffered not eagerness, excitement, or triumph, to carry him into one cruelty or one fault; that he was ready, the moment that victory was complete, to put an immediate stop to bloodshed, and was instantly prepared to encounter the fresh troops that were said to be advancing against him.

As he was about to march in order to face General Beck, however, news was brought him which rendered his preparations on that score unnecessary. The fugitive cavalry of the Spanish army had fallen in with the division of Germans coming to their aid; and, instead of attempting to rally, had communicated their own panic to their allies, who, joining

in their flight, had abandoned part of the artillery, and retreated with all speed.

The victory of Rocroy was thus complete. The French left two thousand men on the field of battle, showing that the Spaniards had not been conquered without a struggle; but, on the other hand, sixteen thousand Spaniards and Germans of the best troops of the house of Austria fell on the part of Spain. The most considerable officer killed was the old count de Fuentez, the general of the Spanish infantry, who, though overwhelmed with age and sickness, had by his skill and obstinate valour nearly turned the day in favour of his country. He was found dying beside the litter in which he had been carried to the battle, and when his body was pointed out to Condé, the young warrior exclaimed, "So would I wish to have died, had I not conquered."

The line of Condé's ambition was military glory; and though caprice and the necessity of strong excitement, joined to the persuasions of others, led him in after-years to mingle, and even to lead, in the factions of the day, his true sphere was in the battle-field, his right post at the head of an army. He seems also to have felt that such was the case, and never willingly to have changed the character of a warrior for that of a statesman.

On the eve of the battle of Rocroy, news had been brought him that the king, Louis XIII., had followed his great minister, Richelieu, from that busy scene where they had acted together for so many years as ruler and tool, to the awful tribunal of another world.

All was confusion in Paris. The new monarch as yet an infant, the regency undecided, the government unsettled, and many in the camp, on the very first intelligence, urged the young duke d'Enghien to march his army upon the capital, and secure the station of regent in his own family. Condé remained to win the battle of Rocroy, and having won it, remained to complete the glorious campaign he had so triumphantly begun.

We have paused longer upon this victory than we shall probably do upon any of the many with which Condé wreathed his brow, both because it was the first laurel that he won individually, and the first that for many years had decorated the arms of France without being immediately

torn off by some succeeding misfortune. From this time, however, France took the lead amongst military nations, till the genius of a Marlborough carried up the renown of England above all contemporary people.

After the victory at Rocroy, Condé, in spite of great opposition at the court, undertook the siege of Thionville. In his march upon that city he showed himself as able a tactician as he was an intrepid warrior; and after outmanœuvring the enemy, he arrived unattacked, and sat down in form before the place.

During the course of the siege several gross faults were committed by the general officers serving under him; but Condé was as prompt to see and to remedy the errors of his own party, as he was to take advantage of those of his enemies. General Beck also, whose task it was to attempt to raise the siege, seems to have suffered himself to be dazzled by the splendid talents of his chief adversary, and not to have even fancied that great follies might be committed by those under his command.

Thus Thionville was invested on every side, the works carried on against it with rapidity, daring, and perseverance; and, notwithstanding the overflowing of the Moselle, the vigorous resistance of the besieged, and various other protracting circumstances, before two months were over the engineers had succeeded in completely mining the wall, and, report says, had even reached part of the citadel itself.

It needed but to fire the train, and Thionville would have been at once taken by assault, a circumstance considered in that day even more honourable to the besieging general than a great victory in the open field. Condé, however, felt that he, of all men, needed least to win glory at the sacrifice of humanity; and refraining from springing the mine which would have opened the city to assault, he summoned the governor, caused him to be conducted through the works, and suffered him to draw his own conclusions. Defence was no longer possible, and Thionville was instantly surrendered, while the laurels that Condé acquired by its capture were, from the generous humanity he displayed, of the purest that ever bind the brow of victory.

By the taking of Thionville the whole course of the Moselle lay open to the French army. Condé was not a

man to lose such advantages, and before returning to Paris, though called thither by the first bright feelings of paternity, he took care to secure with care what his courage and his skill had gained for his country.

The acclamations of the people in the capital, however gratifying to himself, awakened at the court fears and jealousies which caused him to be quickly sent to the field again. Indeed an excuse was soon found for absenting him from Paris, in the reverses which had attended the arms of France on the banks of the Rhine; and after passing fifteen days with his wife and infant son, he was ordered to conduct a reinforcement to the army of Marshal Guebriant. His presence on the frontier of Germany restored confidence and success to the army, and, once more returning to Paris, he received as a reward from the queen regent, the government of Champagne. This charge, of course, again called him from the capital, and he soon after received orders from the court to join the army of the famous Turenne, then already beginning to be celebrated, but who on that occasion found himself obliged to retreat before the superior forces of General Mercy.

One of the first commanders of that age, Mercy had already forced the French to re-tread almost every step they had taken in Germany; and on Condé's arrival at Brissac, he found Fribourg in the hands of the enemy, and their general intrenched in an almost impregnable position at a little distance from the city. The Bavarian army was superior to his own; the nature of the country presented every difficulty to an attacking force; and the German camp was fortified with a double line of trenches and redoubts. But the object to be gained in taking it was immense,—no less than the command of the whole course of the Rhine; and Condé determined instantly on an attempt to force the position of his adversary. Two simultaneous assaults—one upon a weak spot to the left of Mercy's line, and one in front—were determined upon instantly; and, Turenne having been despatched to the left, at five o'clock (the hour he was expected to be prepared) Condé, seconded by the Marshal de Grammont, scaled the heights under a heavy fire, and attacked the first line of intrenchments. The Bavarian troops to whom the French were opposed, fought the ground

inch by inch, and were with infinite difficulty driven from the first line into the second.

The French had suffered great loss in scaling the heights, and still greater in the contest for the lines; but when they saw their enemy as strongly intrenched as before, and receiving them with the same murderous fire, and the same firm countenance, they paused in their advance, and, though they attempted not to fly, their officers could not induce them to renew the attack. At that moment Condé arrived on the spot with the Marshal de Grammont, saw the hesitation of the troops, and instantly perceiving that something must be done to rouse and inspire them, he sprang from his horse, put himself at the head of one of the regiments, hurled his baton of field-marshal into the midst of the enemy's intrenchments, and, drawing his sword, rushed forward to recover it. The effect was what he expected. There was no more indecision, the whole army charged, and the second of the enemy's lines was carried in a moment.

The Bavarians, however, were still sheltered by their redoubts, and before these could be attacked night fell, and put an end to the combat.

Mercy, though driven back, was not defeated. Turenne, on his side, had not been more completely successful than Condé; and the next morning found the two armies still in presence, and saw the attack renewed. Still each general maintained his reputation, and, after fighting the whole of that day, a part of the night even was consumed in the combat without bringing it to a decision. During the three days that followed, the army of France reposed itself. Not so the mind of Condé, which, far from startled by the difficulties he had encountered, formed the daring project of cutting off the retreat of the German general, and investing him in his own camp. Mercy, however, with a soul of the same nature as the prince's, divined his project before its execution, and on the third day began his retreat upon Fellinghen. It was not, however, suffered to take place in peace. Condé followed; but though Mercy sacrificed a part of his baggage and artillery rather than be drawn into a general action, the advantages gained over him were not great, and he effected his retreat after some severe skirmishing.

The victory was certainly Condé's, for he fought for a position, and he gained it; but the loss upon his side was

nearly equal to that of the enemy. The consequences, however, more fully demonstrated his success than even the possession of the field of battle. Philipsburg was taken after a brief but spirited resistance. Worms, Oppenheim, Mayence, Landau, Mayenne, submitted without opposition, and Condé returned to Paris, leaving the whole course of the Rhine in the hands of France.

On the surrender of Mayence we will pause for a moment to notice a circumstance which called forth the display of other acquirements on the part of the young warrior than those of the soldier. That city, proud of its strength, yet willing to surrender itself to France, refused to yield its keys to Turenne, who had been sent against it, and demanded the presence of the victor of Rocroy and Fribourg. In consequence of this, Condé presented himself, when the gates were opened to him, and the various learned bodies of the city harangued him in Latin. Perhaps it was little expected in that day that a man who, out of the brief life of three-and-twenty years, had passed so many summers in the tented field, should be able either to comprehend or to answer an address in a dead language; but however that may be, Condé instantly replied in the Roman tongue with a fluency and elegance which put to shame the stiff forms of their laboured oration.

On his return to Paris, the regency being now firmly fixed in the hands of Anne of Austria, and her government entertaining less jealousy, as it was exposed to less danger, Condé seems to have been received with more cordiality and rewarded with more sincerity of gratitude.

We shall say little of his stay in Paris at this period, not because materials are wanting, but because there are various circumstances connected with this part of his history the discussion of which is both unpleasant and unnecessary. His eulogists, and those who knew him best, give to this epoch of his life more unlimited praises than even to his conduct as a warrior, stating that he used his great influence for the noblest of purposes, and controlled his own passions to promote the happiness of others. There are others, however, who accuse him of vices and even of crimes: but their accusation is *suspicious*, inasmuch as it proceeded from persons avowedly his political enemies; *improbable*, from the nature of the charges and the character of the man;

and *unworthy of belief*, as unsupported by any tangible evidence. As there are few bad men without some virtues, so there are few good or great men without some faults or meannesses; but he who points out, even truly, the weaknesses of the noble, the follies of the wise, or the pettinesses of the great, does a bad service to humanity, by depriving it of examples of virtue, and must be much more actuated by the desire of detraction than by the love of truth.

The Cardinal de Retz himself, who was turn by turn the prince's friend and his enemy, his partisan and his opposer, mentions nothing that could lead to a belief in the calumnies which some later publications have thought fit to bring forth from the dark repertories of long-forgotten scandal; and yet the Cardinal de Retz was not a man to spare or to conceal. We may, therefore, well set down the charges to which we allude, either to the general malevolence with which the mean regard the great, or to the more venomous malignity of individual hatred, and thus pass them over as either matter for contempt or detestation.

We have in the foregoing pages mentioned the impetuous heat with which the duke d'Enghien sometimes outraged the cold etiquette of a ceremonious court. An instance of the kind occurred at this period, which caused for a time a serious division between himself and the duke of Orleans, the uncle of the young king, and which, though productive of no important results, was never sincerely forgotten. At a splendid *fête* given at the palace of the duke of Orleans, one of that prince's ushers carelessly waving his staff of office, brought it so near the duke d'Enghien as to graze his face. Condé, giving way to a burst of anger, snatched the wand from his hand and broke it to pieces. The duke of Orleans looked upon this proceeding as a personal insult offered to himself, and resented it accordingly; and thus began a quarrel which was with great difficulty appeased by Cardinal Mazarin.

The war upon the frontiers still continued, and the court of France took care to cripple the energies of her generals, by dividing the army into such small portions that nothing great could be undertaken by any one division.

At length, however, Turenne having received a severe check at Mariendal, the necessity of a junction between his forces and those of Condé became absolutely necessary for

the safety of the state, and the prince accordingly marched for Spire, where his corps, united with that of Turenne, amounted to about twenty-three thousand efficient men. Armies in those days were not the immense machines which we have since seen employed in the wars of our own times; so that the forces now under the command of the prince were looked upon as very considerable.

With these he continued to manœuvre in the face of General Mercy for some weeks, now threatening one town, now another, till, after a thousand marches and counter-marches, he succeeded in drawing the imperial army into the plains of Norlingen. Here General Mercy, who was famous for the skill with which he selected his position on all occasions, though he could not find a ground so strong as those he had hitherto occupied, took post upon the heights, with his right wing covered by the mountains of Vimburg, and his left resting on the castle of Allerem, with the village of Allerem a short distance in advance of the centre of his line. This he had time to occupy with a strong force; and adding some hasty fortifications to the natural strength of his position, he rendered it almost impregnable.

So Turenne judged it, when, turning back from Norlingen, the French army came in presence of the enemy; and he strongly advised Condé not to tempt a battle under such disadvantageous circumstances. The prince, however, saw nothing but victory before him; and it is an extraordinary fact, which has been observed of these two great generals, that, with equal courage and talents, they never judged alike on the probable issue of any great undertaking. It would be ridiculous to say that Turenne was timid—no, but he was cautious. Condé was bold—so bold indeed, that success was the only proof that he was not rash. Condé always struck for victory, Turenne always guarded against defeat.

Under Condé, commanded Turenne and Grammont; under Mercy, Glene and the famous Jean de Wert; so that six of the most celebrated generals of Europe were at once upon the field. The battle was long and sanguinary. The village, which was the principal point of attack, was taken and retaken more than once, and the uncertain balance of fortune wavered long over the two contending armies.

At length, however, the united efforts of Turenne and Condé succeeded in breaking the right wing of the enemy and taking the village. Confusion and defeat now spread itself through this part of the imperial army. The centre gave way in every direction, and John de Wert, who had on the left defeated Marshal Grammont, and even made him prisoner, found himself abandoned by the rest of the army and exposed to the whole force of the French. To retreat was all he could do, and it was most honourable to himself that he could do so with safety. The field, however, remained in possession of the French, with the whole of the enemy's artillery and forty standards. Six thousand men fell on the part of Austria, amongst whom was Mercy, the general-in-chief. He was buried on the field, and a monument erected to his memory with an epitaph that he merited:—

“Sta, Viator! Heroem calcas.”

Glene, who commanded the imperial right wing, was taken, and a multitude of officers of lesser note were amongst the dead and the prisoners.

France lost four thousand men and a great many officers; Turenne and Grammont were both slightly wounded, and Condé, with two horses killed under him and three wounded, received a pistol-ball in the arm, and a slight hurt in the thigh.

He hastened to profit by his victory, but his wound and fatigue brought on a fit of illness as he lay before Heilbronn, which soon grew so serious as to threaten his life. He was carried to Philipsburg, where a strong constitution at length overcame the disease; but while he thus lay incapable of action, the imperial forces rallied behind the Danube, and, advancing under the command of John de Wert, wrested from the French all the advantages they had gained.

At this period, the operations of the armies in Flanders were every moment becoming more and more important to France; but, confided to the command of Gaston, duke of Orleans, a weak, undecided, and favourite-governed prince, the French troops in that district were reaping little but the thorny harvest of loss and disgrace. Though it was evident to every one that the genius of Condé was there required, to retrieve what had been done amiss, and to per-

form what had been left undone ; yet Gaston of Orleans clung to his command with the pertinacious attachment of all weak men to the power they are incapable of using. No one dared to propose to the great Condé a subordinate station, but, with that greatness of mind which is one of the nobler parts of heroism, he voluntarily offered to serve under his cousin of Orleans. Though opposed in all his greater schemes, and harassed by the timid counsels of the weak and incapable men with whom he was joined, the presence of Condé brought success along with it. Courtrai capitulated, Mardyke was taken, and Dunkirk, after a long and painful siege, fell for the first time into the hands of France.

About this time Henry de Bourbon, prince de Condé, the father of the young warrior, died at Paris, and was succeeded in all his honours by the subject of our memoir.

Being now, as successor to his father, president of the council of regency, Condé's first care was to protect the count de Harcourt and Marshal de la Motte against the tyranny of Mazarin, who, without affording them the means of success, now punished them for the want of it in the campaign of Catalonia.

Mazarin, the most subtle of men, yielded every concession to the prince's remonstrance, praying him, at the same time, to take upon himself the command of the army of Catalonia, and promising him all the necessary supplies in abundance.

Condé was a less able tactician in the cabinet than in the field. From the native frankness of his character he suspected no fraud in one who professed to be his friend, and from long habits of victory he never doubted of success. He accordingly took the command which was offered him, and on arriving at Barcelona found that everything was wanting which could render his arms again triumphant. Neither money, stores, nor artillery were prepared ; but yet his confidence did not forsake him, and, as if in mockery of the difficulties of his situation, he was drawn into the only fanfaronnade of which history accuses him.

As we seek to represent Condé but as a man, though a great one, we shall relate this anecdote of his bravado at the siege of Lerida, as it is reported from the recital of one who was present.

"The prince besieged Lerida," says the amusing historian of De Grammont. "The place itself was nothing, but Don Gregorio Brice was not a little. He was one of those chip-of-the-old-block Spaniards, as brave as the Cid, as proud as all the Guzmans together, and as gallant as the whole Abencerrages of Granada.

"He suffered us to make the first approaches without showing the least sign of life. The Maréchal de Grammont, whose maxim it was that a governor who at first makes a great noise, and burns his suburbs that he may defend his town like a lion, generally defends it like a rat, did not at all like the civility of Don Gregorio Brice. The prince, however, proud of Rocroy, of Fribourg, and of Norlinghen, to tease the fortress and its governor, opened the trenches with his own regiment, at the head of which marched four-and-twenty violins, as if we had been at a wedding.

"Night came, and we all set about to amuse ourselves as best we might. Our violins were full of tender airs, and good cheer reigned throughout. Heaven only knows what dirt was thrown at the poor little governor and his ruff, both of which we fancied we should have in our hands within four-and-twenty hours. All this passed at the trenches, when we suddenly heard a cry of bad augury from the rampart, repeated twice or thrice,—'Alert to the wall!' which cry was followed by a salvo of cannon and musketry, and the salvo by a sortie, which, having swept our trench, drove us back fighting to the very camp.

"The next morning Gregorio Brice sent a present of ice and fruit to our commander, begging him most humbly to excuse his not having violins ready to return his serenade, but assuring him, that if the music which he had sent out the night before had been found agreeable, he would endeavour to keep it up as long as the prince did him the honour of remaining before Lerida."

The governor kept his word, and Condé was obliged to raise the siege and return into France a wiser man at least, if not a better general, than when he had quitted it.

About this time took place in France the first infant movements of those dissensions which were afterwards known by the name of the Wars of the Fronde. The regency of the kingdom had, as we have shown, been confided to the queen, Anne of Austria, who yielded all her power to her

favourite and minister, Cardinal Mazarin. The combination of weakness and tyranny in his government of the country at first excited little but satire and contempt. But gradually contempt grew into hatred, and satire into opposition. The people murmured against the excessive imposts with which they were burdened, the nobles espoused their cause, and the Parliament of Paris took several steps to obtain redress. Mazarin, however, governing the duke of Orleans by his weaknesses, and reconciled to Condé by virtue of a thousand submissive apologies, felt his power secure, and continued to neglect the complaints of the people and the remonstrances of the Parliament.

In the mean while the prince, at the head of the army of Picardy, was opposed to the Archduke Leopold, and, after various skilful manœuvres, succeeded in taking Ypres in the face of the Spanish army. He then effected his junction with the count d'Erlach, and followed the army of the archduke to the plain of Lens, where, having drawn him out of his intrenchments, he led him on to a general battle. His repulse from Lerida was here wiped out by the most signal victory he ever gained. The archduke was defeated, General Beck killed, and ten thousand men, with eight hundred officers, were left on the field of battle, on the part of the imperial army. Such victories are often as detrimental even to the conquerors as a defeat; but in this case the loss of the French amounted to but five hundred men; and the opening afforded to further conquests was immense.

Internal faction, however, placed a barrier between the arms of France and the splendid career open before them. By this time the dissensions between the court and the people of the capital were drawing to a climax; and Mazarin, beginning to tremble at the storm which he himself had raised, recalled the prince de Condé to Paris, hoping to gain shelter under his protection. The prince returned, and found himself instantly an object of solicitation to all parties. His first endeavour seems to have been to act as mediator, and by conceding something to the people, to remove the justice of their complaints, whilst, by adding his influence to the authority of government, he put the monarchy itself out of danger. The chiefs of the people, however, had by this time begun to feel the benefit of mur-

muring and the sweets of popularity, and they were not at all inclined to accede to measures which, by removing injuries, would put a stop to the eloquence of complaint, and, by quieting popular irritation, would deprive them of the vanity of popular favour.

A thousand obstacles therefore were instantly raised against the plans which Condé proposed, and, incensed by unreasonable opposition, he cast himself completely into the arms of the court, and counselled the most violent, though perhaps the most feasible measures, for reducing those persons to submission by force that he had in vain attempted to recall to their duty by reason. His suggestion was, that the army should instantly be marched upon Paris, that cannon should be pointed down all the principal streets, and that chiefs of the party called the Fronde should be directed to quit Paris within a certain space.

To judge of this proposal, we must remember that France was then an absolute monarchy; that the divine right of kings was then considered undeniable; that Condé was of the blood royal of France; and that therefore all his prejudices were on the side of absolute power. His plan would certainly have succeeded, for the Parisians were prepared with no means of resistance, and must necessarily have acquiesced in any demand enforced by the cogent argumentation of cannon-balls. It happened, however, that another scheme was offered, for blockading Paris, and reducing it to obedience by famine.

Weak courts always follow timid counsels, and this was adopted. The queen, with her son and the greater part of the court, quitted Paris during the night; and Condé, without money or ammunition, and with ten thousand men at the utmost, was ordered to invest one of the largest capitals in Europe.

In the mean while the Parisians held themselves upon the defensive, and, supported by several princes of the blood, gave orders for raising an army; and thus was begun a civil war, the most extraordinary, if not the most absurd, of any within the record of history.

The account of this war given by Voltaire is too long for insertion here as a whole; but many of the sketches that he has drawn are too living and too true to be omitted. "The different chambers of parliament," says he, "which

had cried so loudly against a trifling and necessary impost, which did not amount to a hundred thousand crowns, now voted a sum of near ten millions of our money for the subversion of their native land.

"The civil discords which at that time desolated England, serve to show clearly the character of the two nations. The English had mingled with their civil troubles a melancholy inveteracy and a reasoning fury; bloody battles were fought, scaffolds were raised for the vanquished, and the steel decided all.

"The French, on the contrary, cast themselves, laughing, into the arms of sedition by pure caprice. The various factions were headed by women, and love was the mover of the cabals of the day. The duchess of Longueville won Turenne to seduce the army which he commanded for the king to revolt against their sovereign. Turenne did not succeed, and was obliged to fly from the very army he had commanded, for the love of a woman who laughed at his passion.

"The duke of Beaufort, the idol of the people, and the instrument made use of to govern it—a popular but narrow-minded prince—was a public object of ridicule to the court, and even to the Fronde itself; and his common appellation was, the King of the Markets. The Parisian troops, who issued forth from Paris covered with feathers and ribbons, and always returned defeated, were received with hootings and bursts of laughter. Epigrams and couplets were their only means of repairing these disasters. Taverns and places of debauchery were the tents where they held their councils of war, in the midst of pleasantries, songs, and dissolute gaiety."

Such is the picture of the wars of the Fronde, as given by Voltaire; and though De Retz, Joli, and others who have written on the subject, paint it in somewhat graver colours, and give it more consequence, from having been personally interested therein, yet the result of the whole is, that it was begun with ridiculous levity, and carried on as it was commenced.

It ended with the same inconsistency. Both parties grew tired of a folly which injured them both; and after skirmishes, negotiations, and treaties, all equally ridiculous, a peace was concluded which left the situation of the

ministers and the people quite as precarious as it had been at first.

Condé, however, triumphed in bringing back the court to Paris, and of course met with that ingratitude on the part of the minister with which weak minds always return services they cannot reward. Condé had rendered himself too great, and Mazarin hated him in proportion. Intrigues on both parts succeeded. Condé suffered himself to be guided by his sister, the beautiful duchess of Longueville, who, deeply implicated with the party of the Fronde, left no means untried to detach her brother from the court. The Fronde eagerly courted him. The duke of Orleans joined himself to the faction; and Condé for the first time wavered in his support of the throne.

Mazarin saw his danger; and, to disunite the formidable party raised against him, he made every concession that was demanded of him. The duke of Orleans, ever vacillating in his determinations, led the prince back to the court as he had led him from it; and Condé, having dictated his own terms, returned once more to the party of the government. A sincere reconciliation, however, was the last thing in Mazarin's thoughts. His only object had been to detach Condé from the faction to whom his support was a host; and, having accomplished his purpose in this instance, he applied himself assiduously to render the breach between the prince and the Fronde irretrievable. Means were not wanting to a man who scrupled to employ none that could be offered; and Mazarin soon succeeded in rendering Condé and the Fronde equally obnoxious to each other.

It is an excellent weakness in human passions, that to reach immediate gratification they forget all ultimate objects. Without this counterbalancing blindness, how many fearful purposes would be effected by the wild strength of that cruel race of giants. The great end of the Fronde was to overwhelm Mazarin, and to destroy the government; but in their wrath against Condé they forgot all other designs; and the chiefs of the faction are actually found in history combining with Mazarin himself to procure the arrest and imprisonment of the prince. Both Joli and De Retz acknowledge the intrigues, the plots, and the cabals which took place between the minister and his avowed enemies, for the purpose of destroying a man equally inimical to

both ; and, supported by his adversaries as well as by his own party, Mazarin determined upon the boldest step that signalizes his administration in history.

The duke of Orleans was made acquainted with the scheme, and of course, having in his day deserted all parties, been the tool of every knave, the destruction of every friend, the fomenter and betrayer of every conspiracy, he scrupled not to yield his cousin to his fate, and to lure him on to the trap. For four whole days he is said not to have revealed the secret intrusted to him—a thing unparalleled in the history of his life. This, more perhaps than any other circumstance, tended to strengthen Condé's feeling of security. Though there wanted not many to warn him of his danger, and even to inform him of the coalition of the cardinal with his enemies, the natural frankness of his own nature would not permit him to believe that Mazarin loaded him with professions and civility while he planned his ruin. Besides, he knew that the matter must have been confided to the duke of Orleans, if it existed ; and he never dreamed that the duke could keep a secret.

This fatal confidence in the sincerity of the one and the weakness of the other proved his bane. A specious pretext was easily found to call the duke of Longueville, his brother-in-law ; the prince of Conti, his brother ; and himself, to the palace together ; and all measures were prepared to arrest them on their arrival.

Accordingly, on the 18th of January, A.D. 1650, the prince proceeded to the palace, and was walking onwards towards the council-hall, when the captain of the queen's guards approached, and in a low voice informed him that he had an order for his arrest. The prince started, exclaiming bitterly, " This, then, is the reward of my services ! "

He made no attempt at resistance, however, though it is more than probable that the extreme attachment of the soldiery to his person would have rendered such an effort successful. Whether, with his usual presence of mind, he remembered that success itself would have placed him in a situation of great difficulty and danger, or whether he submitted from mere effect of surprise, cannot now be told. He demanded only to speak with the queen, which being refused him, he was conducted, through a double line of soldiers, towards the carriage which had been prepared for

him. One of the rooms through which he was led was, from some accidental cause, darkened. He entered it without hesitation; but, as he did so, he turned to the officer, saying, "Guitaut, this looks very like the states of Blois!" alluding to the murder of the duke of Guise by order of Henry III.

"Fear not, my lord," replied the captain of the guard; "I would not have undertaken it;" and the prince was then conducted to the carriage, which conveyed him, with his two relatives, to the castle of Vincennes.

The details of a prisoner's existence are too monotonous to give pleasure, unless we could represent separately all those minuter shades of feeling—the hopes, the fears, the expectations, the weariness of delay, the sickening of imagination, the vacuity of being, the listlessness of idleness, and the things to which it will descend for employment—all which, when rightly produced, find their way to the latent sources of feeling, and draw deeply from the well of human sympathies, but upon which we who here write have neither space nor power to dwell at length. Life in a prison is like one of those fine old pictures, in which, when we look near, we find a thousand objects to strike and to interest; but which, at a distance, form but one dark sombre spot.

Even in prison, however, the great Condé's spirit never quailed to fortune. His gaiety seems not to have sunk for a moment; though, indeed, there was perhaps a stronger touch of sadness than has been imagined in the famous answer he made on hearing that the princess, with his infant son, had raised a great part of the south in his favour, and was defending Bordeaux against the army of Mazarin. He was at the moment watering some pinks, the cultivation of which formed one of the few amusements of his prison, and turning to his surgeon, who brought him the news, he replied, "Wouldst thou ever have thought, my good friend, that I would be watering my garden, while my wife was carrying on the war?"

The efforts of the young princess de Condé to deliver her husband by force were fruitless. A thousand other projects, well conceived and well carried on, to extricate him by art, were equally unsuccessful, and Condé was successively removed to the citadels of Marcouffy and Havre de Grace. During his imprisonment in the latter city, how-

ever, the aspect of the political factions in Paris began to change. Mazarin and the Fronde had acted together to remove their mutual enemy; but that object being effected, no link of union existed between them. Female influence was now exerted in every direction in Condé's favour. Absence removed prejudices, calmed irritations, and quelled popular outcry. Suffering and wrong excited pity and indignation, and the same men began to cabal for the prince's return, who had leagued with Mazarin to procure his imprisonment. Such were the signs that began to show his liberation as approaching; but the immediate cause thereof was the ascendancy that the faction of the Fronde obtained over the minister. With the French people no arms are so powerful as ridicule, and no man knew better how to govern the French by that means than the celebrated Cardinal de Retz, the leader, as he may truly be called, of the Fronde. To ruin Mazarin now became his object, and, having rendered him the laughter of the Parisians, he soon succeeded in rendering him their aversion. Insult after insult was piled upon him. Menaces were added to affronts, and the minister soon found it necessary to his safety to fly from a scene where danger was following indignity. He retired, in consequence, from Paris, and a decree of the Parliament immediately issued, exiling him from the country. Anne of Austria would fain have followed her favourite from the capital, and supported him even at the expense of a new civil war; but the Fronde were upon their guard, and by investing the Palais Royal, compelled her to remain in Paris.

One of the chief pretexts for the outcry raised by the faction against the minister, was the imprisonment of the princes; and the queen finding herself deprived of her counsellor, and in the hands of a powerful party, made the first show of yielding to their influence, by signing an order for the release of Condé and his companions.

The duke of Orleans, too, who was ever willing to change his opinions, gladly embraced the opportunity of abandoning the principles he had supported, and now called for the prince's immediate enfranchisement, as readily as he had yielded his voice for his arrest.

Messengers were instantly sent to Havre to open the

prison doors upon the captives; but Mazarin had forestalled them in their object; and before quitting France, had himself proceeded to Havre and set the princes at liberty, hoping by such an action, and the mean concessions which accompanied it, to find a protector amongst the very persons he had injured. It is pleasing, however, to see that frankness, integrity, and generous feeling, compel the esteem of even the base, and are still in the end appreciated by those who have not the moral courage to act by them.

The prince returned to Paris, and was received with shouts and acclamations by the people, professions of attachment and offers of service by the great, and honours and apologies by the court.

Soon the scene changed; Mazarin, though absent, exerted his influence over the councils of Anne of Austria. The favours and posts which Condé solicited for those who had contributed to regain his liberty were refused by the court; his friends deemed him ungrateful and cold in their cause; the soul of all factions, the Cardinal de Retz, began to inspire new intrigues against him; and to avoid being arrested once more, Condé was obliged to retire from Paris to St. Maur. Here an immense party formed around him, consisting of many of the most noble, the most talented, and the most intemperate of the French court. Wit, courage, and skill, were not wanting in the prince's circle, but judgment, fixed principle, and steadiness of character, were not to be found in France. Each individual was personally inimical to Mazarin and all the queen's favourites; each had some strong personal interest to consult; and each strenuously urged the prince towards a civil war.

The strongest influence of all, however, was that of his sister, the beautiful duchess of Longueville, who employed its whole force to determine him to negotiate with the Spaniards, and declare war against the court. Condé weakly yielded, and the negotiations were begun. He was acting, however, against his own better judgment, and hence the indecision which he evinced on this occasion, a weakness that he never showed in any other action of his life. He hesitated long, now negotiating with the court, now with the Spaniards, and apparently willing to avail himself of the least concession that the queen might make.

Such concessions were made, and Condé returned to

Paris, where several decrees of the Parliament were given in his favour. The enmity of the queen, however, was unabated; that of the Cardinal de Retz was a thousand-fold increased; and contests of the most disgraceful nature occurred daily, between the armed followers of the prince and those of the cardinal. Swords were drawn by nearly two thousand men on both sides, in the immediate precincts of the courts of justice, and the streets of Paris offered one continual scene of brawling, anarchy, and tumult. At length the revolt of Condé was determined by his discovering that a plan for arresting him at a procession had been arranged by the queen and the Cardinal de Retz, and that an order had issued to the duke d'Aumont to surround and cut to pieces a body of troops attached to his person, in the neighbourhood of Stenay. Pressed on all sides by those he loved best, to oppose force to treachery, he at length yielded to the evil counsels that were given to him; and, quitting Paris, raised the standard of revolt at Bordeaux.

His army soon amounted to twelve thousand men, and many bodies of troops in other parts of the kingdom declared in his favour. His partisans were intelligent and busy throughout the kingdom, and for a time success seemed assured.

The king, however, now out of his minority, though still under the tutelage of his mother, soon took the field against his rebellious cousin, and advanced across the Loire to meet him. The royal armies were commanded by the count de Harcourt, a skilful and experienced officer, and by the famous Turenne, who, having changed parties more than once, had at length fixed himself in the service of the court.

A chief who undertakes a civil war upon his own personal interest, without the support of some grand religious or political principle which may act as a bond of union in his party, totally independent of attachment to himself, will ever find that, though caprice or generosity may still bind some men to him in moments of reverse, yet expectation of benefit is the general principle of human nature, and that the principal part of his followers, in moments of difficulty and danger, will discover that their own interest is of infinitely superior consequence to any that they take in him.

This was the case with the prince de Condé. He found

that he had no means of command over the men that followed him. Dissensions and disputes spread among his adherents, and though his party was long kept up by the intrigues and activity of his friends, the general hatred to Mazarin, who was now recalled, and the love of the French people for change and excitement, yet the movements of his armies were languid and undecided, and they met with fully as many checks as they gained advantages. Continually obliged to quit his forces to quiet animosities amongst his friends, or to raise fresh supplies, Condé found his situation very different from that wherein, furnished with troops over whom he had an absolute command, the whole energies of his mind were free to act as a general.

He had no talents for the head of a faction; and consequently his party was ever straggling, weak, and disunited, and his campaigns in the civil wars appear more like the wild efforts of a guerrilla chief than the regular combinations of the first general of his age.

After various skirmishes and battles, which hardly deserve the name of battle, the situation of the prince's affairs was greatly altered to his advantage by the obstinate favouritism of the queen, who had not only brought back Mazarin, and restored him to full sway, but insisted upon the Parliament of Paris rescinding the decrees they had issued against him. The Parliament resisted; and the duke of Orleans found a fair opportunity of changing his party, and declaring once more for the prince.

Two or three separate *corps d'armée* were hovering about in the neighbourhood of Paris, attached either to the interest of the prince or that of his new ally the duke of Orleans. Being without any direct object, they chiefly employed their time in quarrelling with each other; and probably, by their eternal wrangling, would soon have done the cause of the prince no small evil. Condé took the bold resolution, however, of traversing the whole country, nearly alone, to put himself at their head. He accordingly left the command in Bordeaux to his brother, the prince de Conti, and set out at midday from Agen, on a journey, the adventures of which are detailed with such amusing simplicity by Gourville, who was present, that we cannot resist detailing them, at least in part:—

“The day chosen for the journey,” says Gourville, “was

Palm Sunday, and these gentlemen having covered themselves with very modest apparel, more fitted for simple citizens than persons of their condition, the prince sent off his servants by water, saying that he would rejoin them at Marmande.

“I was charged to go before, with a guide on horseback, who carried behind him a portmanteau containing four musketoons, with their bandeleers wrapped up in straw. One was destined for the prince, one for the duke de Rochefoucault, one for the captain of the guard, and one for myself. These gentlemen having each provided other arms also for himself, I set off before, to pass the river Drot; and, having a list of the places by which we were to proceed, I went forward with the guide. In going, it was agreed that each should take a travelling name, to which we soon accustomed ourselves. Towards night we arrived at a town, the governor of which held it for the prince. Nevertheless, to avoid all risks, we had determined to avoid it; but the sentinel took the alarm, and gave it to the others. I told him, however, that we belonged to the prince’s party, and wished to enter the town. Accordingly, I put myself at the head of the troop, and, having made them halt opposite the gate, went in alone to speak with the governor. To him I said that his highness had sent me with a few horse to inquire for Monsieur de Biron; and, having taken a glass with him, I returned, and marched on with my little troop. On Monday morning we found ourselves at Cahensa. After having taken some repose, and suffered the horses to eat their corn, we went on, and marched for some time after nightfall, when we entered a village and alighted at a pot-house. We stayed here three or four hours; and having found nothing but eggs, the prince declared he could make an omelet as well as any one. Unhappily, however, the hostess having told him that, to do it through, he ought to turn it, and having given him a lesson how to manage it, the prince in the attempt upset the pan, and tossed it all into the fire. We set out thence two or three hours before day, to pass the Dordogne, which river we crossed in the boat in two parties. Marching onward, we arrived on the Wednesday morning, towards three o’clock, at a town which appeared to me of some consequence, and I questioned the guide as to whether it was

necessary to pass through it. He replied that it was not; but that we must pass close by the gate upon our left; adding, that the river was so near, it left but space for the road, and that a guard had been stationed there for some days. In consequence of this news, I decorated myself with a white scarf which I had provided against the occasion, and, seeing a man at the gate, I begged him, as I rode by, not to let any of my followers enter the town. I was obeyed to the letter, and we were all suffered to pass quietly. We then went on, and while allowing our horses to rest in a good-sized village, one of the peasants told the prince that he knew him well, and proceeded to name him. Happening to hear him, I began to laugh at the idea, and several of the others coming up, I told them what had happened; when all the rest taking the same tone, we jeered the poor man to such a degree that we completely confounded him.

"When we were about to depart, the prince de Marsillac, who had scarcely eaten anything, and had fallen asleep, having been awakened, was still so completely overcome, that he seemed to have lost all remembrance. Being raised by two of his companions, no sooner did they let him go than his knees bent under him again, and I was obliged to throw a quantity of cold water in his face to bring him to himself. The night following we arrived in time to sleep at a château belonging to the marquis de Levy, who was with us. Here the greater part of the troop went to bed for the first time since we set out; all of the party, except the prince de Condé, being so tired that they could not hold themselves up when they alighted from their horses. On the Friday, at four o'clock, we arrived on the banks of the Loire; and having found that we could pass at twice with all our horses, we embarked, intending to pass to the other side above La Charité, then held for the king. By a mistake, however, we were landed exactly opposite the gate. The sentinel having cried, *Qui va là?* I replied, on the spur of the occasion, that we were officers of the king's going to the court, and that we wished to come in.

"The prince, in addition, bade the soldier inform Monsieur de Bussy, who commanded in the town for the king, that Motheville (which was the name that Condé had taken) desired admission. Some other soldiers having appeared above the gate, one of them went back to inform the

governor. A little after, however, I turned to the prince, saying, loud enough for the sentinels to hear, 'This is all well enough, for you to stay here and go to bed if you like; but as our leave is out to-morrow, we must get on our way.' So saying, I rode on, and some of the rest having followed me, saying to the prince as they went, 'Stay, if you like!' he cried out that we were strange folks, but that he would not quit us; and bidding the soldiers give his compliments to the governor, he turned his rein and came after us. Nor were we a little glad to get so easily out of the scrape."

Shortly after this adventure, Gourville quitted the party to prepare for the prince's reception in Paris, and Condé proceeded to join the army, which he reached in safety. Joli, however, adds another anecdote to Gourville's account of this curious journey, saying that, stopping at the house of an old gentleman on the road, to whom the prince was personally unknown, they were hospitably entertained during the night, as friends of the marquis de Levy, who accompanied them. The host was talkative, and a jolly companion, and over his wine he began to tell some stories of Condé's family neither very palatable to the ears of his princely guest nor to those of the duke de Rochefoucault, who came in for his full share of the scandal. The marquis de Levy attempted in vain to stop the current of the old man's tongue. On he went, telling all he knew and all that he had heard. Condé, however, did not suffer such idle words to interrupt the harmony of the evening. He laughed with the laughers, and next morning continued his journey, rallying his companions on their adventures by the way.

Once safely arrived at Paris, all seemed favourable to the schemes of Condé. The duke of Orleans met him on his approach, the duke of Lorraine, with a powerful army, declared in his favour, and even joined him in the capital. The Parliament consented to all his wishes, thundered edicts against his adversaries, and sanctioned all his actions by decrees. But the rapid change of public opinion—always the most fluctuating of earthly things, and at this period more vilely capricious than at any other known epoch in history—soon darkened the political horizon around the head of the prince. Paris was invested by the army of the king, and all pensions were stopped to those receiving money from the state, who did not immediately quit the rebellious

city. An interested multitude fled at the word. Famine began to be felt within the walls; the people murmured; the duke of Lorraine began to negotiate for himself; and, though the Parliament did not abandon the prince, they began to wax sadly lukewarm in his cause. At the same time the court made immense preparations to end the civil contest at a blow. Troops were called in from every quarter; and the frontiers were almost left without defence for the purpose of assembling such an army round the small force commanded by Condé, that resistance would be useless, and escape impossible.

Condé saw his danger, and hastened to take measures against it. His army was then at St. Cloud, occupying a post sufficiently strong to oppose successfully anything like an equal force, but not to combat the immense body that now menaced it on all sides. Charenton seemed to promise a more defensible position, and thitherward Condé marched, taking his way through the suburbs of Paris, for the gates of the city itself were now shut against him.

His advance, however, was not permitted to pass unmolested. The two royalist armies followed him closely, the one under Turenne endeavouring to interpose between him and Charenton, and the other hanging upon his rear and striving to cut off his retreat. From the heights of Montmartre, which the prince climbed to judge of the respective positions of his own troops and those of the enemy, he saw that to proceed was impossible, without coming to a battle with two veteran armies infinitely superior to his own in an open plain. He preferred, therefore, to halt and defend the Faubourg St. Antoine, though he had nought in his rear but a city which shut her gates upon him.

Turenne instantly judged the prince's design from the first dispositions he saw him make, and to prevent the possibility of his strengthening himself in his new position, he ordered the instant attack of his advanced guard.

His purpose did not escape Condé, and to give his troops time to post themselves advantageously, he turned Turenne's movement against himself, charged his advanced guard at the head of a body of *élite*, and drove them back upon the centre. This first check, however, was soon recovered, the cannon of the royal army swept the streets: on both flanks Condé's army was attacked, while he repelled the enemy in

front; and as he returned from his successful charge he was met by the news that the royalists had driven in two regiments on the right, and had penetrated as far as the market-place. Condé at once put himself at the head of fresh troops, and hastening to dislodge the enemy, drove them back through the narrow streets of the suburb, took seventeen prisoners of consequence and several standards, re-established his troops in their position, and then hurried to encounter the enemy on the left. Condé was everywhere—in the front of every danger—opposed to every attack; but in spite of all that skill or heroism could do, the day was gradually going against him. The cannon of the enemy swept down whole ranks of his troops, the best and noblest of his friends had all fallen around him, slowly but certainly the royalists were gaining ground, and some large bodies of troops were forcing their way between him and the town, to surround him on every side.

One half-hour more, and Condé was lost for ever; but at that moment the courage and eloquence of Mademoiselle de Montpensier, the daughter of Gaston of Orleans, secured the retreat of the prince's army. She overcame the indecision of her irresolute father; she won the people to her cause, and, opening the gates of the city to Condé and his army, she caused the cannon of the Bastille to cover his retreat.

Condé was received in Paris in triumph; but new fluctuations succeeded. Each party was weak, and each party was irresolute; intrigue was the weapon with which they fought each other, and a concession on the part of the court did more to overthrow the cause of the prince than a thousand victories would have done to sustain it. A tumult of a bloody and disgraceful nature took place in Paris. It was probably concerted by the Cardinal de Retz, though it is possible that it arose in accident. The multitude, however, laid the burden upon the prince de Condé with the usual blindness of popular judgment. Shortly after, the court, yielding to circumstances, once more consented to exile Mazarin. The people had no longer any cause of opposition to the court, or any bond of union with Condé. In a few days his party was diminished one-half, and having himself obtained the ostensible object for which he was in arms, he immediately offered to negotiate with the royal party. To his proposals it was replied, that nego-

tiations were now out of the question, and that nothing was left for him but to submit.

Condé knew too well the consequence of such submission, and threw himself at once into the arms of Spain, still at war with his native country.

This conduct has been attempted to be justified, but of course without success. Armed opposition to established authorities, though always dangerous as a precedent, and ever calamitous as a necessity, destructive in its immediate consequences, and problematic in its remote event, has sometimes proved glorious, and has often been just. But to make it patriotic, feasible, or honest, it must be independent of all foreign intervention, and supported alone by national concurrence. Condé might have found it necessary to exile himself from an ungrateful country, and to abandon an ungrateful court. He might even be justified in raising the standard of civil war to deliver his nation from tyranny, whether of a king or of a minister; but when he put himself at the head of foreign troops to wage war against his native land, there could be no doubt that he was a traitor. Condé, however, had no such pleas: he united treason to his country to rebellion against his king; and even if any circumstance had existed to justify the latter, no circumstance can be imagined in which the former was not criminal.

Such faults, however, are amongst the number of those that seldom pass without meeting some punishment; and Condé, during his exile, drank deeply of the bitter cup of mortification and debasement. The Spaniards, indeed, who still possessed Flanders, received him with every demonstration of joy; and Fuensaldagnez, who there acted as commander-in-chief, resigned, by order of the king, the supreme direction of the army to the prince. The Spanish general, however, took sufficient care that the honour thus shown to Condé at his expense should be productive of no great glory to him that superseded him; and, by opposing all his plans, retarding his supplies, and thwarting his enterprises, he entailed on the gallant but culpable prince a long series of irritating disappointments.

To oppose Condé the royal army took the field, headed by Turenne, with great resources and unlimited power; but though the shackles of Spanish impassibility weighed heavy

upon the eager limbs of the prince, and bound him to slow movements, half-measures, and irresolute counsels, yet the native energy of his mind bore him up in spite of the chains with which he was enthralled. Condé appeared, perhaps, more truly as the greatest general of his age, while his actions were shaded by the timid hue of weak and unworthy restraint, than when the graceful skill of his military movements was lost in the blaze of his heroic impetuosity.

All his combinations were well judged, and all his manœuvres were well executed. With infinitely inferior numbers, he was often the victor, and never the conquered. Many places which he wished to succour he was compelled to abandon; not so much by the efforts of those opposed to him as by the inactivity of those who pretended to support him; and many places to which he laid siege he was obliged to leave untaken; but in most cases, as in that of Arras, it was after having repulsed the troops that came to the assistance of the fortress that he retreated with prisoners and trophies, more as if he marched from a victory than fell back from a failure.

Thus passed several long campaigns; but regret and disappointment were busily working at Condé's heart, that small, hidden council-chamber, in which, however policy may direct our outward movements and gloze over dangers and distresses with daring and firmness, painful truths are spoken aloud, where they are felt, are canvassed, and are estimated sadly, though all is activity and contentment without. Condé fell sick, and so inconsistent were all the factions of that day, that the court of France felt, or affected to feel, the most unprecedented interest in his situation. Anne of Austria, who hated him, sent a physician to consult with those that already attended him; and Mazarin, who both hated and feared, pretended the most affectionate apprehension during his malady.

To judge coolly, after this lapse of time, it would seem scarcely possible for any circumstances to have justified such foolish duplicity as that of Mazarin on this occasion. And yet no doubt can exist that he really did affect the deepest grief upon the prince's illness, and the greatest alarm for his life, although he was not only opposing him in the field, but had absolutely impeached him at home,

and gained a decree from the Parliament of Paris, declaring his estates confiscated, attainting his blood, and depriving him of his name, rank, and hereditary honours.

The duplicity of such conduct was absurd, inasmuch as it was totally purposeless, and could be but ineffectual ; but in regard to the decree against Condé, which has been censured as both cruel and illegal, we know of no law which does not visit with its most extreme pains such persons as wage warfare against their native country. Nor does it seem more than simple justice to apply the law to a great man which had often been applied to the insignificant ; for the possession of splendid abilities, great possessions, rank, influence, and renown, if they at all altered the case, increased the crime by extending the consequences.

Circumstances were, however, tending to recall Condé to his native country, and to relieve him from his painful and embarrassing situation. Both France and Spain were wearied of a war which, after many years of bloodshed and distress, had procured no one great benefit to either party, and had drained away much of the resources of each. Conferences were established between Mazarin and Don Louis de Haro, the Spanish plenipotentiary, for the purpose of negotiating a peace ; and, for once generous, the Spanish government would enter into no treaty in which Condé was not particularly included. Don Louis demanded more than Condé could ever have expected, and Mazarin conceded more than he probably ever intended to fulfil.

By these conditions the prince was immediately to be restored to all his honours and estates ; to be reinstated in his places, pensions, and dignities ; he was to be permitted to receive one million of crowns from Spain as a reward for his services ; and all who followed him in his rebellion were also to be re-established in their property and indemnified for their losses. Immediately on these stipulations being agreed to, Condé set out joyfully for his native land. The Spanish authorities strove which should do most to show him honour and respect ; deputations waited on him from their towns, and several of their noblest officers accompanied him to the frontier. From thence he hurried on to Provence, where the court was then stationed, eager to ascertain the reception prepared for him. It was as gratifying as could be desired. Mazarin himself came to meet him

on the road, and Louis XIV., now emerging into manhood, raised him condescendingly from his feet, and assured him that all should be forgotten but his former brilliant services.

Whether the king himself was sincere in the courteous reception he gave his revolted cousin may be matter of doubt; the sincerity of Mazarin can hardly be credited. Nevertheless, all the stipulations in favour of Condé were complied with on the part of France; but at the same time care was taken to separate him entirely from the soldiers who had served under him. This might be very justifiable policy, and no doubt it was; for though every surrounding circumstance rendered fresh revolt improbable, yet repentance is never so sure a warrant for good faith as unbroken fidelity; and he who had long been a rebel might soon be a rebel again. Had Mazarin, however, understood the character of Condé, he would have endeavoured to enchain him by frankness and unlimited confidence—bonds impossible for a noble heart to break; but Mazarin was not a great man himself, he had no generosity in his own disposition, and he could neither practise nor conceive it.

The minister did not long survive the return of Condé; but his death altered very little the position of the prince's affairs. Louis XIV., suddenly freed from restraint, which had not been irksome merely because it was habitual, now first seemed to awaken to the energies of his own mind, and took the resolution of governing his kingdom himself—a great and singular determination for one who had suffered the tutelage necessary to his infancy to be carried on unnecessarily into his manhood.

Whether he feared that counsel and assistance at such a moment might forge new fetters for him in the place of those from which the death of Mazarin had unmanacled his mind, or whether the thirst for military glory rendered him already jealous of the fame of Condé, cannot now be told; but certain it is that the young monarch in no degree courted the advice or aid of his cousin in the new task he undertook. Condé retired to Chantilly, and devoted himself almost entirely to the education of his son, leading a wise and tranquil life, the calm current of which was disturbed by little but the intrigues and cabals of his sister, Madame de Longueville.

About this time the great plans of ambition which had

probably lain long dormant in the heart of Louis XIV. began to develop themselves, and the conquest of the Low Countries began to occupy his whole attention. Though resolved to direct the operations of the campaign himself, it was of course necessary that the immediate command of the army should be given to some of those famous generals that the long wars of the regency had formed and confirmed. Two men of renown were before him for his choice, —Turenne and Condé. Louis fixed upon Turenne; and Condé showed himself really great in the calmness with which he saw his rival preferred. He remained himself at Chantilly with perfect equanimity, but sent his son to learn the art of war under Turenne.

In Flanders the arms of France met with the most brilliant success; and new plans of aggrandizement soon began to be formed. Some persons have attributed the scheme for annexing to the crown of France that territory on the confines of Switzerland and Burgundy, formerly called Franche-Comté, to Louis XIV. himself, while others, with more probability, give the credit of it to Condé. However that might be, the execution of it was intrusted to him. In lulling the attention of the neighbouring powers, and blinding the eyes of the inhabitants of the country he was about to invade, while engaged in active but secret preparation, Condé showed himself a far more consummate politician than he had ever before appeared. Before the enemy were aware of his design, Condé was prepared to march; and before their musters were completed, he was in the heart of their country. Fourteen days sufficed for the subjugation of Franche-Comté; and the government thereof was justly and naturally bestowed on him who had conquered it. It remained but a short time, however, in the hands of France, being restored to Spain by treaty, before the expiration of many months.

Could renown and high esteem have given happiness, Condé would have been happy, for every hour brought him some fresh mark of the consideration he had won in Europe. The crown of Poland being at this time vacant by the resignation of one of its kings, the great majority of the nation called Condé to the throne.* Louis XIV.,

* This was the second time. The crown of Poland had been offered him even while in exile.

after seeming for a time to favour such an idea, suddenly changed his views, and commanded the prince to refuse the offer. Condé obeyed, but still his party, both in Poland and Paris, kept up their efforts in his cause, while those who opposed him had recourse to all that is base and mean to diminish his influence by tarnishing his renown. It was at this period that appeared the greater part of all those libels and scandalous letters, which, during his life, furnished models for many others, and have since afforded pleasant food to those who live on calumny against the great and good. We shall only pause on this subject further to remark, that the accusation of interested enemies is never evidence that can be fairly received in that court of judgment which every man holds in his own breast upon historical characters.

It was not, however, from private enmity alone, or public opposition, that Condé suffered. Pecuniary difficulties were added to other sources of discomfort, and the total derangement of his affairs, with the outcry of his creditors, left him no peace from those petty cares most galling to a mind accustomed to expand to great objects rather than contract to little ones.

At this moment, however, the return of one of his old dependents drew Condé from his domestic difficulties. Gourville, part of whose narrative has been already cited, had been afterwards exiled in the course of the many political changes of the day. Though banished and disgraced, Louis XIV. and his ministers did not think it beneath them to make use of his services at the court of Brunswick, and after many negotiations and much solicitation on the part of Condé, Gourville was suffered to return. The prince received his old servant with kindness and affection, and amongst other matters mentioned to him in conversation the deranged state of his affairs. Gourville saw and instantly seized the opportunity of serving his benefactor. He offered to take the investigation of the prince's revenues and expenditure upon himself, and willingly undertook to travel to Spain for the purpose of claiming the debt due from that crown to Condé. His integrity was not to be doubted, his zeal had been tried on a thousand occasions, and his shrewd intelligence Condé had himself witnessed during many years. The services of such a man were

therefore not to be refused, and the prince put his affairs entirely in the hands of Gourville. His trust was anything but ill-placed. Order and regularity were restored in Condé's household, he was freed from a heavy burden of debt and importunity, and after long and intricate negotiations at the court of Spain, his faithful attendant succeeded in recovering a considerable part of the immense debt due to him from that country. Thus was Condé freed from the most galling of private misfortunes, poverty joined to greatness, by a man to whom he had first shown some kindness when valet-de-chambre to the duke of Rochefoucault; so applicable to the real events of life is the fable of the Lion and the Mouse.

Military conquest was now the predominant passion of Louis XIV., and the conquest of Holland was the object that for the moment absorbed all his attention. By the advice of Condé he determined to avoid the fault committed in his former campaign against Flanders, and to concentrate rather than divide his army. The command-in-chief was assigned to the prince, and Turenne willingly served under one whom he had often obeyed and often opposed with honour. The first movements of the army having proved successful, the passage of the Rhine, proposed by Condé, was strongly applauded by the king, and even approved by Turenne. All measures were taken to render it successful, and to deceive the enemy in regard to the attempt about to be made; but, nevertheless, the prince of Orange could not be blinded to movements of such importance, and he had time to detach what appeared a sufficient force to render an undertaking, so difficult in itself, utterly impracticable.

A ford having been found, however, the cavalry began the passage, and the infantry followed in boats. The enemy's horse gave way at the first charge, and the infantry offered to surrender, when the brutality of the young duke of Longueville changed the bloodless triumph of the day into one of mourning amongst the noblest families in France. He had passed the river in the same boat with Condé, and, at the head of a large body of noble volunteers, was in the act of charging the Dutch infantry, when they demanded quarter. He replied by discharging a pistol-shot into the midst of them, and was instantly answered by a tremendous

fire, which laid low the youth of most of the French nobility. He himself fell amongst the rest, though his life was but a poor expiation for the bloodshed he had brought on.

While this was taking place, Condé had galloped forward to remedy his nephew's rashness. As he approached, however, one of the enemy's officers threw himself before him, and pointed a pistol at his head. Condé spurred on, grappled with his adversary, and the pistol going off in the struggle, the ball lodged in the prince's wrist. This accident, however, did not impede him for a moment; and it was not till all resistance was at end, that he dismounted and suffered his wound to be dressed.

Though in no degree likely to prove mortal, the wound of Condé was sufficiently dangerous to cause his removal from the army; and leaving Louis XIV. to pursue his conquests, he retired to Emmerick, and thence to Chantilly. It is reported that here the Abbé d'Orleans, brother of the fallen duke of Longueville, waited upon Condé, and offered, inasmuch as from his ecclesiastical vow he could not marry, to make the prince his universal heir by will. Condé, however, refused with a rare degree of generosity, and persuaded the abbé to turn his donation in another direction, although, be it remembered, Condé was far from affluent, considering his station.

His wound was scarcely healed when the great coalitions excited in Europe by the victories and aggrandizement of Louis XIV. obliged that monarch to call for his services anew, and Condé was once more charged to defend the frontiers of Alsace and the borders of the higher Rhine, menaced by the troops of Germany and Lorraine.

The season was inclement, great part of the country was under water, and contagious diseases began to manifest themselves amongst his troops. Still, however, Condé persevered in maintaining his position, and by so doing not only saved the frontier from infringement, but also brought back his sick in safety to Metz as soon as the fine weather returned; when, had he yielded to the murmurs of his troops and decamped earlier, he would have been obliged to abandon those in ill health to starvation, misery, and death.

In the following year, while Louis commanded in person

towards the south-east, Condé was appointed to keep the forces of Holland in check in the Low Countries, and succeeded in his object. In this command he remained almost constantly for several years afterwards, displaying in every campaign the same skill, the same courage, and the same firmness, opposed to the prince of Orange, a general worthy of his great opponent. No decisive battle, however, took place till the two armies met in the neighbourhood of Charleroy. The prince of Orange judged the position of the French army too strong to be forced, and accordingly marched upon Senef. In doing so, however, he incautiously exposed his flank. Condé never suffered such a fault to escape, and instantly attacked him. Three times victory seemed to crown the efforts of the French, and three times the combat was renewed by the enemy in a fresh position. At length, after having prolonged the battle even into the night, absolute weariness caused it to cease for a time. Before daybreak, however, the prince of Orange retreated unperceived, and in the morning Condé took up his former position.

Both parties claimed the victory, and the prince of Orange caused a *Te Deum* to be sung at the Hague on the occasion. *Te Deums*, however, are no proofs; though in nine cases out of ten most impious mockeries. The question of the victory is easily resolvable. The French kept possession of the ground; the allied armies yielded it. Therefore, though the French lost the greater number of soldiers in the combat, they may be fairly considered as the victors.

This was the last great battle fought by Condé. After the death of Turenne, indeed, the misfortunes and reverses of the army of Alsace caused the king to despatch the prince to take that command; but here, opposed to a very superior force, and to the wary and deliberate Montecuculi, he was obliged to refrain from those bold and brilliant strokes of genius that formed the peculiar feature of his military character. He maintained his position, however, on all occasions, and in the end, after many most admirable and effective manœuvres, he compelled the imperial general to retreat across the Rhine; and thus once more secured the frontier of his native country.

Finding his health daily declining, and his energies

unequal to the constant and multiplied cares of a great command, Condé now petitioned that the duke d'Enghien, his son, might be joined in authority with himself. The ambition of courtiers, and the jealousy of a great but greedy and envious minister, Louvois, had long been looking anxiously for some means of depriving Condé of the power and influence his great services had merited and acquired.

Louis XIV. himself had fully as many weaknesses as great qualities; and little doubt can exist that, military glory being one of his strongest passions, he had ever been jealous of that immense renown that Condé's sword had won. To flatter such feelings in the breast of a king was at least consistent with policy; and it may be easily conceived that Louvois and many others found no unwillingness in their own bosom, when it became politic, to gratify Louis and to disappoint Condé.

The prince's application for aid, under the pressure of military business, was answered by a permission to retire from his command. The Maréchal de Luxembourg was appointed to supply his place; but Condé for a time continued to frequent the court, and to aid with his counsels a monarch that no longer courted the assistance of his sword. At length, however, tired with the heartless routine of Paris, he asked permission to quit the court altogether. Louis replied, "I consent, cousin; but it is not without regret that I lose the advice of the greatest man in my dominions."

This speech has been admired and lauded; surely not for its sincerity. It might be a graceful compliment, but it was an empty one; and was of course as little believed by him to whom it was addressed as by him who spoke it. Such speeches tell little of the character of the man that makes them, though they give him an air of greatness in the eyes of the multitude. When they have been really spoken by the person to whom history attributes them, we may look upon them, nine times out of ten, as pieces of parade; but too often the person who bears the credit of having expressed a noble sentiment in pointed language, was the last to have felt such feelings, or the last to have given them utterance.

Several speeches of this kind are reported to have been

spoken by Condé. We shall only report two of them, however, which seem more consistent with his character than any others. When he was informed at Metz of the defeat of the Maréchal de Créquî, whom he was hastening to support, he remarked that Créquî had before wanted nothing of a good general but having been beat. As he marched towards Alsace, also, to take the command of an army formerly placed under Turenne in preference to himself, he remarked that there was but one thing he would desire—one half-hour's conversation with the shade of Turenne.

After retiring to Chantilly, little occurred in the life of Condé on which the biographer can rest. He sought for happiness and contentment: whether he found it or not, no one can judge. That he took the best human means is beyond a doubt, and he had many of the ingredients of happiness. He had repose after fatigue; he had tranquillity after excitement; he had wealth, and the means of beneficence. Possessing these from his situation, he took care to add constant employment, though he chose it amongst those placid and mild amusements that most contrasted with his former occupations. The care of his gardens, the conversation of all the great and distinguished characters of the day, the education of his grandson, the relief of the needy, but more especially those who had suffered by war; such were the pleasures that solaced his retirement.

During the earlier part of his life religion had very little occupied his thoughts, and in his middle age, though he was far from boasting of irreligion, he is supposed to have leaned to materialism. In retirement, however, the illusive splendour of earthly greatness passed away; he felt aspirations still, which worldly honour had left all ungratified—which riches, fame, power, and even self-applause, could never satisfy. He felt that there must be something more—a glory beyond the glory he had won—an immortality above the immortality of fame.

Condé began to doubt the foundation of his own incredulity. Doubt of any kind was not for a mind like his; and he examined. The repentance and death of his sister, the duchess of Longueville, struck him forcibly; other causes combined to change his opinions. He saw that on whichever side he turned there was much that human reason could not explain; but he saw that the truths of revelation

offered the only solution of his difficulties, the only explanation of his hopes, the only object for his desires; and casting doubt from him, he turned openly and sincerely to the evidence that he had heretofore rejected.

The effects of this change of opinion showed it at once to be the genuine result of conviction acting on a great mind in its full powers. He neither became bigoted nor superstitious. He denied not his alteration of ideas, but he made no display of it. He followed the same course of life that he had before followed, because he had chosen it for the best; but he added to it the exercise of the customary duties of religion.

The health of the great Condé had been declining ever since he had quitted the command of the army; and towards the year 1686 it became apparent that anxieties and fatigues had sapped the foundations of his constitution so deeply, that but a few years could be added to his life.

At this time the small-pox was raging in France with unmitigated virulence, and as often besieged the palace of the prince as it ravaged the cottages of the poor. The duchess of Bourbon, amongst others—the grand-daughter of Condé—was attacked with the most malignant species of the disease; and though suffering from excessive weakness, the prince immediately set out to join her at Fontainebleau.

Here, his weakness increased to an alarming degree, and on commanding one of his physicians to tell him the truth in regard to his situation, Condé was informed that he had but a few days to live.

He met the announcement with perfect calmness, and immediately turned his thoughts to prepare for death both in a religious and a worldly point of view.

By his will he made many dispositions which do as much honour to his memory as his greatest victories. Amongst other bequests Gourville mentions the sum of fifty thousand crowns left for the purpose of being distributed to the sick poor of those places wherein his arms had caused the greatest evil during the civil wars.

Others of the same kind might be cited; but it is time to hold our hand. Condé fulfilled all the last duties of his religion; he consoled his dependents and family for the loss

they were about to suffer; he took care to reward all who had served him, he endeavoured to recompense all whom he had injured, and then, possessing his senses to the last, he met the slow approach of death as firmly as ever he had fronted him in the battle-field.

After many hours of painful expectation, the great Condé breathed his last at seven in the morning of the 11th of December, A.D. 1686, aged sixty-four years.

We may conclude that in mind he was as noble as perhaps any man in history, not so much from the victories he won—for many have done the like—but from the moderation with which he used success. As a commander he was the greatest of his age, carrying every quality of a general to the verge of excess, but stopping there. His courage would have been rashness, without his judgment; his rapidity of movement might have been termed hurry, without the direction of his skill; his perseverance might have appeared obstinacy, had not success proved it to be firmness. In all his great victories he began the attack, and in almost all instances he led the charge in person; at his last battle (Senef) having charged fifteen times at the head of his guards. Such conduct would not redound to his credit as a general according to the modern system of warfare; nor perhaps would it have been justifiable even then, had he not been one of those extraordinary men who never lose the coolness of their mind in the heat of bodily exertion, the clearness of their view amongst a multiplicity of objects, their calmness in danger, or their temperance in victory.

In person he was striking, if not strictly handsome, and many persons mention the peculiar sparkling of his eyes as something not to be forgotten.

His manners were quick and decided, which gave them an appearance of roughness to those who did not know him, and of rudeness to those whom he did not like. He was, however, warm-hearted and benevolent, ardent to serve his friends, eager to repair pain he had occasioned or injury he had done; fiery to his enemies, but easily appeased. His anger was like the lightning—if it struck, it slew; but if it passed by, it was instantly extinguished.

His greatest faults were to one who loved him dearly, and strove to merit his affection—his wife. But the force

which had been put upon his inclinations in the matter of his marriage blasted all regard on his part towards the unfortunate lady to whom the bonds of policy had tied him in his youth ; and he seems never to have forgotten that she was the niece of the detested Cardinal de Richelieu.

Condé was a great man, but in this he was inexcusable, that he neglected and pained a woman whose virtues he could not doubt, and whose love for him was of such a quality as to induce her to throw off the fears of her sex in his defence, and boldly to take arms to free him from a prison.

We would fain have recorded nothing but the good ; but as there was this evil in his character, we have been obliged to tell it. The sorrow, however, which we experience that such a man was not altogether perfect, is wholesome in itself. The contrast of his many shining virtues makes us feel more painfully his fault, and shows that to have been a great man amongst the greatest, to have possessed a noble and a feeling heart,—to have well fulfilled the duties of a general, a friend, and a father, cannot be admitted as even a palliation, in the minds of those who read and judge, for the neglect of one duty, the breach of one moral tie.

JOHN CHURCHILL,

DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

Born 24th of June, 1650—Deficient education—An ensign at fifteen—His first military expedition—Serves under Turenne—Accompanies the duke of York in his exile—Marries Sarah Jennings—Created Lord Churchill—Ambassador to France—Battle of Sedgmoor—Is created earl of Marlborough by William—Actively concerned in the Revolution—Lieutenant-general to William III.—In disgrace—Committed to the Tower—Restored to favour—Battles of Blenheim, Ramilies, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet—Ambassador to Charles XII.—Declines in royal favour—Dies in retirement 16th of June, 1722.

SUDDEN excesses in nations, as in men, are almost always followed by rapid changes to the opposite extreme; and it is not till after long vibrations that society, like a pendulum, having been once disturbed, returns to ultimate repose. The revolution which overthrew the throne of Charles I.; the scenes of blood, of murder, and of crime, by which it was accompanied; the excesses of liberty, the intolerance of those who had fought for toleration, and the stern but beneficial tyranny of Cromwell—were naturally succeeded by base servility to a restored monarch. He, on his part, scourged but not amended by adversity; too good-humoured to be a tyrant; too easy to raise himself; too selfish to benefit others; without dignity, virtue, or religion; with but one good quality of the heart—gentleness, and one bright quality of the mind—wit,—met with crouching and subservient slaves in the same people who had butchered his virtuous and noble predecessor, more from the natural transition of popular feeling to the extreme opposite of that into which it had formerly been hurried, than from any permanent debasement in the mind of man. As after the access of a fever, lassitude had followed the fiery strength of frenzy. Nor was this less observable in the moral than in the political state of England. Religion, which had been a madness and a passion, now became a scoff and a reproach. Virtue, which had been grave and

stern, now fled altogether, or walked but a step behind vice. Mirth and mockery succeeded gravity and fanaticism; vice, lust, luxury, avarice, infidelity, took the place of ascetic severity, parsimony, and rigour; and impotent risings, mingled with pretended conspiracies, appeared instead of bloody and ferocious wars, general animosities, and merciless vengeance.

In the midst of the horrors of the civil wars was born, and in the midst of the vices of the Restoration was educated, John Churchill, afterwards famous as duke of Marlborough. His descent has been traced from heroes and statesmen, and many centuries of hereditary honour are called upon by his biographers to give dignity to his name. Properly considered, ancestral glory is rather an obligation than a claim, and requires from us great exertions in its support, rather than confers any lustre upon our own actions. Probably, if there ever was a man who, in the greatness of his progenitors could have found nothing with which to reproach himself, such was the duke of Marlborough; but, without seeking for accessory dignity in the uncertain rolls of genealogy, John Churchill accumulated in his own person sufficient glory to have ennobled a whole race.

It is, nevertheless, undoubted that his family was ancient and respectable. His father was a private gentleman of Wotton Bassett, in Wiltshire; and his mother was a daughter of Sir John Drake, of Ash, in Devonshire. The devoted adherence of his father to the royal cause during the civil wars, brought temporary ruin on his house; and the mother of the great general was forced to take refuge at the seat of his grandfather, where he was brought into the world on the 24th of June, 1650. With the Restoration the prosperity of his family returned; his father was knighted, sent to parliament, and employed in several offices of trust and emolument; and the young John Churchill, who was then a second son, was placed by Sir Winston Churchill under the care of a clergyman of the church of England, who probably, in the course of his education, impressed his mind with those political and religious principles which afterwards affected the course of his whole existence.

Anxious for his son's advancement, Sir Winston Churchill

withdrew him, at the age of twelve, from the private mode of life in which he had hitherto been brought up; and, obtaining for him the place of page of honour to the duke of York (afterwards James II.), he plunged him at once into the midst of a dissolute and unprincipled court. Here the business of life was pleasure; the moralities and even the decencies of society were done away; and it is far more wonderful that the young John Churchill escaped many of the vices that surrounded him than that he became affected by some. He seems to have yielded as little to the depravity of the scene as any of its actors; and there he certainly acquired that grace of action and that dignity of demeanour which, joined to high talent and personal beauty, rendered him the most distinguished man not only of his country but of his age.

It is not, of course, my object to commemorate the scandals which only the wit of a Hamilton could render tolerable, or to paint the manners of a libertine court; yet it may be necessary to state, that some of Marlborough's most inflated panegyrists have accused him of intriguing with one of the mistresses of the king, and of using a criminal passion for a sordid purpose—I would not imply as a means of promotion alone, but as a source of wealth; and if this was the case, we may trace thus early that low passion for money which has left a stain upon one of the brightest names in history.

The society of the duke of York, naturally of a fearless and warlike disposition, may well be supposed to have encouraged in the heart of Marlborough that military inclination of which he is said to have given strong and early indications. At fifteen he received from the hand of the prince the commission of ensign in the Guards, and volunteered his services against the Moors, who were then besieging Tangier. In this expedition he first distinguished himself as a soldier; but few particulars of any import are preserved. He returned to the court with honour; and, becoming intimate with the gallant, unhappy duke of Monmouth, he obtained a company in his regiment, and followed him to France.

At this time, Louis XIV. was preparing for that great expedition against Holland which I have had occasion to refer to previously; and Charles II. had been induced

to grant an auxiliary force of 6,000 men to support an overgrown power, and depress a nation which it was his best interest to uphold. Churchill marched with the English forces, and being joined to the division more especially commanded by Turenne, he soon drew upon himself the notice of the most skilful general of his age, and distinguished himself in the brilliant campaigns that followed, in such a manner as to leave no doubt of his future eminence. At the capture of Orsay, Rhineburg, Emmerick, Doesburg, Zutphen, and Utrecht, Churchill studied, under the greatest masters of the period, that science by which men have dreamed of winning immortality in dispensing death. Yet, as defence must sometimes be a necessity, the study of war must be a benefit; for, as one principal object in every art is to accomplish the greatest purposes with the least expense of means, humanity becomes an essential part of the science of arms. It may be remarked, also, that the most skilful generals have almost always been the most merciful; and had Marlborough sought for lessons in humanity, he could not have found it better taught than by Turenne towards his own soldiery, and by Condé towards his enemy.

The title of the "handsome Englishman," which Captain Churchill had by this time generally received in the French army, is said to have been given him by Turenne; but he soon acquired higher titles to distinction. His conduct on all occasions was gallant and resolute, and at the attack of the counterscarp of Maestricht (where he received a severe wound) he so signalized himself that the duke of Monmouth, who led the assault, attributed his success to him, and the king of France publicly thanked him for his services and recommended him to the further notice and patronage of the English monarch.

With such claims on favour Captain Churchill returned to England; and we may hope that, even if his sister's frailty had not seconded his pretensions with the duke of York, his own merit would have secured him reward and promotion.

He was almost immediately named gentleman of the bed-chamber, and master of the robes to the duke, and was at the same time appointed to a lieutenant-colonelcy of the line.

Peace was soon concluded with the Dutch; and the English forces having been recalled from France, Colonel

Churchill remained for some years in inactivity ; a period on which I will not pause, as his conduct during that time brought no great honour to himself or advantage to his country. His promotion, however, continued, and at the age of thirty we find him a full colonel.

The internal politics of England had by this time undergone a considerable change. License was still the character of the court, but slavish adulation was no longer the mood of the people. The great body of the nation professed the reformed religion ; and hatred against the Catholics became the bond of union amongst the factious and discontented.

The duke of York had openly professed himself an adherent of the Roman church ; and the Parliament, a willing agent in the hands of the Protestant party, passed the famous *Test Act*, and countenanced the general enmity towards the Catholics. That enmity grew from a prejudice to a passion. Under such circumstances there is always some person ready to turn the popular frenzy to his own advantage ; and that person is almost uniformly one of the lowest and most degraded of his race—one whom at other times a nation would shun with scorn or crush with indignation, but whom, in the madness of excited passion, they follow to crime, bloodshed, and their own destruction. In the present instance that person was the infamous Titus Oates ; and by the denunciation of a fictitious plot, the accusation of many innocent persons, and the production of witnesses as perjured and detestable as himself, he at once profited by and influenced the popular fury, till Charles yielded full way to the Protestant party, and James duke of York was commanded to quit the country and proceed to the Low Countries. As one of the officers of that prince's household, Colonel Churchill accompanied him in his exile.

Marked as England has ever been in the history of the world for party animosities, never did faction run so high, except in the time of actual civil war, as between the years 1678 and 1683. Shaftesbury, the famous Achitophel of Dryden, raised storm after storm round the vessel of the state ; and so great was his influence, that on King Charles being seized with a severe illness in the autumn of 1679, Halifax and Essex found it necessary to call the duke of York immediately to the spot, lest, prompted by Shaftes-

bury, the monarch's natural son, the duke of Monmouth, should seize on the crown in the event of the king's death.

Charles recovered; and it was judged expedient to represent the coming of the prince as uncalled for and spontaneous; but James received permission to transfer his residence to Scotland, where, with a short interval spent in England, he remained for two years.

Colonel Churchill accompanied the duke in almost all his migrations, conducted many of his political intrigues, and was one of the chief ornaments of the court which James held in Edinburgh. About this period of his life took place his marriage with the celebrated Sarah Jennings; and it is curious to observe how events, over which he had himself no control, combined to favour his advancement. The disgrace of his sister was probably one of his first steps to glory; and his marriage produced consequences that the eye of the most calculating wisdom could never have foreseen.

Sarah Jennings was one of the household of the Princess Anne, the youngest of the duke of York's daughters. She was a great favourite also of her royal mistress; and so far this alliance seemed likely to strengthen Colonel Churchill's influence at the court of the duke, but to produce no greater effects; for none could foretell that she who, not long after, seemed in a degree separated from England by accepting the hand of the prince of Denmark, would ever come to reign in Great Britain with undivided sway. Such, however, was the case with the Princess Anne; and her remembered affection for the favourite of her youth proved the stay and support of Marlborough in all his great exploits.

Disgusted with opposition which he knew to be unsupported by union, and tired of clamour in which the voice of reason was less heard than the loud tongue of faction and prejudice, Charles II., towards the end of 1681, dissolved the Parliament, and fearlessly assumed those prerogatives as rights for which his father had vainly shed his blood. His brother James, always the advocate of arbitrary power, was instantly recalled from Scotland, to aid in sowing that seed of which he himself was destined to reap the bitter fruits at an after-period; and in both his journey to London and in his return to Edinburgh the duke was accompanied by Colonel Churchill

This circumstance would be hardly worthy of record, were it not that, on the voyage back to Scotland, the vessel in which James and his suite had embarked was wrecked near the mouth of the Humber, and the majority of those on board perished. Thus at once England had nearly lost one of her most successful generals and one of her most unwise kings; and the man whose folly caused his own expulsion, and the man whose talent upheld the counsels that expelled him, had nearly gone to the bottom of the sea together. They were saved, however, in the same boat; and shortly after, James, having obtained vast empire over the mind of his brother, solicited a peerage for his companion in danger, which was immediately granted. Colonel Churchill now became Lord Churchill of Aymouth in Scotland, but did not receive an English peerage till after the duke of York's accession to the throne of Great Britain.

From the moment of his brother's return to the court of London, the only redeeming qualities of the government of King Charles were lost. The easy pliancy of the king's disposition seemed hardened into obdurate tyranny, and the blood of many of the best and noblest of the English nation dyed the axe of the executioner. From the effects of his influence on the reigning monarch the people learned to anticipate the character of James's future government; but the want of union amongst the various parties of the kingdom prevented successful resistance, while crushed plots and quelled insurrections strengthened the temporary power of the monarch.

Thus proceeded the affairs of the state till the sudden death of Charles placed the reins of government in the hands of James II.; from which period a succession of various acts of violence and injustice impressed more and more deeply every day on the minds of the nation the absolute necessity of a combined effort to stay the progress of arbitrary power.

It is a negative sort of praise to the character of Lord Churchill, that his approbation or support cannot be traced to any of the acts of folly and wickedness which precipitated James II. from the throne, although during the whole of that unhappy reign he remained the friend and favourite of the monarch. Immediately on the death of Charles, Churchill was despatched as ambassador extraordinary to

the court of France, for the purpose of announcing James's accession; and shortly after his return, having been raised to the rank of lieutenant-general, he commanded under the earl of Feversham against his former friend and patron the duke of Monmouth. It would appear that the earl of Feversham had taken few of those precautions against the rebels which every general is bound to do, whatever may be the situation of his adversary. Encamped at Sedgmoor, he contented himself with harassing the decreasing forces of the duke of Monmouth, without guarding against any sudden attack upon his own. Not so, however, Lord Churchill; and when Monmouth, having marched in the night to surprise the royal forces, arrived unexpectedly at Sedgmoor, he found his former friend up and prepared to give him full employment till the whole of the king's army could be brought into a fit state of defence. In the early light of a July morning the battle became general. The cavalry of the rebels was mounted on wild unbroke horses, which became unmanageable at the sound of fire-arms; the infantry had not sufficient ammunition, and the supplies had been left behind. For some time despair compensated all deficiencies; but ultimately discipline and force prevailed, and the rebels were routed with great slaughter.

The death of Monmouth is well known; and we can but regret that no reason whatever exists for supposing that Lord Churchill exerted himself in any way to mitigate or avert the fate of him who had been his friend, his protector, and his companion in arms.

It is unnecessary here to trace the events which hastened the consummation of the reign of James II. It may be sufficient to say that, outraging the prejudices of the people as well as the laws of the land, he drew upon himself both hatred and contempt. Many fled to the court of the prince of Orange, and many who remained secretly invited that prince to restore law and liberty to England. Amongst the latter number there is every reason to believe that Lord Churchill was one of the most influential; nor can we doubt that he had long corresponded with the malcontents at the court of William, and aided in planning that defection of the Princess Anne and her husband which took his last hope from the bosom of James II.

In moments of contention affecting the interest of a

nation, neutrality in men of high station and power is seldom justifiable ; but there are cases in which it is more than expedient. No one can deny that to the mind of Marlborough, early imbued with the principles of the Protestant religion, the actions of King James must have appeared both those of a tyrant and a madman. His prejudices, his patriotism, and his reason must all have combined to make him wish for a change which would put an end to the abuses and evils of the king's government ; but to King James also he owed everything—rank, station, fortune, opportunity. If ever the chains of gratitude should have bound the hands of any man, his was the case. To fight against his country and against his conviction, nothing certainly should have induced him to do ; but to betray his king, to abandon his benefactor, to aid in snatching the sceptre from the hand which had showered favours and honours and wealth upon his head—this was he not called to do either. Between the two there was a vast mean ; and here neutrality was honour.

William III., as is well known, after landing in Torbay with a small force, remained some time without being joined by any considerable number of those who had invited him to their shore. King James, with a superior power, advanced to meet him ; but some hesitation and delay in the royal movements afforded a fair opportunity for the dissatisfied to quit their lord. Amongst the first was Lord Churchill, in conjunction with Prince George of Denmark. At the same time his wife, the Lady Churchill, prompted, assisted, and accompanied the Princess Anne in her escape from London. After this the power of the invader increased every moment, while that of the monarch diminished ; and, losing hope and energy, James abandoned the field to his successful rival. William marched on towards London ; and Lord Churchill was sent to the city, where, under pretence of re-assembling his regiment of horse, he remained for some time investigating the state of parties, and preparing the way for the events which placed the crown of England on the head of the prince of Orange.

In all those events he had a share. He signed the famous association for the defence and support of the prince, and voted the address requesting William to take upon himself the temporary administration of affairs. With the

most consummate policy, however, he held aloof from all discussions where the interests of Mary and Anne, the two heiresses of the vacant crown, were discordant, and only appeared to vote in favour of William and Mary, after Anne had been induced to consent to their nomination to the throne.

His behaviour was of course qualified by some as prudence, and stigmatized by others as art; but at all events it proved eminently successful, and before the new monarch's coronation, Lord Churchill had become earl of Marlborough and gentleman of the king's bedchamber. Hitherto we have seen but little of Marlborough in a military capacity. He had always shown himself a gallant and successful officer under the command of others; but a very different and infinitely enlarged sphere began now to open before him, and though various circumstances combined at first to render his progress slow towards that eminence which he afterwards attained, yet, from the beginning of the reign of King William, we may look upon his career begun as a great commander.

Either from accident, or from the earl of Marlborough's own unwillingness to serve against his old master, who, supported by the arms of France, had by this time landed in Ireland, the rising general was despatched to Holland to command the English forces in the Netherlands, while William himself proceeded to oppose James in person. The battle of Walcourt, and the capture of Bonn, called the eyes of Europe more particularly to Marlborough; and though his efforts were restricted by the presence of a superior officer, and by the want of sufficient forces, yet his name began to spread amongst foreign nations; and the skilful in the art of war turned their attention upon the new commander, from whose conduct something extraordinary seems to have been already anticipated.

The prince of Waldeck, under whom he served in the Low Countries, bore the most ample testimony to his courage and skill; and on his return to England he was appointed to command a new body of troops destined for Ireland.

James had some time before been expelled from that country by the arms of William III.; but Cork, Kinsale,

and several other places, still held out for the deposed monarch; and it was against these that Marlborough was destined to act.

I must not pause upon the sieges of Cork and Kinsale, as events of far greater import lie before me for detail. Both those cities were taken with great rapidity in the midst of winter, and by the skill and activity of Marlborough the hopes of James upon the kingdom of Ireland were annihilated. It may be necessary, however, to mark an instance of that prudent moderation which formed a very dignified point in the character of that great general. On his arrival in Ireland, Marlborough found the duke of Wirtemberg commanding a considerable body of auxiliaries, with whom he was obliged to act. The duke of Wirtemberg was, like himself, a lieutenant-general, and, as a prince, demanded the supreme command. Marlborough required that station also, as the senior officer, and refused to admit the principle that civil rank gave any military authority; but finding that the dispute was likely to prove detrimental to the general interest, he compromised his claim without compromising the principle, and commanded on alternate days.

The great success of Marlborough's winter sieges produced from King William the well-known saying, that he knew no man so fit as the earl to be a general who had seen so few campaigns. In the following year (1691) William proceeded to Holland, in order to conduct the operations of the allied army himself, and thither Marlborough accompanied him as lieutenant-general. Neither the presence of the monarch, nor that of the earl, produced any great effect; for, notwithstanding all Marlborough's efforts, Mons was taken; and after innumerable and well-combined manœuvres, all that William could effect to compensate the loss of that city was the insignificant capture of Beaumont and the preservation of Liège.

So far the favour of the court had not been wanting to the advancement of Marlborough; but a period of reverses was now at hand. Various causes had combined to counteract, in the mind of William, whatever effects gratitude for eminent services might have produced to the earl's advantage; and of so taciturn and serious a character was that monarch, that his enmities could rarely be distinguished

from his friendships, till the moment came for bringing forth their fruits. With Marlborough that moment had now arrived. The king received him, and trusted him to the last instant; but the parliamentary settlement of fifty thousand pounds per annum on the Princess Anne, which rendered her independent of the court, had been promoted chiefly by the earl, and was never forgotten by the monarch; the opposition of the English officers and nobility to the elevation of foreigners both in the army and in the state had received the open sanction of Marlborough, and was another unforgiven offence. Whether any suspicions of the earl's good faith had also been instilled into the mind of William, does not appear; but it seems certain that his disgrace had been long contemplated, before the least sign warned the race of courtiers to fly the object of the monarch's displeasure.

On the return of the king from Holland, he was named as one of those appointed to accompany him to the next campaign; and on the very morning of his dismissal, he was admitted to an audience, for the purpose of presenting Lord George Hamilton to the monarch, on some occasion of courtly etiquette. In the afternoon of the same day that nobleman is said to have announced to Marlborough that the king had no further occasion for his services. He was deprived at once of his post of lieutenant-general of the infantry, of his regiment, and of his office as gentleman of the bedchamber. At the same time his wife was forbidden the court; and the Princess Anne, feeling herself involved in the disgrace of her favourite, withdrew also from the scenes where the other was not suffered to appear—a fortunate circumstance for the earl and countess of Marlborough, who thus secured the attachment of the future queen by those strong ties which are formed by community of suffering.

It has been alleged that Marlborough, in some moment of weakness, had betrayed to his wife the design which King William had formed of attacking Dunkirk, and that the countess, with the idle facility of female confidence, had revealed the secret to another. There are many reasons for believing that this was but one of the lying whispers of a court, spread abroad probably by those who thought it

necessary to assign some reason for the king's conduct, though he did not find himself called upon to justify it himself. Certain it is, that William suffered himself to be pressed almost beyond the bounds of respect by Admiral Russell, without condescending to assign any motive for his displeasure towards Marlborough.

Calumny usually follows disgrace; and it too often happens that there are men who strive to enrich or to raise themselves at the expense of those who have been stricken by the hand of power, like those most disgusting of wild beasts that prey upon the carcasses which others have deprived of life.

A few infamous informers took advantage of Marlborough's disgrace, and of the existing animosities in the state, and, modelling their plot upon those to which the former reign had given birth, they accused the earl and several other noblemen of high treason. A treasonable document was produced, to which the names of the intended victims were attached with so skilful a forgery that the parties themselves were obliged to declare their only reason for knowing the signatures to be false, was the certainty of never having signed the paper to which they were affixed.

Marlborough, with the rest of the accused, was committed to the Tower; but those who had conspired against them had miscalculated both the character of the king and the spirit of the times. William sought to crush no one but France; and though he loved to reward those who assisted his views, and to remove from his path all that opposed him, his enmity extended no farther. With the people, too, though party might still be a passion, yet it was no longer madness. The plot was investigated to the bottom, the accused were liberated, and the conspirators punished.

No compensation followed for unmerited disgraces. Marlborough, though acquitted, was suffered to retire from the court, and might have spent those brilliant years that brought his genius into blossom in unproductive solitude, had not a great change come over the political horizon. Whether in the bosom of Queen Mary a degree of petty jealousy of her sister might not produce the neglect and persecution of him who had tended to render that sister

independent, cannot be exactly determined. That Mary was jealous of the Princess Anne there can be no doubt; and that she would fain have kept her in a state of pitiful dependence on her own will is equally certain. We find, also, that the conduct of King William changed at her decease both towards his sister-in-law and towards the earl of Marlborough.

Marlborough nevertheless was not yet destined to enjoy any long period of tranquillity unassailed. Shortly after the death of Queen Mary, the infamous Fenwick, to save himself from the consequences of the treasonable machinations in which he had been detected, accused a multitude of gentlemen, of whom the earl of Marlborough was one, of conspiracy to restore the banished house of Stuart. The falsehood of Fenwick's charges was clearly proved, and instead of procuring him immunity, aided in conducting him to the scaffold.

From this moment Marlborough returned to the councils of England; and the confidence with which King William trusted him, as well as the unusually favourable language with which that taciturn monarch expressed himself in regard to his conduct, formed a strange contrast with the silent disgrace that he had so lately experienced.

Mary had been childless: not so Anne; and her son, the duke of Gloucester, has received all those exaggerated praises which are commonly showered on infant princes. Before vices are called forth, or virtues are tried, it is easy to discover excellences, and to magnify the natural graces and liveliness of childhood into splendid qualities and extraordinary talents. Such was the case with the young duke of Gloucester; and, putting aside the commonplaces of contemporary adulation and prejudice, it is hardly possible to say what was his real disposition. Nevertheless, there is every reason to believe that, had he lived, he would have proved one of the most eminent of our English kings, for had he even possessed moderate natural abilities, and a good original character, he could hardly have failed to become great, with a Burnet for his preceptor and a Marlborough for his governor.

To this post—one of the most important charges which could be confided to any person—Marlborough was nominated by the king himself, who gave his nephew to his care

with the flattering command, "Make him like yourself, my lord, and you will make him all that I can wish."

The words alone might have been one of those phrases which so seldom have meaning on the lips of any one; but, combined with the trust reposed—the education of a king for a great nation,—they were one of the most splendid compliments that ever a monarch addressed to his subject.

Nor was this the only proof of William's restored confidence in Marlborough. On all that sovereign's frequent absences from England, the earl was appointed one of the lords justices for administering the affairs of the nation till the king's return; and on the death of his pupil, the duke of Gloucester, he was appointed commander-in-chief of the British forces in Holland, and plenipotentiary for conducting the negotiations at the Hague.

The treaty of Ryswick had for a space restored tranquility to Europe; but, amongst all the hollow contrivances with which monarchs and nations have from time to time covered over their enmities and interests, in order to give time for recruiting their strength and renewing the means of war, none was ever more false or unreal than that peace of Ryswick. The last thing that either William or Louis dreamt of was amity, and as soon as those sinews were rested which carried on the struggle, each prepared to resume the contest with as much acrimony as before. William perhaps was ready earlier than his antagonist, and Louis soon added the only thing that was wanting to his adversary's means, by affording so fair a pretext, that the people of England were anxious to co-operate in the war that the king had long meditated.

James II. died at St. Germain's, and Louis XIV., notwithstanding much opposition in his council, instantly acknowledged his son as king of England. Every other country under his influence followed his example; and consequently the French *chargé d'affaires* was dismissed from London, while the English ambassador was recalled from the court of Versailles.

Addresses from various parts of England were presented to the king, assuring him of aid and support; and William, then in Holland, prepared to take the field against France, assisted by all the resources of England, and strengthened by alliances with foreign powers. But he was destined to

transmit the war he contemplated to his successor. Naturally of a weak constitution, and worn by incessant toils in war and application to public business, William's health had been long declining; nor can there be any doubt that his life must soon have terminated, even had no accident hurried it to its close. A fall from his horse, however, by which his collar-bone was broken and his lungs in some degree lacerated, proved the proximate cause of his death, and on the 8th of March, 1702, he left to the Princess Anne a kingdom full of factions, a revenue burdened with considerable debt, and an approaching war.

Although respect and honour had been shown to the Princess Anne after the death of her sister, Queen Mary, she had not been permitted to exercise the slightest political influence. Nor does it seem probable that she strove to do so. She wisely abstained from all faction, put herself at the head of no party, recommended none to office, and was perfectly content, according to the statement of Burnet, with the honour and employment to which her favourite Marlborough had been restored by King William.

That she felt in some degree mortified at her exclusion from all share of public transactions, may be inferred from the immediate removal of all William's ministers after his death. It became evident, also, that the star of Marlborough was now in the ascendant. He was immediately despatched to Holland in the quality of ambassador, to reassure the States, who were overwhelmed with grief and consternation on the news of the king's death; and while Prince George of Denmark was honoured with the empty title of generalissimo of all the queen's forces by land and sea, Marlborough swayed the counsels of Britain, and prepared to lead her armies in the field.

The alliances which had been formed by William were strengthened and confirmed, notwithstanding all the endeavours of the French court; and the union between England and Holland was still more strongly cemented by the appointment of Marlborough to the chief command of the Dutch troops. No activity was wanting in taking every measure for carrying on the meditated war with success; and, all being complete, a formal declaration of hostility was drawn up, well furnished with those vague and convenient excuses whereby treaties are rendered of no avail.

All Europe was filled with preparations, but the war began first amongst the petty and disjointed states of the Germanic confederation, several of whose princes adhered to France, and refused to join in the alliance with England. Prompt means were instantly employed to force them into the treaty, and all were reduced to acquiescence except the elector of Bavaria. At the same time three armies were raised by Holland, which menaced the united interest of France and Spain on three distinct points. Cohorn advanced upon Bruges, and obtained various partial successes; Keysersvaert was taken by the prince of Nassau; Landau was besieged by the prince of Baden; and the earl of Athlone, by prompt and skilful generalship, succeeded in out-manceuvring the French general Boufflers, and saving Mineguen, which was threatened by the army of France.

Whilst these events were taking place in the Low Countries, Marlborough remained in England, using every precaution to secure his power at home, and to insure that regular supply of money and troops from Great Britain which was necessary to maintain his own preponderance in the councils of the allies, and to carry on the war with vigour and success.

In the month of May Marlborough was appointed master-general of the ordnance, in addition to his other posts; and, invested with powers as ambassador, as well as commander-in-chief, he set out for Holland.

At this period Marlborough had seen very few campaigns, had gained no very brilliant successes, and had displayed no extraordinary skill or superiority over the great officers of his age. At the same time the earl of Athlone had, by prudence, activity, and foresight, foiled a well-designed and well-executed plan of the French general, and had established a claim of no small force upon the Dutch government, by saving their line of military operations from infraction, and covering the vast tract of country which would have been laid open had Boufflers proved successful. In this state of things, several of the Dutch officers instigated the earl of Athlone to insist upon sharing the command with Marlborough, to which the rank of velt-marshal afforded a good title; but the United States, probably less from a knowledge of the ambassador's military talents, than from deference to Queen Anne, immediately appointed her favourite generalissimo,

and strictly enjoined all other officers in their service to submit to his command.

Never was a stronger instance of happy selection than in the case of Marlborough. He rose without pride, and he triumphed without vanity. The possession of high station and great power was used to raise and protect those that lent it, not to depress his personal rivals; and the graceful influence of courtly manners was employed to harmonize jarring interests and discordant prejudices, and to heal wounded vanity or disappointed expectation, not to deceive for the purposes of private aggrandizement.

Marlborough took care, on joining the army, to conciliate the earl of Athlone by every means in his power; and so successful was he in the endeavour, that no vestige of enmity seems to have remained upon his mind. It became immediately evident that the operations of the new commander-in-chief were to be of a grander and more active nature than those of his predecessors. Instead of continuing to act upon a long line of country with separate and petty armies, his first movements tended to concentrate a great part of his forces upon Deckenberg and Budweick.

Sixty thousand men and sixty pieces of cannon, with eight mortars, were soon in readiness to second his efforts; and abandoning at once the system of slow and complicated manœuvres which had hitherto been pursued for the purpose of defending this petty town or that insignificant fort, he crossed the Meuse at once, and marched straight towards the enemy. The army of the French is said to have been superior in number to that of the allies, but it was harassed and weakened by a long sojourn in an unhealthy country, and Boufflers did not choose to risk a general engagement. He consequently retired before the allied forces, and Marlborough pursued, with the intention of forcing the enemy to a battle. In this he would probably have succeeded; for it was scarcely possible for a large force to retreat through a flat country intersected by innumerable rivers, without exposing some of its divisions in such a manner as to bring on a general action, if the adversary chose to seek it on any terms; but Marlborough was followed through the campaign by deputies from the States of Holland, who strongly objected to any of these bold

measures by which the genius of Marlborough sought to terminate the strife by one decisive blow.

Thus hampered, the earl continued to pursue the French, in the hope of forcing them to fight on equal terms, but this Boufflers skilfully avoided; and at length, finding that he could not succeed, Marlborough abandoned the attempt, and turned all his energies to dispossess the French of the line of fortresses on the Meuse, and to open the navigation of that river as far as Maestricht.

Several petty towns had been taken in the course of the pursuit; but now the siege of Venlo was determined on, and while Marlborough covered the operations of the besieging army, a strong detachment attacked and took that important town; after which Ruremonde and Stevenswert were also captured.

Liège became the next object of attack; and the movements of the confederate army having sufficiently indicated the purpose of the general, Marshal Boufflers hastened to endeavour, either to impede the progress of Marlborough till the season became too far advanced for the undertaking, or to place the town in such a state of defence as would enable it to hold out till he could take measures for relieving it. In both these objects, however, he was frustrated. Marlborough advanced with such rapidity as nearly to compel the French general to risk a battle under disadvantageous circumstances; and while the garrison of Liège retired into the citadel, the town surrendered on the first appearance of the allied armies.

The citadel was now attacked; and so confident was the commanding officer in the strength of the place, the number of his troops, and the abundance of his supplies, that his only answer to the summons to surrender, was—"It will be time enough to talk of that some six weeks hence." After a bombardment of three days, however, during which time several of the enemy's magazines were blown up, the breach was judged practicable, and the English and Dutch advanced to storm. The young prince of Hesse Cassel, a volunteer, led the attack. The counterscarp was taken in a moment, and the allies passed the ditch, mounted the breach, and after a severe struggle, forced their way in. The governor, finding himself so vigorously assailed, ordered a parley to be beat; but by this time the English were in

the heart of the place, and it was too late to think of capitulation.

Some slaughter took place, but all who threw down their arms were spared; and the lesser citadel surrendering shortly after, the city of Liége fell completely into the hands of the allies. Marlborough communicated his victory to the States of Holland in a brief letter, and it is worthy of remark that he does not mention himself in any part of the despatch.

Thus ended Marlborough's first campaign as commander-in-chief; and the skill with which he had acted, and the successes he had obtained, placed him at once amongst the greatest generals of Europe. Many a man can command a division, or attack a town, or fight a battle, when joined in command with another, who in aid of the talents that he has, brings the talents that he has not; but singly to wield the whole force, to provide for the whole wants, and to call forth the whole energies of a great army, requires talents possessed by few; and that he did possess these talents, Marlborough had already proved.

Immediately after the capture of Liége, the allied army separated to take up winter quarters, and Marlborough, with a very small guard, proceeded towards the Hague.

He was attended by one of the Dutch generals named Opdam, and one of the deputies from the States named Gueldermalsen, who both had those general passes from the French commander-in-chief, which were in those days given as matters of courtesy, to prevent all unnecessary inconvenience to individuals travelling alone. A young gentleman also, secretary to his brother, accompanied the earl, having with him the papers of his master, whom ill health had obliged to return to England; and thus accompanied, Marlborough took boat on the Meuse, and dropped down to Ruremonde. Here another boat joined him with the famous Cohorn; and a small body of horse being directed to ride by the side of the river, the whole party proceeded by Venlo towards Holland. When night came on, however, the boat containing General Cohorn and his retinue out-sailed that of Marlborough; the detachment of cavalry appointed to guard the bank of the river lost its way in the night, and a small body of French troops from Guelders laying wait for some other purpose, seized the rope by

which the boat was towed, and drew it to the shore before Marlborough and his companions were well awake. The two Dutchmen were instantly recognized, but were insured from detention by their passes. Marlborough had none; the slightest accident—a word, a glance—might have caused him to be detained, and changed the destinies of Europe: but whilst the fine balance of fortune was thus quivering in uncertainty as to his future fate, his brother's secretary furnished him with an old pass that had been granted to General Churchill. His brother was unlike him in many respects, and the period of the pass was expired; but the soldiers did not know him, and took little heed of the date. They contented themselves with rifling the baggage and taking prisoners a few English soldiers, while they suffered the real prize they had met with to proceed safely to the Hague.

The news of Marlborough's danger had already reached that place without the news of his escape; and his arrival was hailed by the whole people with extravagant joy. He remained for some time enjoying every honour which the Dutch could show him, and negotiating various arrangements for the good of the alliance and the speedy resumption of offensive operations. His reception in London was not less flattering. The Parliament voted him an address of thanks, and the queen, having raised him to a dukedom, assigned him a pension of five thousand pounds per annum during her own life; and by message required the Commons to render perpetual that which she could only grant for a time. The request, however, drew on a serious debate; and Marlborough wisely counselled the queen to withdraw her message in his favour, rather than urge a point on which her authority was likely to be disputed.

In the mean while various negotiations took place with Holland, who represented the overpowering force with which France was preparing to take the field, and demanded an additional aid of ten thousand men to carry on the war.

The English Parliament readily concurred in the views of the queen and Marlborough in regard to the necessity of pursuing the hostilities which had been begun against France, but would by no means grant the ten thousand men demanded, unless the Dutch would agree to abandon all commerce, even by letters, with the enemy's country.

In this respect the conduct of Parliament was both wise and just. The Dutch were unwilling to make commercial sacrifices; they fought to defend their own country and repel an encroaching enemy; but they could hardly be brought to give up their trade even with that enemy; and thus they endeavoured to reap the advantages of both peace and war. When forced to abandon open communication, they carried on what commerce they could privately arrange with the merchants of France, and transacted all pecuniary affairs by bills of exchange. It was but natural and fair for England to demand that, while the great objects to be gained by the contest with France were principally in favour of Holland, that country should share in the inconveniences by which she was ultimately to benefit. Holland was obliged to submit, and ten thousand foreign troops were taken into the pay of England.

Early in the year 1703 the duke of Marlborough prepared to repass the sea, and put himself at the head of the confederates, but the death of his son, the marquis of Blandford, delayed his journey for some time. We are little allowed to penetrate into the domestic griefs of great men, but there is every reason to believe the duke felt deeply the loss of his only son. At all events, it is beyond doubt that the heir of Marlborough was worthy of regret. There are few scenes to which a man in sorrow can so surely venture as to the battle-field. It has no noise of merriment to jar with his grief; and if the most powerful interest of this earth, the most stirring events of existence, can withdraw the mind from its own peculiar woe, it is there they are to be found. We must not, therefore, suppose that Marlborough was insensible to his loss, because we find him directing armies and involved in the turmoil and the bustle of the camp within one month after his child's death.

On the 17th of March the duke arrived at the Hague, and shortly after invested Bonn, the ancient Julia Bona, the situation of which, upon the Rhine, to the south of Cologne, rendered it a place of importance.

By thus promptly beginning the offensive measures of the campaign, Marlborough anticipated the efforts of the enemy, and probably saved the city of Liége, on which they had been making several demonstrations of attack. The Dutch, with their laborious industry, had accumulated

during the winter such an immense quantity of supplies, that the active genius of Marlborough found itself provided with the means of instant and energetic operations. One of the principal defences of Bonn was a strong fort on the opposite bank of the river, and this was of course one of the first objects of the siege. The genius and vigour of the famous Cohorn soon deprived the enemy of this post. The fort was battered in breach for two days, on the first of which, the chains of the bridge by which a communication was kept up with the town were carried away, and the bridge destroyed; and on the second morning a practicable breach was effected in the wall. In the evening the place was taken by storm; and in a very short time it was converted into a battery, from which the allies soon poured a tremendous fire into the town.

The marquis d'Alègre, who commanded in Bonn, made every exertion, if not to save the place, which was hardly to be expected, at least to oblige the besiegers to pay as dearly as possible for the capture. The tremendous fire, however, of Marlborough's artillery brought the siege each day nearer to its close; and though, by a gallant sally, the French destroyed a part of the assailants' works and interrupted their progress, the walls of Bonn were soon in a state of complete ruin. The counterscarp and covered way having been taken, the city capitulated on the 15th of May, twelve days after the opening of the trenches. To celebrate this success, a medal was struck in England, with the punning inscription, "*Bona à malis erepta*," somewhat unworthy of the Augustan age of English literature.

Either with the design of drawing Marlborough from the siege of Bonn, or in the hope of obtaining some compensation for the loss of that place, the French army under Villeroy and Boufflers advanced upon Liège, took Tongeren, and threatened Maestricht. But the gallantry of a very small body of the allied troops, who defended Tongeren for twenty-eight hours against the whole French force, gave time for a considerable body of Dutch and English to unite under the cannon of Maestricht, where they took up so advantageous a post, that the enemy, after reconnoitring their position for some time, retreated without attacking them.

No sooner had Bonn capitulated than Marlborough con-

centrated his forces and advanced towards the enemy; but Villeroy withdrew before him, and after various manœuvres placed himself in such a situation as to cover Antwerp. Here the allies observed him for some time, and attempted twice to force his lines, but on neither occasion with any further advantage than a mere temporary success.

The English general now determined upon one more effort for the purpose of attacking Antwerp. The object of his various movements on this occasion is not very clear, and he has been generally censured for the disposition of his troops, which, separated from each other, and consequently weakened on all points, were exposed to attack from a superior enemy, who had far greater facilities of suddenly concentrating his forces than Marlborough possessed of supporting any of his detached divisions. I will not at all rely upon the hypotheses which have supplied the want of facts; but it is not possible to suppose that an officer of Marlborough's infinite judgment would thus act without some feasible design, and it would seem more probable that his original motives, and the causes of his subsequent inactivity, have not reached us. When the attack of the French lines was resolved on, Cohorn with a flying camp was at a considerable distance from the main body, which was concentrated near Louvain; and, shortly after, General Opdam, with fifteen thousand men, was ordered to march upon Ekeren; by which his corps also was separated from the rest. The movements of the allies instantly called the attention of the French commanders, and Boufflers was detached with a very superior force to attack the small army of Opdam. It is said that Marlborough was made acquainted with the motion of the French; and it is certain that he neither took any efficient measures to secure the Dutch general, nor seized the opportunity of the absence of Boufflers, and the weakness of Villeroy, to force the enemy's lines and carry his design upon Antwerp into execution. Opdam was attacked suddenly by Boufflers, who had marched with the greatest rapidity; the Dutch troops were thrown into confusion; and the general, cut off with a small escort from the rest of his forces, fancied all was lost, and escaped to Breda. The second in command, after sending vainly for orders, put himself at the head of the army, rallied the

troops, and, after a long day's fighting, repulsed the French with about equal loss.

Opdam of course retired from the service, though a life of thirty years' courage and skill gave the lie to the suspicion of cowardice and the charge of incapacity. The officer who had so gallantly supplied his place, General Shlangenburg, censured so boldly the duke of Marlborough, in his despatch to the States, that the English commander required and obtained his dismissal.

It must be remarked that, in all his operations, the duke of Marlborough was restrained and embarrassed by the timid counsels and interested considerations of the Dutch deputies, who followed the army, and by their cold and spiritless calculations hung upon the active genius of the commander-in-chief like a leaden clog, to use a homely comparison, upon the swift limbs of a noble horse. The States themselves were not only timid, from the usual considerations of danger in case of reverse; but, divided into internal factions, each was fearful of the reproach which the opposite party might cast upon those who counselled the least boldness, and the elevation it might obtain by the failure of their measures.

Marlborough still wished to force the enemy to an engagement, and more than once marched up to their lines in battle-array. He then again proposed to attack the French in their intrenchments, but he was overruled in the council, and the siege of Limburg was determined upon. That city, with Huy and Guelders, fell with little or no resistance, and thus ended the campaign; in which the allies had been successful, it is true, but without obtaining advantages which corresponded with the magnitude of their preparations.

Nevertheless, joy and triumph awaited Marlborough wherever he appeared, and on his return to England he was appointed governor of Greenwich Hospital. Although the English general had been master of the field throughout the whole of the campaign, the power of France was far from being depressed. Boufflers and Villeroy had, it is true, obtained no advantages, but they had suffered no defeats, and the immense successes of the French and Bavarian arms on the side of Germany far more than compensated the loss of the towns which Marl-

borough had taken. The Dutch had been protected, it is true, but the house of Austria had been reduced to a pitch of humiliation scarcely known in history; and it became absolutely necessary to afford the emperor some efficient support, lest, driven to despair, he should conclude a peace with France, and leave Louis XIV. with undivided forces to pursue the war with Holland and England.

The plan for changing the scene of the war, and concentrating the forces of the alliance on the spot where their presence was most necessary, is to be attributed to Marlborough alone. The utmost secrecy was necessary to prevent the design from being frustrated by corresponding movements on the part of France; but Marlborough was at once the conceiver and the negotiator of that grand scheme, which brought, under his management, the exorbitant power of Louis XIV. to the level of that of other monarchs; and he took care to involve his project in the most impenetrable silence. To maintain this was extremely difficult, as it was necessary to move the leaden States of Holland so far against the narrow views of their selfish policy, as to permit their troops to war beyond the limits of their own frontier. Marlborough soon found an excuse to visit the Hague, though in the midst of winter, and there, it appears, he communicated his wishes to two influential persons, who agreed, by the exertion of every secret means, to prepare the way for the proposal which was to be made at the beginning of the ensuing campaign. In England, also, only those persons whose concurrence was absolutely necessary, were informed that the scene of the next year's war was to be in Germany. In the mean while the imperial envoy in London, either really ignorant or skilfully concealing his knowledge, continued to petition for aid in the name of his court, to remonstrate against the indifference of the allies, and to display in glowing colours the necessity and depression of the house of Austria.

The only answers returned were those vague promises of assistance and those empty expressions of sympathy and commiseration, which amongst men mean little, and nothing amongst courts.

Early in April Marlborough set sail for the Hague; and up to the period of his arrival, though the state of Austria

had been loudly lamented, and the danger of suffering her to fall had been displayed in the strongest manner, yet the States entertained not the slightest idea of the design which the English general entertained: their armies were all distributed, and their officers had received orders as if the war was to be carried on as before. Immediately after his arrival, Marlborough conferred with the States-general, detailed a part of his project, and pointed out that, having possessed themselves of a strong line of fortresses, their own frontier could be defended by a trifling force, while, if Austria was compelled to make peace, Holland would be exposed to the whole fury of France. His reasoning in itself was convincing; but perhaps some fear that, in case of refusal, England might withdraw her aid altogether, contributed to make the Dutch consent to the proposed measure. The full intention, however, of pouring the allied forces into the heart of Germany was not communicated till the army had traversed the Rhine, and turned towards the Danube; and it seems that the States only understood that the war was to be carried on towards Coblentz, without at all anticipating the ulterior movements of the campaign.

On the 5th of May Marlborough again set out from the Hague, to put himself at the head of the army; and on the 25th he reached Coblentz, having been joined in his march by all the different corps that were destined to act in Germany. The French, taken by surprise, and unable to gain any correct information respecting his design, appear to have leant towards the notion that he intended to advance up the Moselle, and thus endeavour to penetrate into France. Every measure was employed to oppose him on this point; but, at the same time, fresh reinforcements were poured into Germany; and, notwithstanding the rapidity of Marlborough's movements, their junction with the forces of the elector of Bavaria, who now commanded the whole course of the Danube, was suffered to take place by the negligent inactivity of Prince Louis of Baden. Thus, near Ulm, lay a considerable force of veteran troops opposed to the farther advance of the English general; while Marshal Villeroy, with another large army, followed his steps and watched all his movements, still uncertain whether the duke might not turn upon Landau, although by this time his march was decidedly directed towards the Danube. To

oppose these formidable adversaries, Marlborough led a smaller force than either of the French armies; but reinforcements were continually arriving, both from the States of Holland and from the various princes of Germany. At the same time Prince Louis of Baden lay with the imperial troops at Ehingen, between him and the combined forces of France and Bavaria; so that nothing was likely to prevent his immediate junction with his allies.

From Ladenburg Marlborough wrote to the States, giving them at length full information of his whole design, and demanding whether they would still consent that their troops should accompany the English for the benefit of the common cause. The reply was immediate, and the absolute command of the whole army was placed in his hands. At this time talent, if not force, was decidedly on the side of the allies. Marshal Tallard, who was now on the frontier, at the head of a fresh body of troops destined to reinforce the elector of Bavaria, and Marshal Marsin, who commanded the French forces in Germany, were both men of narrow intellect and no small conceit. On the other hand, Villeroy was all conceit, and had little but that sort of drawing-room intellect which is very often serviceable to a man himself, but never to his country. The duke of Bavaria, it is true, was an officer of talent and experience; but he even, in genius, was far inferior to Marlborough. At the same time, the famous Prince Eugene arrived in the imperial camp, and brought an accession of wisdom, activity, and firmness to the allies, which would have given them a great preponderance in point of military skill, even had Marlborough not been present.

Previous to the junction of the armies, Prince Eugene, Prince Louis of Baden, and the duke of Marlborough met between the Rhine and Danube, to determine the future proceedings of the allied armies. At this conference Eugene and Marlborough, the two greatest generals of the age, saw each other for the first time, and from this period dated a friendship in which emulation never deviated into rivalry, nor mutual admiration ever sunk into jealousy—which lasted through well-merited prosperity and power, and through undeserved reverse and disgrace.

It was here resolved, that while Marlborough and the

prince of Baden acted against the elector of Bavaria and Marshal de Marsin, Prince Eugene, with all the forces which could be spared, should take up a position on the Rhine, in order to neutralize the forces under Villeroy, and secure the upper circles of Germany. For this purpose thirty thousand men were detached; and the other armies, having united, were marched upon Donawert, where Marlborough and the prince determined upon crossing the Danube. Intrenchments of considerable strength had been formed at Schellenberg, and here a large Bavarian force had been stationed to cover Donawert. The attack of these intrenchments was immediately determined; and though, from excessive rains, the army was delayed on its march till the day was nearly closed, no repose was permitted, and, after a severe battle, the Bavarians were dislodged. Their defeat was complete, and their flight so rapid, that the commander-in-chief, with several of his officers, was forced to swim his horse across the Danube; but the allied armies suffered scarcely less than their enemies, and a fearful list of killed and wounded furnished the eternal but unheeded comment on that fatal word "glory."

The elector of Bavaria, who had trusted to the strength of his forces intrenched at Schellenberg, no sooner learned their defeat than, quitting his camp near Dillinghen, he retreated, and fortified himself strongly under the cannon of Augsburg. Marlborough followed without loss of time, passed the Danube, and taking the towns of Donawert, Neuburg, Rain, and Friedburg, he extended his line between Wolfurtshausen and Oostmaring, with Friedburg in the centre of his forces, and interposed himself between the elector and his dominions, which were thus left to the mercy of the allied armies. In his wars with the empire, the elector of Bavaria had met with so many splendid and unexpected successes, that his confidence had been raised to the highest pitch. Louis XIV. also had not failed to hold out the most magnificent expectations to his only German ally, so that the elector is said to have demanded as the price of his separation from France, not only the dignity of an independent crown, but the dismemberment of the hereditary dominions of Austria to augment the territories of his projected kingdom.

The present danger of his states, however, humbled sadly

his pretensions, and he commenced a negotiation with the allies, which he first protracted in the hope of aid from France, and then broke off when that aid approached. To force him to conclude the treaty, Marlborough had threatened to give up his dominions to fire and sword; and now, both to punish him for violating the promise he had made to sign the treaty agreed upon, and to prevent him from reaping any great benefit from his breach of faith, the threat was put into execution. The whole of the country from Augsburg to Munich was laid waste, and all means of supply were cut off from the camp of the elector.

The motives of that prince, though not justifiable, were evident. When he agreed to sign the treaty, though Louis XIV. promised him immediate reinforcements, and rumours of armies marching to his succour were not wanting, yet a thousand circumstances might prevent those forces from reaching him. Prince Eugene, intrenched at Behel, watched the passages of the Rhine, and Marlborough and the prince of Baden straitened him on every side. But now, on the contrary, he had received direct news, not only that the reinforcements promised were on their way, but that a large French force, under Marshal Tallard, had traversed the difficult marches of the Black Forest, and was advancing with all speed towards him. Eugene, who had expected them to attempt the Rhine, would hardly be able to overtake them in time to prevent their junction with the electoral troops; and, once united, the two armies might bid defiance to their enemies.

Marshal Tallard showed more skill and activity in conducting his army on this march than he evinced on any other occasion. Notwithstanding all Eugene's efforts, he succeeded in joining the elector of Bavaria; and had he not spent several days in a useless attempt upon the town of Villinghen, would probably have arrived in time to cut off the communication between the two allied generals, and might have fought and defeated them in detail. The junction of this immense reinforcement of course put the elector of Bavaria in a far more formidable position, and changed the plans of the allies. Bavaria was still at the mercy of the English and imperial army, and it was determined to besiege the strong towns of that country. The first fixed upon for attack was Ingoldstadt, in which the elector had

accumulated immense military stores; and against that place Prince Louis of Baden was detached, while Marlborough and Eugene were left with their two armies to watch the motions of the united French and Bavarians. Scarcely was Ingoldstadt invested, when the forces of the elector began to move towards the Danube at Lawinghen, and it became evident that it was his design to attack Prince Eugene while separated from Marlborough. The prince, it must be remarked, had followed Marshal Tallard as far as Munster, where, finding it impossible with eighteen thousand men, which was all he could draw from the lines at Behel, to prevent the junction of the French and Bavarians, he had intrenched himself to wait the result of a consultation with Marlborough.

No sooner were the motions of the enemy made known to the English general than he despatched a large part of his forces to support Eugene, and followed himself with the remainder. The French and Bavarians passed the Danube at Lawinghen; but Eugene still maintained his post at Munster, resolved not to abandon so advantageous a position till the last moment. In the mean while he sent off courier after courier to hasten the coming of Marlborough. That great general lost no time, but, beginning his march at two o'clock in the morning, proceeded with scarcely a pause till he joined the prince with his whole force towards the evening of the following day. Had the enemy used the same diligence, Eugene must have either fought with immense inferiority at Munster, or retired to Schellenberg and Donawert. A day's repose, however, which Marshal Tallard gave his men at Lawinghen, afforded time for Marlborough to come up; and when the French army began their march upon Munster, the ensuing day, they found the allies in force before them. At this time the French and Bavarians had passed the small town of Hochstadt, and they now took up their position on a ridge of rising ground running between the great wood of Schellenberg and the Danube. Their right was protected by the river and the strong village of Blenheim, and their left by the wood, with the village of Lutzingen a little in the rear. In advance was a rivulet, which, crossing the whole plain, fell into the Danube near Blenheim, and which, flowing through a deep ravine with a marshy bottom, afforded a natural

defence superior to any that could have been easily constructed.

This strong situation, the number and freshness of the French army (which exceeded the numerical force of the allies by about five thousand men), their superiority in point of artillery, and the difficult nature of the ground between Munster and Blenheim, all seemed to forbid an attack of their position. But most powerful considerations on the other side rendered it absolutely necessary to overcome these obstacles, to fight, and to triumph. The labour of a few days bestowed on the construction of intrenchments would have rendered the French camp impregnable. Marlborough's strength also lay in his cavalry; and for the horses the country around afforded but a scanty supply of forage, which would soon be exhausted; while, at the same time, intercepted letters showed the allies that Marshal Villeroy had received orders to penetrate into the duchy of Wirtemberg, and, taking the lines of Behel in the rear, to open a communication with the elector of Bavaria, who would thus have obtained again complete command of the whole country. Marlborough and Eugene at once saw the necessity of risking a battle immediately; and, granting one day's halt to refresh the troops after their long and rapid march, on the 13th of August the allied armies advanced to the battle of Blenheim.

Prince Eugene commanded the right wing of the allies, and the duke of Marlborough the left. On the enemy's right was Marshal Tallard opposed to Marlborough; in the centre appeared the troops of Monsieur de Marsin; and on the left was placed the elector of Bavaria in face of Prince Eugene. Nothing could have been more advantageous to the French than the nature of the ground, had they occupied it well; but in the outset they fell into several gross errors, which, together with others committed in the course of the battle, neutralized the favourable nature of their circumstances, and gave the laurel to their adversaries. Drawn up at a considerable distance from the rivulet, whose steep banks and marshy sides might have been defended with success, they gave full space for the English and Germans to pass and form. Ten thousand men also were shut up in the village of Blenheim, which might have been defended by a quarter of the number, and the centre was weakened

by detachments sent to various hamlets which could not be defended, and were not likely to be attacked.

Towards two o'clock in the morning the allied armies began their march, and between five and six were in presence of the enemy, who for some time lay encamped without giving any sign of apprehension. All was calm and still; and though for more than an hour Marlborough halted near the village of Sweenenghen, while troop after troop, battalion after battalion, marched up and took their position on that immortal plain, yet his devoted adversaries by no movement gave notice that they saw the human cloud which was about to pour the storm of battle on their heads. At length the sound of a solitary cannon announced that they were awakened to the approaching contest. The soldiers were seen rushing from their tents, and forming before the camp; while officers and aides-de-camp hurried to and fro in all the bustle of preparation and command.

A good deal of confusion seems to have occurred in the French arrangements, and by their own accounts of the battle it appears that Marshal Tallard was called to inspect the disposition on the extreme left at the very moment the English were advancing to attack the right, where he commanded. The operations of the allies commenced by the march of a detachment under Lord Cutts to dislodge a small body of French from two water-mills on the hither side of the rivulet. This was soon effected, and the enemy, after setting fire to the buildings, retired to the rest in Blenheim. In the mean time Prince Eugene, on the right of the allies, advanced along the woody height which bounds the plain to the east, while Marlborough marched forward in line to pass the rivulet. A difficulty here presented itself in the marshy nature of the ground; but bridges were soon constructed, and Lord Cutts, having passed with his detachment, kept the troops in Blenheim in check, while the rest of the army advanced and formed on the other bank. This operation was effected without any further opposition on the part of the enemy than a heavy cannonade, though it is said that Marshal Tallard had left orders to charge the enemy in their passage, which, during his absence, were either forgotten or disobeyed. As soon as a sufficient force had crossed the brook and morass, Marlborough attacked the village of Blenheim, which, however, was so strongly

fortified, and so fully garrisoned that the allies were driven back with great loss. Nearly at the same time the French cavalry made a splendid charge against a large body of the allied horse, who were galled also by a close fire from Blenheim; and thus a considerable part of the left wing was put into confusion, and more than one regiment was driven back beyond the rivulet. At this moment nothing promised the splendid success which crowned the day. On the right, Prince Eugene was scarcely yet engaged, from the difficult nature of the ground he had to pass; and in the centre, where Marlborough commanded in person, a body of infantry which first passed the rivulet under the prince of Holstein, was charged, broken, and almost cut to pieces by the enemy's cavalry, while the prince himself was taken prisoner with several severe wounds, of which he afterwards died. A second body of infantry, supported by some squadrons of horse, met with hardly a better fate, and it was only when Marlborough himself brought up the reserve that the ground was permanently gained, and the enemy forced to retire. The confusion the duke observed on his left now induced him to gallop to that part of the field; but before his arrival, General Bulau, commanding a large body of cavalry, had in turn charged the victorious horse of the enemy, and driven them in broken disarray almost into Blenheim. Under favour of this success the regiments which had been driven across the rivulet, repassed and formed. The enemy were again charged, and driven completely over the hill. By this time Marlborough had abandoned all thoughts of forcing the village of Blenheim; but far from abandoning the appearance of attempting it, he kept the infantry who maintained that position in continual employment by throwing forward platoon after platoon; by which means he completely deceived Marshal Tallard. The French foot were suffered to remain in Blenheim, while the horse of their left were driven back by repeated charges, the only infantry brought to support them cut to pieces, and the day irretrievably lost. When too late Tallard determined to withdraw the troops from Blenheim; and, with the cavalry, which he had rallied behind the original camp, to take up a new position, and to try to recover the advantage. To cover this manœuvre he sent an aide-de-camp to Marshal de Marsin, to beg him to extend his line to the

right of the village of Oberklau, and to occupy the English on that side, while he drew off the forces from Blenheim. De Marsin either could not or would not comply, alleging that his troops had quite sufficient employment in making head against the British centre. In the mean while Marshal Tallard, in striving to maintain his communication with Blenheim, had exposed the right flank of his newly-rallied cavalry, and a vigorous charge on the part of the allies decided the fate of that part of the French army. Broken, dispersed, and disheartened, the enemy's horse fled in every direction, some towards the town of Hochstadt, and some towards a bridge over the Danube. Many who could not reach that point were drowned in endeavouring to swim across the river; many were cut down in their flight, and many surrendered. Amongst the latter was Marshal Tallard; and a number of officers of rank followed his example. The body of cavalry which had taken the road towards Hochstadt, rallied before reaching that place, and would probably have returned to the charge had not several of the allied regiments come up, when, seeing that the day was lost, it turned again and made good its retreat.

Every part of the right wing of the French army, except the detached infantry at Blenheim, was now annihilated; and Marlborough instantly checked the pursuit, and prepared to act with his whole cavalry upon the flank of the enemy's centre, under Monsieur de Marsin. But by this time that officer was in full retreat; and, on the right, after a severe struggle, in which the German infantry had supported the whole weight of the strife, the elector of Bavaria was defeated by Prince Eugene, and forced to abandon his position. His retreat, however, was not a flight; and, joining Marshal de Marsin beyond an extensive morass in the neighbourhood of Hochstadt, he took up a position in which he could safely remain a sufficient length of time to give his troops some repose.

The triumph of the allies was, nevertheless, complete. The troops in the village of Blenheim surrendered, and were disarmed. Thirteen thousand prisoners, and nearly twenty thousand slain enemies, attested the difficulty of the struggle and the magnitude of the success, while the field of battle, the true gage of victory, remained entirely in the hands of Marlborough and Eugene. That the event of this brilliant

day was principally brought about by the talent, activity, and decision of the English commander, there is no doubt, though no one will deny that he was most happy in the character of his companion in battle, Eugene, and not a little indebted to the faults and oversights of his adversaries. His troops, too, were worthy of their general. Nor did the French disgrace the character they had always maintained for courage and gallantry. They were beaten, it is true, but not till after many noble efforts to win the palm which their generals threw away. The troops in Blenheim have been much censured for the tameness of their surrender after the defeat of the left wing; but the blame attaches more particularly to one or two of their officers than to the soldiers themselves, who, in the beginning of the action, had fought with the most determined bravery. Eleven thousand killed and wounded on the part of the allies sufficiently evinced that their enemies had not abandoned the field without obstinate resistance.

The first news of this great victory which reached England was contained in a few lines written in pencil on the blank leaf of a pocket-book by the duke of Marlborough to his wife, when the enemy were in full flight, but before the pursuit was over. He had then been on horseback for sixteen hours; and as this short despatch itself is not uninteresting, I shall subjoin it, as well as the more detailed account which he afterwards addressed to Harley, then secretary of state.

Letter in Pencil, sent by the hands of Colonel Pack to the Duchess of Marlborough, August 13, 1704.

"I have not time to say more than to beg of you to present my humble duty to the queen, and to let her majesty know that her army has gained a glorious victory. Monsieur Tallard and two other generals are in my coach, and I am following the rest. The bearer, my aide-de-camp, Colonel Pack, will give her majesty an account of what has passed. I shall do it in a day or two by another, more at large.

"MARLBOROUGH."

Such were the only expressions that the first excitement of triumph and conquest could draw from the splendid moderation of the hero of Blenheim; and even afterwards, when the whole vast fruits of his success lay spread before his eyes—when the completeness of his victory and the extent of its advantages were displayed and ascertained, no

word of exultation broke from the conqueror. The same grand, calm spirit is observable in every line with which he traces his efforts, and records their glorious event.

Despatch from the Duke of Marlborough to Mr. Secretary Harley.

"SIR,—I gave you an account on Sunday of the situation we were then in, and that we expected to hear the enemy would pass the Danube at Lawengen, in order to attack Prince Eugene. At eleven that night we had an express from him, stating that the enemy were come over, and desiring that he might be reinforced as soon as possible; whereupon I ordered my brother Churchill to advance at one o'clock in the morning with his twenty battalions, and by three the whole army was in motion. For the greater expedition, I ordered part of the troops to pass over the Danube, and to follow the march of the twenty battalions, and with most of the horse and foot of the first line I passed the Léch at Rain, and came over the Danube at Donawert: so that we all joined the prince that night, intending to advance and take this camp at Hochstadt. In order whereto, we went out on Tuesday early in the morning, with forty squadrons, to view the ground, but found the enemy had already possessed themselves of it. Whereupon we resolved to attack them, and accordingly we marched between three and four yesterday morning from the camp at Munster, leaving all our tents standing. About six we came in view of the enemy, who, we found, did not expect so early a visit. The cannon began to play about half an hour after eight. They formed themselves into two bodies: the elector with Monsieur Marsin with their troops on our right, and Monsieur Tallard with all his own on our left, which last fell to my share. They had two rivulets besides a morass before them, which we were obliged to pass over in their view, and Prince Eugene was forced to take a great compass to come at the enemy; so that it was one o'clock before the battle began. It lasted with great vigour till sunset, when the enemy were obliged to retire; and by the blessing of God we obtained a complete victory.

"We have cut off great numbers of them, as well in the action as in the retreat, besides upwards of thirty squadrons of the French which I pushed into the Danube, where we saw the greatest part of them perish; Monsieur de Tallard, with several of his general officers, being taken prisoners at the same time. And in the village of Blenheim, which the enemy had intrenched and fortified, and where they made the greatest opposition, I obliged twenty-six entire battalions and twelve squadrons of dragoons to surrender themselves prisoners at discretion. We took likewise all their tents standing, with their cannon and ammunition, as also a great number of standards, kettle-drums, and colours, in the action; so that I reckon the greatest part of Monsieur Tallard's army is taken or destroyed. The bravery of all our troops on this occasion cannot be expressed, the generals as well as the officers and soldiers behaving themselves with the greatest courage and resolution, the horse and dragoons having been obliged to charge four or five several times. The elector and Monsieur de Marsin were so advantageously posted, that Prince Eugene could make no impression on them till the third attack, at near seven at night, when he

made a great slaughter of them ; but being near a wood-side, a good body of Bavarians retired into it, and the rest of that army retreated towards Lawingen, it being too late and the troops too much tired to pursue them far.

"I cannot say too much in the praise of the prince's good conduct and the bravery of his troops on this occasion.

"You will please to lay this before her majesty and his royal highness, to whom I send my Lord Tunbridge with the good news. I pray you will likewise inform yourself, and let me know her majesty's pleasure, as well relating to Monsieur Tallard and the other general officers, as for the disposal of near twelve hundred other officers, and between eight and nine thousand common soldiers, who being all made prisoners by her majesty's troops, are entirely at her disposal ; but as the charge of subsisting these officers and men must be very great, I presume her majesty will be inclined that they be exchanged for any other prisoners that offer.

"I should likewise be glad to receive her majesty's directions for the despatch of the standards and colours, whereof I have not yet the number, but guess there cannot be less than one hundred, which is more than has been taken in any battle this many years.

"You will easily believe that in so long and vigorous an action the English, who had so great a share in it, must have suffered, as well in officers as in men, but I have not yet the particulars.—I am, Sir,

"Your most obedient humble servant,

"*Camp at Hochstadt,*

"MARLBOROUGH."

"*Thursday morning, August 14, 1704.*"

I have subjoined these two documents because I look upon the expressions of great men on occasions where time is not given for thought, and where the excitement of difficult and trying circumstances can hardly have worn off, as the best picture we can have of their minds. By the very calmness or agitation of the style, by the exultation or moderation of the tone, we may easily divine whether the heart that won the victory was inspired by the enthusiasm of romantic valour, the quick spirit of genius, or the cool and reasoning wisdom of firm and immovable resolution.

Marlborough seems to have combined most of the qualities of a great general, and to have displayed them all at the battle of Blenheim—firmness of determination, clear consideration of expediency, judgment to guide consideration and to calculate the chances of success, coolness to command with precision, quickness to see the enemy's mistakes or misfortunes, activity to take advantage of them, presence of mind to remedy his own, courage to give an example of daring where necessary, caution to avoid risk where risk could produce no benefit.

Pressed by many men of experience to avoid the battle, Marlborough judged it necessary, fought, and won it. He was in all parts of the field where his presence was required to direct or to encourage, yet in the moments of the greatest peril, where the fate of empires hung upon the event of a moment, his orders were as clear and calm as on a review. The enemy's error in respect to Blenheim he instantly seized, and by skilfully changing the real attack upon that post into a feigned one, he maintained the adverse general in his mistake, and defeated him in consequence. His movements after the battle were as prudent as they were skilful. He fought as long as it was possible to injure his enemy, but refrained as soon as further pursuit might have injured himself.

That he was anxious, most anxious, through the whole of the battle, may be inferred from his having said immediately after, "he had prayed that day more than all the chaplains in his army;" but his anxiety was without mental embarrassment or personal fear.

The joy which the victory of Blenheim spread through the states of the allies was great and universal; but no one had more cause for rejoicing than the emperor, and he returned his thanks to the English general in a letter full of that gratitude which the services performed well merited. Some time before this he had created Marlborough a prince of the empire, and though the duke at first had prudently declined an honour emanating from another court than that on whose favour his fortune had arisen and stood, yet the commands of his own sovereign soon rendered it necessary to accept what it had been before wise to refuse.

In the present instance Germany was the power which immediately benefited by the defeat of the French and Bavarians, though each member of the alliance reaped some more remote advantage. The elector and Marshal de Marsin retreated precipitately upon Ulm, and thence, traversing the Black Forest, approached the Rhine, leaving the whole of the Germanic states delivered from the presence of an enemy. Bavaria itself remained utterly without defence, and the elector, who had at one time commanded the whole course of the Danube, was now obliged to trust a letter to his wife to the courtesy of Marlborough. It is scarcely necessary to say that this confidence was not mis-

placed, and the letter, which had been inclosed to the duke, was sent on by a trumpet of his own to Munich.

Had the allied generals been able to pursue the enemy with that alacrity which was common to the characters of both, they might possibly have compelled another battle, and annihilated the army which they had already so severely dismembered. But the immense number of prisoners, and the fatigued state of their forces, worn out by long and difficult marches, as well as a whole day's continual fighting, impeded their proceedings, and the enemy effected their retreat across the Rhine.

Marlborough, Eugene, and Prince Louis of Baden, followed, while a part of the troops were left to reduce Ulm, and take possession of Augsburg and the other cities which were hastening to deliver their keys to the victor. Few events of importance occupied the rest of the campaign. The French were nowhere in condition to keep the field; and the siege of Landau was formed by Prince Louis of Baden, under whose direction it languished for some weeks; while Marlborough and Eugene covered the attacking force. As the season advanced, however, the English general, weary of watching the lazy progress of the siege, turned upon Triers, from the neighbourhood of which he dislodged the French, and secured for a part of his troops good winter quarters on the Moselle, proposing to carry on the next campaign in that direction.

In the mean time Ulm surrendered, and shortly after the electress of Bavaria yielded by treaty the whole of her husband's territories, which she could no longer hope to maintain by arms. Landau at length surrendered; and Marlborough, having made the necessary distribution of his troops, prepared to return to England. The moment, however, that his mind was turned from the conduct of the war, the general became the statesman; and, anxious to consolidate the alliances on whose firmness the success of his future plans depended, he laboured to give support to the duke of Savoy, a distant ally, whose faith had often wavered, but upon whose adherence and security greatly depended the event of the allied operations in the North.

During the last campaign the duke of Savoy had been completely worsted in Italy by the genius and power of Vendôme, and could now scarcely call one town of his

dominions his own; but he had, nevertheless, found full employment for a large French army, which, had he remained neuter, might have acted against the allies in the North with terrible effect. For the purpose of giving this prince efficient support, and of binding him to the alliance by the prospect of success and compensation, Marlborough, having proceeded to Berlin, negotiated with the king of Prussia the transfer of eight thousand Prussians, now serving with the British army, to the ranks of a German reinforcement about to be sent to the duke of Savoy.

This arrangement took place in the midst of festivals and entertainments, yet the whole was concluded in the space of four days, and Marlborough was once more on his journey to England, having also quieted for the time some disputes which had arisen between the States of Holland and the court of Berlin.

Though favour in the first instance might have assigned the staff of command to the hands of John Churchill, merit and success had fixed it there so firmly, that slander was silent, and envy and opposition dared no more than murmur. His reception in England and his stay during the winter was one long triumph. The queen loved him the better for having justified her partiality, the Peers voted him thanks, and the Commons assigned him recompense. A bill was passed for granting the royal domains of Woodstock and Wootton to the conqueror of Blenheim, and the gift was immortalized by giving it the name of the victory. If Marlborough was covetous, and fond of more substantial rewards than the bright but phantom-like recompense of glory, we must nevertheless allow that he sought not to add to his own fame—through which fame fortune was acquired—one grain of the honour due to others, nor would accept one word of praise which was not justly merited.

In the speech whereby the lord keeper announced to him the thanks voted to him by the House of Lords, the following passage occurred:—"The honour of these glorious victories, great as they are, under the immediate blessing of Almighty God, is chiefly, if not alone, owing to your grace's conduct and valour."

To this Marlborough replied, with that splendid moderation which in its calm dignity is itself sublime, "I am extremely sensible of the great honour your lordships are

pleased to do me ; but I must beg on this occasion to do right to all the officers and soldiers I had the honour to command. Next to the blessing of God, the good success of this campaign is owing to their extraordinary courage."

Though absent from the scene of his proposed operations for the next year, the duke had taken care that every preparation should be made during his stay in England ; and early in the spring of 1705 he repassed the seas, to put himself at the head of the army. As far as regarded stores and magazines, everything was indeed ready ; but other preparatives were also necessary, which could not be carried on without Marlborough's presence, and which that presence even was not sufficient to effect. In the first place, it was necessary to persuade the Dutch once more to send their troops beyond their own frontier ; and, in the next place, it was necessary to gain the cordial co-operation of the German army under Prince Louis of Baden, and to inspire some spirit of activity into the movements of that feeble and dilatory general. The Dutch were soon won to Marlborough's views, and granted him the force he required ; but activity was not in the nature of the Prince of Baden, and cordial co-operation was not less foreign to his views and feelings.

It may have been remarked that Prince Louis was not present at the battle of Blenheim ; that he had previously lost all that Marlborough had regained to the German empire ; that, though trusted with the conduct of sieges and operations where little was to be risked, he had been, during the union of Marlborough and Eugene, scarcely more than the nominal commander of the German armies ; that the activity, skill, and decision which had saved the imperial power had been displayed by his two coadjutors ; and that they had reaped the glory, while he had scarcely striven to gather up the gleanings of the field. With so many causes for envy and jealousy, it would be needless to seek for any other motive to account for conduct as detrimental to himself as to the state he pretended to serve. Some persons have believed that he had been seduced by the agents of Louis XIV. ; but no proof of this appears ; and it would be both wrong and dangerous to credit an unsupported charge of treachery, while weak pride and mortified vanity were at

hand to account for his conduct. It happens luckily that follies are more ordinary than crimes.

Eugene was now in Italy, and on Prince Louis alone Marlborough could depend for support. To insure this he begged an interview, which was accordingly appointed at Creutznach; but as the day approached the prince pleaded indisposition, and declined the meeting. Marlborough was not to be repulsed with so great an object as he had in view, and, waving all ceremony, he proceeded to visit Prince Louis at Radstadt. His views were so clear, and his reasoning so strong, that the prince had no excuse left for refusing to co-operate with him; and he accordingly promised both the succour that was necessary, and the activity which the duke required.

Satisfied with these arrangements, Marlborough proceeded towards the Moselle, hoping to take the strong town of Saar Louis, to force Marshal Villars to a battle, and by carrying the war into France, to draw the elector of Bavaria and the duke of Villeroy from the side of Holland, where they were preparing to act against the corps under General Auverkerque.

The passage of the Moselle was effected without opposition, and Marlborough marched on and encamped near Elft. Marshal Villars retreated before him, but taking up a strong position near Coningsmacheren, he intrenched himself in such a manner as to secure his camp from attack, while the duke prepared for the siege of Saar Louis. This campaign, however, was destined to be full of disappointments: the reinforcements promised by Prince Louis did not arrive. The prince himself advanced to Creutznach, and then, once more pleading illness, returned as he came, and left Marlborough to carry on the war as he might. The forces collected were not sufficient to attack the city and to cover the besieging army. News arrived from the Low Countries that the elector and Villeroy were advancing with a superior power upon Auverkerque, who lay near Maestricht, that Huy had fallen, and that Liege was invested. Villars lay immovable in his intrenched camp, and Marlborough, after waiting till the last moment for the assistance which had been promised, left a sufficient number of troops to guard Triers, and other strong places in the neighbourhood, and then marched with extraordinary expe-

dition to the Netherlands. His unexpected arrival instantly caused the French to raise the siege of Liege, and having joined General Auverkerque at Maestricht, he advanced, and re-taking Huy, obliged the enemy to confine themselves to their lines near Tirlemont. These defences, however, were not long available against the enterprising genius of the English general; and on the 18th of July they were attacked and taken, after a severe engagement.

Had the advantage thus gained been immediately pursued, it is probable that Louvain, Brussels, and Antwerp, might have fallen into the hands of the allies; but the French and Bavarians were suffered to take up a position undisturbed, which covered those places. In the absence of all direct evidence to show where the blame of this error ought to lie, it is scarcely possible to attribute inactivity and carelessness to Marlborough, and the general opinion, that the sluggish timidity of the Dutch officers prevented him from pursuing his advantage, is at least justified by their conduct on other occasions.

Various movements now took place in order to penetrate to Louvain, but all proved unsuccessful. The Dutch army was followed constantly by deputies from the states-general, who on every occasion called a council of war, which in most cases overruled the duke's own opinion. Though supported by General Auverkerque in almost all instances, Marlborough's power was not sufficient to act in opposition to the council; and he had the constant mortification of seeing his best plans thwarted by the ignorance and stupidity of men whose limited understanding could not embrace his vast and general views, or appreciate his grand and comprehensive mind. Embarrassed by their opposition, and hurt by the envious impediments thrown in his way by General Schlangenberg, Marlborough remonstrated with the states. In consequence, orders were sent from the Hague for the deputies to suffer the army to make several marches without calling a council of war. The duke immediately advanced, threatening both Brussels and Louvain. Uncertain which of these cities was his object, the French and Bavarians quitted their camp, and took up a new position, in order, if possible, to cover both. The duke, however, still pursued his march, and on the 16th of August General Auverkerque

beat a strong post of the enemy from their position at Waterloo—that famous field, which a century afterwards immortalized another army and another name. On the 18th, after having passed a defile, which might have been defended by a small force, but which was left perfectly unguarded, the allied army entered on an extensive plain, and came in presence of the enemy, posted on the other side of the little river Ysche.

The duke and General Auverkerque instantly reconnoitred their position. The army of the allies was fully equal, if not superior, in number to the enemy. The French were by no means strongly placed, and were commanded by a man the least likely of all others to retrieve an error or to remedy a misfortune—occurrences which must happen in almost every engagement. The English had the memory of Blenheim in their hearts; and the only difficulty opposed to them, the passage of the stream, would have been more than compensated by the impetus of the attack.

Marlborough and Auverkerque determined upon a battle; but the Dutch deputies, choosing to believe that they had sufficiently obeyed their instructions in suffering Marlborough to march thither, would not suffer him to fight when he had arrived. A council of war was called; the majority, as usual, opposed the duke; and the army marched in another direction, and left the French to boast of having maintained the field.

Marlborough's letter to the states on this occasion, is a beautiful instance of generous indignation, tempered by calm and dignified moderation. After giving an account of the preceding movements, the duke proceeds:—

“At noon, or a little after, our whole army was drawn up in order of battle; and, having viewed, with Monsieur d’Auverquerque, the four posts which I designed to attack, I flattered myself already, considering the goodness and superiority of our troops, that I might soon have congratulated your high mightinesses upon a glorious victory. But at last, when the attack was to begin, it was not thought fit to engage the enemy. I am confident that messieurs the deputies of your high mightinesses will acquaint you with the reasons that were alleged to them *pro* and *con.*; and that they will do Monsieur d’Auver-

querque justice, by informing you that he was of the same opinion with me, that the opportunity was too fair to be let slip."

The conduct of the Dutch deputies gave universal dissatisfaction. In England, the matter was brought before Parliament, and an envoy extraordinary was appointed from the British court to remonstrate with the states of Holland. But before his departure, the Dutch people themselves had broken into such loud murmurs against the folly of their deputies, that the states had taken measures to lighten the weight which they hung upon the activity of the English general. The moderation of Marlborough always rendered accommodation easy, and a conference with the Grand Pensionary seems to have removed all difficulties. The time of action, however, was passed, and no operation of consequence took place during the rest of the campaign. After marches and manœuvres, which never afforded another favourable opportunity of engaging the enemy, the city of Sandvliet was invested; and shortly Marlborough proceeded to Vienna, in order to cement, by negotiation, the decayed fabric of the great alliance against France, and to persuade the imperial court to more active co-operation in the succeeding campaign. On his way he visited Prince Louis of Baden, and though the obstruction of his views by that prince, and the loss of one whole year of invaluable time, might well have excused some little irritation, yet no trace of anger or coldness was to be discovered in Marlborough's conduct.

Had Marlborough ever sought to retaliate wrong,—had he ever shown one personal resentment detrimental to the common cause, or urged punishment where it was not necessary to the security of the whole, the moderation of his demeanour might have been liable to the suspicion of hypocrisy; but he seems to have been a man little susceptible of angry passions: or if he did derive any such from nature, the mind was the more admirable which could so completely conquer them.

At Vienna he was treated with the highest honour, received as prince of Mindelheim, and was successful in his negotiation, as far at least as appearance went. The court of Berlin, to which he next proceeded, was not less favourable to his views, and the advantages gained were more

solid and more immediate. From thence he revisited Holland; and after having concluded various new arrangements with the states for the purpose of more vigorous action, he again returned to England, where his private interests infinitely required his presence.

Success and high fortune are never without envy; but it is when, after having reached the most pre-eminent height, we begin to take the first step on that descent which almost every man who wins an elevated station is destined sooner or later to tread, that competitors and enemies, hastening to fill up the vacant spot, strive hard to hurry us headlong over the brink, and it requires a giant's strength to resist the rushing of the multitude. The inferior success gained by Marlborough in the last campaign gave his foes the glad hope that he had passed the acme of his power, and they made every effort to accelerate his fall. Pamphlets, letters, memorials, speeches in the House of Commons, and whispers in general society—all the arms of political animosity were directed against the great general. His eagle fortune seemed to have slackened her wing, and animosity looked up in the belief that she was tired out. The presence of Marlborough, however, instantly changed the aspect of affairs. His interest with the queen was still as strong as ever; his political party was not yet shaken in power. Some of his most daring accusers were compelled to public apology, and the houses of parliament voted him thanks for services both civil and military.

Early in the year Marlborough was again in the field; but although the English and Dutch forces were easily brought together, a large body of Danes, subsidized by the allies, received orders from their court not to march to the rendezvous till their arrears were paid. Some delays also occurred in the junction of the Prussians; and the French court, informed of these impediments, resolved to put the plan of offensive operations which had been determined upon into immediate execution. The duke of Bavaria and Marshal Villeroy accordingly passed the Deule with seventy thousand men, and advanced to Tirlemont, where they were shortly joined by a strong body of cavalry from the army of marshal de Marsin.

Marlborough was not at all less disposed to open the campaign with a general battle than the French com-

manders. In order to hasten the arrival of the Danes, he made himself responsible for the payment of the arrears; and their commander, the duke of Wurtemberg, well inclined to activity, willingly looked upon this arrangement as sufficient, without waiting orders from Denmark, and marched with noble celerity to take a share in the approaching engagement.

Marlborough, who was now within a long march of the enemy, advanced, immediately on the arrival of the Danes, towards the source of the Gheet, that his operations might not be impeded by the river. The French and Bavarians, mistaking the duke's march for a demonstration on Namur, hastened forward to take up a position at Ramilies, a village at the source of the Gheet, and about a mile and a quarter from the course of the Mehaigne. Between the village and that river is an open plain; and on this the enemy disposed their forces, taking advantage of several villages, of which Ramilies strengthened their centre, while a rivulet and a morass protected their left. On their right, which rested on the river, was the great force of their cavalry; and on this point the principal efforts of the day took place on both sides. The battle began upon the left of the allies, between one and two, by an attack upon the village of Franquenies, in which the enemy had stationed a small body of infantry, who were soon dislodged by the Dutch troops commanded by General Auverkerque. A body of French foot and dismounted cavalry was instantly sent to regain the post; but it was again charged by the Dutch and Danish horse, and the battle became general in that quarter. The household troops of the king of France were now ordered to charge the Dutch, who were driven back in confusion. Marlborough, however, hastened to the spot, and ordered up a fresh body of cavalry from the right, where they could not act on account of the morass, while he rallied the disordered squadrons of the left, and brought them again to the enemy. In this attempt he was thrown from his horse, and must either have been killed or made prisoner had not a body of infantry advanced and freed him from his dangerous situation. In re-mounting, also, while one of his staff held the stirrup, a cannon-ball passed so near him as to kill the unfortunate officer by his side. The general lived for after-victories. The Dutch and Danes rallied; the reinforce-

ments of cavalry added overwhelming power to their exertions, and the right wing of the French was broken, and fled in every direction. While these proceedings were taking place on the left of the allies, a tremendous struggle occurred in the centre for the village of Ramilies. The French and Bavarians maintained their ground for some time against all the efforts of General Shultz; but other bodies of the allied infantry coming up to his support, while the victorious cavalry of the left appeared upon their flank, the enemy abandoned their position and joined the fugitives.

The left wing of the French, which had been protected by the morass till the rest of their army were nearly defeated, left the scene of action in better order than the other divisions; but skilful must that officer be, who, in retiring from a lost field before a victorious and active enemy, can prevent his retreat from being changed into a flight. The appearance of the French and Bavarians grew more confused every moment, while the allied cavalry hung upon their rear, and rendered their disarray irretrievable. Night did not stop the flight or the pursuit, and some waggons having been overturned in the road by which a large body of the routed army was effecting its escape, many prisoners were taken. The slain on the side of the French and Bavarians amounted in number to eight thousand; but their power suffered more from the complete dispersion of their regiments, from the immense number of deserters, and from the prisoners and wounded, than from their actual loss in the field.

The allies suffered much less in proportion in killed and wounded, and the advantages gained were immense. The French, though they dared not deny their defeat, with very natural policy strove to diminish its extent in the eyes of the world, but the consequences established the magnitude of the victory which Marlborough and Auverquerque had obtained. Louvain, to which Villeroy and the elector fled in the first instance, was immediately abandoned, Alost and Mechlin sent in their submission, and Brussels and the states of Brabant claimed the protection of the victors both by letters and envoys. This was of course promised by the allies, on condition that the states should instantly recognize the Austrian claimant to the crown of Spain and the

sovereignty of the Low Countries, and break off all communication with the French government.

The states of Brabant were in no situation to hesitate. Their submission was rendered without delay, and even with apparent satisfaction, and Marlborough made his entry into Brussels, while the French retreated with precipitation towards Ghent. An indefatigable enemy was upon their track, and, wasting no time on his march, the duke hastened to follow the shattered remains of the army he had conquered, and endeavoured to cut off their communication with France. In this he was disappointed by the precipitation with which they fled, leaving Ghent undefended, and marching towards the lines they had formerly occupied near Courtray. Ghent, Oudinard, and Bruges, thus abandoned, surrendered with little hesitation; and Antwerp, though well-garrisoned and sufficiently provisioned, yielded as soon as it saw itself invested. The only two cities in a vast space of country, from Tirlemont to the sea, which escaped the terror spread by the fight of Ramilies, were Dendermond and Ostend, and these positively refused to surrender so long as they could hold out. The reply of the governor of Dendermont is worthy of commemoration, from that absence of all bravado, and that quiet moderation, which are generally the concomitants of the most steady valour. "The place being well garrisoned," he said, "and provided with all necessaries for its defence, he hoped to merit the duke of Marlborough's esteem by discharging his duty and the trust reposed in him."

While the strong places of Flanders were thus falling into the hands of the allies with extraordinary rapidity, and the whole of the Spanish Brabant had been conquered in fifteen days, the French army, after retreating to Courtray, separated into two small flying camps, the one at Mortagne, on the Scheldt, and the other at Armentiers, on the Lys; and at the same time a great number of the troops were drawn off to strengthen the frontier towns. Notwithstanding these arrangements, betokening both inactivity and panic, fresh troops were poured into the Low Countries, in order, if possible, to put the French army once more in a situation to contest the field with the allies. Villeroy's insufficiency was at length felt; and Vendôme, a man of courage, genius, and skill, was recalled from Italy to try his

fortune against the talents of Marlborough. The allies, however, still continued to advance from success to success, while the French were but making preparations to repair their first misfortune. Ostend, which had once maintained itself against a besieging army for nearly three years, was surrendered at the end of a siege of a few days to the Dutch, under General Auverquerque.

Menin, which had been skilfully fortified by Vauban, was next attacked; and while Marlborough covered the siege, General Salisch conducted the operations against the city. Shortly after the place was invested, the duke of Vendôme joined the French army, and took the command-in-chief. His forces also were sufficient in number to have contended with the allies; but a great part consisting of fresh levies which could not be depended upon, and the memory of many defeats being fresh in the minds of the whole, he dared not risk a general engagement with a veteran army full of success, advantageously posted, and commanded by the first general of the age. After a very short but active and vigorous siege, Menin surrendered, and Dendermond and Aeth also underwent the same fate, without the possibility of Vendôme affording either of them any efficient aid. These successes concluded the campaign; one of the most successful in the annals of British warfare. The arms of France had also been unfortunate in Spain and in Italy; and some slight successes on the German frontier in no degree compensated for all that had been lost. Louis XIV., who had begun his career with victories and triumphs, now found himself surrounded in his old age by defeats and mortification. No longer dictating terms and enforcing his will with the sword, he asked for peace; and was happy to guard his own frontier from aggression. Unwilling, however, to compromise his dignity, and to sacrifice altogether his ambition and his revenge, he seems to have endeavoured to treat with the allied powers separately; and only on finding his motives suspected and his offers refused, to have proposed a general conference with peace for the object. Some degree of ambiguity in the wording of the monarch's communication on this subject, afforded an excuse for rejecting overtures which, it may be well conceived, were not very agreeable to victorious nations or successful generals.

The only circumstance which seems for a moment to have rendered peace probable, was the threatening aspect of Charles XII. of Sweden, who, having established Stanislaus on the throne of Poland, had marched into the hereditary dominions of his competitor, Augustus of Saxony; and, after having forced upon him the most degrading conditions, still remained in the heart of the German empire, recruiting his troops, levying fresh forces, and publicly receiving the envoys of France and Bavaria. At the same time he treated with haughty sternness the ministers of the allies, and refused, it is said, to declare his intentions to any but the duke of Marlborough.

Such was the position of affairs, when, at the end of the campaign of Ramilies, the duke dispersed his army into winter-quarters, and returned to England. The glorious successes which he had obtained had either silenced or converted the greater part of his enemies. Votes of thanks, addresses, and congratulations, poured in upon him from the Parliament and the people. The titles which had been granted to him were extended to the female line, and settled by Act of Parliament, and the perpetuation, in favour of his heirs, of the annual pension of five thousand pounds granted by the queen on the revenues of the Post-office, which had been formerly refused by the House of Commons, was now voted with little opposition.

Marlborough scarcely paused to taste the overflowing cup which was offered to his lip, but, after a short time spent in London, hastened towards Saxony, to ascertain the designs of the capricious hero of Sweden, and to divert him from any purpose hostile to the views of the allies. Few negotiations have been subjects of more attention at the time of their transaction, or of more dispute as matter of history, than Marlborough's embassy to the camp of Charles XII. Voltaire represents the matter with epigrammatic brevity, and with perhaps more wit than truth; and Mottraye, and various others who attacked him on the subject, seem to have been equally mistaken without being equally witty. The facts appear to have been, that Marlborough, on arriving at the camp at Alt Ranstadt, where Charles had fixed his head-quarters, first applied to that monarch's prime minister, Count Piper; but at the same time did not scruple to make use of the private interest of Baron Gortz, who was then

beginning to share in the favour of the king of Sweden. It is probable that, having previous information from those noblemen of the inclinations of their sovereign, a very short interview with Charles himself convinced the duke that the arms of Sweden would be turned against Russia, and not used to support France. It is very possible, indeed, that, together with the knowledge which Marlborough had received from those ministers, the fact mentioned by Voltaire, that Charles had a map of Muscovy constantly before him during the conference, and that his eyes sparkled and his brow contracted when the name of the czar was introduced, may have satisfied the duke that the warlike views of Charles were directed towards the north. At all events, after a very brief stay, he returned to the Hague, with all doubts removed in regard to the intervention of Sweden, and on his way back visited several of the weaker parties to the alliance, to reassure them with his own confidence, and prepare them for an active renewal of the war. The campaign that followed, however, was perfectly unfruitful. Vendôme and the elector of Bavaria gave Marlborough no opportunity of winning any great success; and the year 1707 ended without any event of importance except the agreement of the elector of Hanover to take the command of the imperial forces on the Rhine, and the spirited remonstrance of the states of Holland against the slow, inactive, parsimonious manner with which the Germans bore their part in a war by which they were the principal gainers. Charles XII., also, after pressing the emperor with his usual cruel and unkingly harshness, withdrew his troops from the heart of Germany, and marched upon his long-meditated expedition. In England, with the common fickleness of popular opinion, Marlborough's fame varied with his success; and when the campaign ended without one splendid triumph, he who had been the people's idol was no longer worshipped with the same devotion, and his party enemies strove hard to snatch from him the means of future victory. It was proposed in the House of Peers to transfer the great efforts of the war to Spain; and many excellent arguments were adduced, and many eloquent voices raised in favour of that suggestion. Marlborough, however, was sufficiently strong in influence to defeat the measure; and it was determined still to employ the great strength of

the alliance in that country where he commanded. His favour at court had, nevertheless, by this time passed its acme and reached its decline. The well-known Mrs. Masham had been placed near the queen by the duchess of Marlborough, and Harley was secretary of state. Harley fancied himself already strong enough in the favour of his sovereign to oppose Marlborough, but he was deceived. Some of his agents were discovered in treasonable correspondence with the national enemy; other charges were found to affect him personally, and after a severe struggle he was forced to resign, though contrary to the inclination of the queen. Mrs. Masham did not so openly display her designs, but waited for opportunity, and met with better success. The duchess of Marlborough herself was evidently losing the queen's regard. The duke, in regard to Harley, triumphed over his sovereign's wishes, and was no longer a favourite; but his party was still predominant at home, and he hastened to support it as far as possible by winning new victories abroad.

The want of success which Marlborough had met with in the preceding campaign had given fresh vigour to the movements of the French. Louis XIV. had made immense preparations on the side of Flanders: his armies were recruited and refreshed, and the duke of Burgundy, the duke de Berry, and the unhappy prince commonly stigmatized by the name of the Pretender, were sent to join the forces under the duke of Vendôme, who continued in actual command, though the duke of Burgundy was nominally at the head of the host.

To counterbalance the preponderance which had been given to the French army, several regiments were drawn from the Upper Rhine; new levies were made in Germany; Saxony, freed from the oppression of Sweden, brought her contingent into the field; and Prince Eugene, now recalled from Italy, laid out the plan of the campaign with Marlborough, and put himself at the head of the fresh army thus raised.

It was some time, however, before the duke and the prince could effect their junction. The Germans were naturally and habitually slow, and all Eugene's energy did not suffice to inspire any great degree of activity into their movements. To prevent the French from attacking Marl-

borough with a superior force while Eugene was absent, a report was purposely spread that the prince was destined to act with his division upon the Moselle, which brought about a corresponding detachment from the army of Vendôme.

The campaign commenced with various unfruitful marches and countermarches, which, tedious in the execution, would be more tedious in the detail.

The first events of the war this year were decidedly advantageous to the French. Ghent and Bruges were surprised, and a small fort, commanding the canal between the latter place and Ostend, was taken by assault. These misfortunes were undoubtedly owing to the care with which Marlborough had abstained from weakening his army by detaching strong garrisons, but if in this he committed a fault, he now hastened to repair it, and to win a great compensation for that which had been lost. He accordingly pressed forward upon the enemy, who showed some inclination to retreat to Ghent. Their march tended towards the small fortified town of Oudenarde, in the neighbourhood of which were some high grounds that offered great facility for taking up a strong, if not impregnable, position. Marlborough hurried to intercept them, resolved to force them to an immediate battle even before the junction of the forces under Prince Eugene. That general himself, warned of his great friend's determination, left his troops to follow, and proceeded at all speed to join the duke and take a part in the approaching engagement. The French and allied armies both advanced rapidly towards the Scheldt at different points, but so near that the rear-guard of the one, and the advance of the other were more than once engaged. The passage of the Dender might have been disputed by the French with advantage; but disunion existed in their councils, and the allies were suffered to pass unopposed. On the eleventh of July, Marlborough approached the Scheldt, and threw forward a detachment to take up a position on the other bank of the river, to lay bridges, and to cover the passage of the army. This detachment interposed between the French army, which had passed the river lower down, and the city of Oudenarde, and remained for some time upon the ground before any considerable body of troops could be brought up to its sup-

port. The differences existing between the dukes of Burgundy and Vendôme, had by this time reached their height, and indecision, half-measures, folly, and defeat were the consequences. The detachment of the allies was suffered to remain in possession of the ground till the whole army was at hand to support it. The duke of Burgundy then determined to risk the engagement, and ordered the attack to commence by the cavalry of his right wing. The allies on that side were defended by a rivulet and morass, and the enemy's cavalry recoiled without success. About the same time the duke of Vendôme, who had disapproved the former movement, had commanded an attack by his left on the right of the allies, where the ground was practicable, and the cavalry could be supported from the village of Heynem, which was already in possession of the French. This order was never executed, either from the obstinate folly of the duke of Burgundy in countermanding it, or from the death of the aide-de-camp charged to carry it to the left. Whichever of these two accounts—and both have bold supporters—be correct, certain it is that the allies were not attacked. Battalion after battalion passed the river; the village of Heynem was taken from the French infantry; those of Hearn and Meullen were occupied by the allies; and the French commanders, finding a general battle no longer to be a matter of discussion, but to have become an inevitable necessity, made a retrograde movement with their whole force, and took up a tolerable position before the villages of Vanighen, Lede, and Huyze, with some difficult ground intersected by hedges and ditches in front of their infantry, while their cavalry occupied the more even ground to the right near the village of Wirtigen. As soon as the allied infantry had entirely passed the Scheldt, the attack on the enemy's position became general, and after a severe struggle their line was broken in almost every point. The latter part of the battle took place in the dusk of the evening, but before night fell the whole French army was in complete retreat. The allies remained on the field of battle; the enemy fled to Ghent. About four thousand men killed and wounded was the extent of loss on the side of the allied armies; and it would appear that the French suffered in the proportion of nearly one half more; but eight thousand prisoners gave importance to the victory, and the

renewal of great success added fresh vigour to the energy of the confederates.

Dismay and consternation, as usual after a defeat, took possession of the French army. At Oudenarde they had fought well and bravely, and it was not till they began to retreat that they seem to have thought of fear. The courage and presence of mind of Vendôme, however, though it could not entirely remedy the faults of others, obviated many of the worst consequences. At Ghent the greater part of the fugitive generals were determined to continue their flight, and it was only by the most determined firmness that Vendôme at length carried into execution his plan of entrenching himself behind the great canal between Ghent and Bruges, and thus protecting the two cities he had won.

The victory of Oudenarde, nevertheless, was not fruitless to the allies; the lines which the French had formed some time before near Ypres were levelled, the city of Lens fell into the hands of Count Tilly; and, the frontier of France being laid open, Artois and Picardy were put under contribution. These were the first effects of the battle won on the Scheldt, but Marlborough and Eugene were determined not to rest satisfied with insignificant conquests and partial successes. The siege of Lisle was undertaken, a town most important from its position, from its wealth, and from its military strength. As Marlborough only commanded the army which protected the operations of Eugene, to whose skill the immediate conduct of the siege was confided, I shall not dwell at length upon this part of the campaign. Louis XIV., conscious of the immense value of the capital of French Flanders, made every effort to defend it. It was instantly furnished with a large force and considerable supplies, Boufflers took the command in the town, and Vendôme and Berwick were ordered to hesitate at nothing which could raise the siege.

The duke of Burgundy and the duke of Berwick formed their junction on the Dender; and then, with a very superior force, advanced as for the purpose of giving battle to Marlborough. The skilful manœuvres and bold aspect of the English general, however, obliged them to alter their design, and the enemy were forced to confine themselves to intercepting the convoys of provisions and ammunition

destined for the besieging army, and to throwing fresh supplies into the town. The most important engagement of any kind which took place during the siege was on the occasion of a large convoy of ammunition being sent from Ostend under the command of Major-General Webb, with about seven thousand men. The defence of the place had been so long protracted, that the preparations made on the part of the allies had proved inefficient, and on this supply from Ostend depended the event of the siege. Near the wood of Wynendale, General Webb was attacked on his march by a force of nearly twenty-four thousand of the enemy; but, well aware of the importance of success, he stood his ground, fought, and won the victory. The ammunition was conveyed safely to the camp of the besiegers, and the city of Lisle fell, after various other efforts to force the assailants to retire from its walls, and after a noble defence of ten weeks. The citadel, however, still held out, and while the French remained intrenched in force near Oudenarde, the elector of Bavaria advanced upon Brussels, and attacked that town, which, little defensible in itself, was very insufficiently garrisoned.

The enemy had laid the greater part of the country under water, by cutting the dykes; and trusting to the defence afforded by this inundation, and to the strong works they had thrown up round their camp at Oudenarde, they seem never to have imagined it possible that the allies would attempt the passage of the Scheldt to relieve Brussels. No sooner, however, did Marlborough and Eugene hear that it was attacked, than with haste and secrecy they put in motion the whole army, except the part which was necessary to carry on the siege of the citadel of Lisle, and boldly advanced upon Oudenarde. The passage of the Scheldt was effected on several points at once, almost under the eyes of the enemy, who only recovered from their astonishment in time to make a precipitate and disgraceful retreat. The elector of Bavaria no sooner heard of Marlborough's motions, than, knowing well his enemy, he decamped from before Brussels, and while Eugene returned to pursue the siege of the castle of Lisle, the duke advanced to provide for the future safety of the Spanish Netherlands. Boufflers was soon forced to surrender; and the French generals,

fancying the campaign at an end, sent their troops into winter quarters, and returned to Paris. But Marlborough was not satisfied that any town which had been in his power at the beginning of the year should remain in the hands of the enemy at the end, and consequently he immediately moved upon Ghent, during the short siege of which place he commanded in person, while Eugene headed the army which covered his operations.

Ghent was but feebly defended, and after a few days the garrison capitulated. Scarcely had it surrendered when the news arrived that the French had abandoned Bruges and the other fortresses they had taken; and Marlborough and Eugene having won a great victory, and captured an important city—having frustrated all the designs of their adversaries, and recovered all that had been accidentally lost,—ended the campaign with glory and success.

New negotiations were now entered into for a peace; and as a proof of his sincere desire to terminate the war, Louis XIV. sent the marquis de Torcy, one of his principal ministers, to the Hague. That Marlborough was naturally inclined to continue that state of things which brought him every day fresh glory and profit, no one that has studied the human heart can doubt; but it does not appear in history, that he used any unjust means, or sacrificed in any way the interests of his country, to procure that object; and this perhaps is all that we can expect from man's nature. Nevertheless, peace was not the result. Louis was resolved not to withdraw his grandson's pretensions to the crown of Spain, and the allies were equally determined not to sheathe the sword without having obtained the great purpose for which it was originally drawn. After long and tortuous negotiations, during which the French endeavoured to evade the conditions which Marlborough and the rest of the plenipotentiaries pressed, war was again renewed, and the siege of Tournay was undertaken by Marlborough and Eugene. Various movements made by Marshal Villars and the French army, as well as the vigorous resistance of the garrison, proved ineffectual, and the town of Tournay surrendered after a siege of three weeks. The citadel still held out; and a capitulation which had been proposed, having been sent to Paris, and the act of ratification refused by the king of France, hostilities were renewed. The

garrison of the castle defended themselves with an activity and valour which did them immortal honour, and mine after mine impeded the progress of the assailants, and diminished the besieging army.

The allies on their part were not remiss; and daily encounters took place in these subterranean galleries, in which the garrison had generally the advantage. The fire upon the walls of the citadel, however, was continual and destructive, and, after immense efforts, the garrison was forced to surrender.

Mons was next attacked; but Marshal Boufflers having joined Villars in command of the French army, those generals made several movements which seemed to indicate that they were resolved to raise the siege of the capital of Hainault at the risk of a battle. Marlborough and Eugene, leaving Mons invested, immediately marched to meet the enemy, and came in their presence near the woods of Sarte and Taisnières. Boufflers and Villars proceeded without delay to intrench their position, which, defended by hedges, thick woods, and marshy ground, was strong in itself. Their proceedings were conducted with great skill, and before the next morning, when the attack began, their camp was rendered nearly impregnable. Nevertheless, Eugene and Marlborough had determined on the attack, though opposed by the Dutch deputies, who were intimidated by the formidable appearance of the enemy's intrenchments. The prince began the battle, and of his share in its success I shall give some account in the sketch of his life. As soon as the left flank of the enemy had been turned by Eugene, Marlborough pressed their right, and carried all before him. Intrenchment after intrenchment was taken; Marshal Villars was severely wounded, and though the French fought with great gallantry and resolution, they were obliged to abandon their position and retreat, leaving the field in the possession of the allies. An immense and equal loss in killed and wounded was sustained by each army; but although the victory was dearly bought, it was complete, and the capture of Mons was the result. All military men seem to agree that it was a fault on the part of the allied generals not to have attacked the enemy on the preceding day, ere they had time to intrench their position; but it

must also be remembered that, at that time, the whole force of the allied army had not come up, and that, according to the best accounts, even on the day of battle, the French were still superior in number.

After the fall of Mons, the troops were once more dispersed into winter quarters; and Marlborough resumed the character of plenipotentiary and negotiator. New proposals of peace were again made, and Louis, reduced to the lowest ebb of fortune, with a bankrupt treasury, a discontented people, and a defeated army, demanded a cessation of war in terms which showed his sincerity, without forgetting that he was a king who had once been amongst the greatest. Other events, however, were preparing in the dark council-chamber of the future, which bestowed upon him what neither mighty armies nor skilful negotiations had been able to procure.

At Gertrudenburg various conferences were held with pacific views, but in vain. In the mean time, however, the power which Sarah duchess of Marlborough had acquired over the mind of the queen of England by early intimacy, and had confirmed by long habit, had gradually given way before the influence of the haughty pride displayed by herself and the sycophantic intrigues of a new favourite. The duke of Marlborough had governed the state as much by the command which his wife possessed over the queen as by his splendid talents and his vast success. The duchess had forgot, in the insolence of her great prosperity, that the sceptre which he had so long been permitted to guide was held in truth by the hand of another. The queen perhaps had forgot it also; but not so Mrs. Masham, who soon taught her royal mistress to remember that the power was her own, and before long incited her to exercise it. The arrogant confidence of the duchess of Marlborough hurried on the ruin of her husband, her party, and herself. She now despised the queen whom she had once courted, and she committed the irretrievable fault of suffering her contempt to appear.

Mutual regard being lost, habit was all that the queen had to conquer; and in this the duchess aided the best schemes of her enemies by frequently absenting herself from court upon any occasion of offence.

Marlborough himself had already excited the queen's

displeasure in the matter of Harley's dismissal; and he offended still more deeply by opposing the promotion of Mrs. Masham's brother to a regiment of dragoons. It is probable that before the opening of the campaign of 1710, a complete change of ministry was determined by the queen; and early in June the earl of Sunderland, the near connection of the duke of Marlborough, was removed from office. Other alterations immediately followed, and all the great officers of the crown laid down their seals, which were speedily bestowed upon the members of the opposite party. The Parliament was dissolved, the aspect of affairs changed; and though the new ministry still talked of war, though the arms of France remained unsuccessful, yet Louis XIV. no longer offered concessions, and new energies seemed given to the court of Versailles.

While events were thus passing at home, which overthrew his power in the cabinet, Marlborough took care in the field that his glory should still stand on the sure basis of continual success. The French lines near Lens were forced and the army compelled to retreat; the city of Douai was taken, after a vigorous and difficult siege; Bethune fell; St. Vincent and Aire were obliged to surrender, and the heart of France itself seemed opened to the next campaign.

Marlborough now returned to England, but the magic of his glory had lost its power. No vote of thanks issued from the cold lips of the Parliament; no honour and no reward acknowledged his merit or recompensed his services. The smile had passed from him and his; and his motives, his actions, and even his triumphs, were scrutinized, libelled, and obscured.

The queen affected to receive him graciously, assured him that her new ministry would pursue the war to the expected consummation, desired the aid of his sword in aid of their designs, and promised him the same unremitting support which had enabled him to achieve such great things. Marlborough bore the change of fortune with unshaken steadiness; no rash act, no hasty expression, evinced that any mortification could cast him from the even tenor of a great mind. Beyond all doubt, he saw the great desire of the new ministers to grant peace to France, and easily divined that that peace would be granted on terms

disadvantageous, if not disgraceful, to England. He saw that all his mighty schemes were overthrown, that all his vast efforts were rendered fruitless, that his labour and success for his country were thrown away, and that all the beams of his thousand triumphs, which might have lighted his nation to the summit of power, were now concentrated in the narrower circle of his own glory.

He remained, however, unchanged ; and though he might well have paused in his career, content with all that he had acquired, he agreed to risk his glory under a ministry inimical to his person and opposed to his views, in order that as little might be lost as possible to his country in general. He accordingly resigned all the many places held by his wife at court, but complied with the queen's desire in holding his own command.

The opposite party, who benefited by his services, attributed to him mercenary motives for yielding them ; but as the advantage which could accrue to himself was small, the labour great, the risk of his fame and his honour imminent, and as the persons who accused him in this instance impeached their own credibility by notorious injustice towards the same man on other occasions, it is but fair to view this conduct of the duke in the most honourable light, and to look upon it as another example of that grand moderation which he displayed so often in the course of a long and difficult life.

Though everything tended towards peace, the campaign in Flanders was opened early, and Marlborough, after various manœuvres and skirmishes, in which Marshal Villars showed great skill and activity, at length succeeded in deceiving that commander, and got within the strong lines which the French had established along the course of the Scarpe from Arras to Bouchain. The latter town was immediately invested, and though Marshal Villars used every endeavour to raise the siege, the place was forced to surrender, and the garrison were made prisoners of war.

A futile attempt was made by the officers who had surrendered the place to show that they had not absolutely accepted terms so little honourable to themselves, but their statement was proved to be unfounded, and only served as a means to some of the French historians for corrupting the history of the time. A wet and inclement season had

retarded the operations of this campaign, and brought it to an end more speedily than otherwise would have been the case. After the fall of Bouchain nothing of importance occurred, and Marlborough returned to England, where his enemies were gradually acquiring strength and influence, and where affairs were still tending towards the arrangement of a peace.

The death of the Emperor Joseph, and the elevation to the imperial dignity of the Archduke Charles, one of the pretenders to the crown of Spain, favoured the progress of the negotiations; for the balance of power—the chief pretext for war on the side of the allies—could be no more maintained by leaving Spain to the reigning emperor than by suffering it to fall to the house of Bourbon. The new head of the Germanic body did not fail to remonstrate with his allies on their evident inclination to sacrifice his interests as soon as those interests became no longer their own. But he remonstrated in vain, and on the arrival of Marlborough in London, the first message from the queen to the Parliament formally announced the opening of a congress for a general treaty of peace.

In the debate which ensued, various sarcasms and insinuations were levelled at Marlborough's conduct; and from the general tone of both Lords and Commons it was apparent that more serious charges were in preparation. A report had already been laid before the House of Commons by the commission for examining public accounts, wherein very grave reflections were made upon the character of the duke, for accepting sums of money from the contractors of the army, and for deducting two and a half per cent. from the pay of foreign troops in the English service. The first sums Marlborough declared to be perquisites of the general commanding in the Low Countries, and which had been allowed under every English monarch for a long series of years. He stated also that they had been by him universally applied to those secret services by which he had obtained so many advantages over the enemy. For the two and a half per cent. deducted from the pay of the foreign troops he pleaded the queen's warrant, and affirmed that the sums so received had been applied to the contingent expenses of those troops themselves.

This explanation was not judged sufficient, and the matter

was brought formally before the house. At the same time, the queen dismissed Marlborough from all his employments, upon the ordinary and specious pretence of suffering the matter to undergo an impartial examination. Finding that his former letter to the commissioners had proved of no effect, Marlborough addressed a vindication of his conduct to the House of Commons, by which, supported by witnesses, it was clearly established that the sum he had received from the contractors was the invariable perquisite of the general commanding in the Low Countries, and that the troops had in no degree suffered by a bad or irregular supply. It was also proved that the sum granted for contingencies during his command was but one-fourth of that which had been voted in the time of William III.; and that even that provision having been found by that monarch totally insufficient for procuring necessary intelligence, he had himself established the deduction from the foreign troops. Marlborough also dwelt long on the necessity of procuring intelligence of the enemy's movements, and the difficulty and expense of so doing, and he again declared that the sums in question had been all applied to that purpose. His proofs and his reasonings, however, were without avail. He was known to be avaricious, the party against him was strong; and the Commons voted that the perquisites were unwarrantable and illegal; and that the sums deducted from the foreign troops were public money, which ought to be accounted for.

Shortly after, Mr. Cardonnel, the duke's secretary, who was a member of the House of Commons, was expelled, for having received a sum from the bread contractors; and Mr. Sweet, the deputy paymaster, was censured, and ordered to account for a per-centage which had been accepted by him. . About the same time Prince Eugene arrived in London, for the purpose of averting, if possible, the measures by which the new administration of Great Britain were about to sacrifice his master's interests. His mission, however, produced no beneficial results; and Eugene, after having had an interview with Marlborough, in which he showed that no change of circumstances could alter his demeanour towards his great friend and companion in arms, left England, disappointed in all his views.

Every sort of libel and accusation was now poured upon the head of Marlborough, and all means were taken to

injure his peace and destroy his reputation. He was prosecuted for the money deducted by the queen's own warrant, and sued for the building of Blenheim House, with which his sovereign had rewarded him. Nothing in the annals of history ever more strongly proved the instability of court favour, or the emptiness of that capricious excitation, mistakenly named national gratitude, than the fate of John duke of Marlborough. Unknowing where the persecution might stop, wearied, disgusted, and chagrined, Marlborough quitted England, and amused himself with visiting the various cities of Germany. In the mean while his loss was felt dreadfully by the armies in the Netherlands. Success abandoned the arms of the allies; one after another the conquests of Marlborough were retaken by France; an unsatisfactory and disadvantageous peace was concluded by England and Holland; and Germany was left to fight her battles by herself.

Such was the state of the continent, when, the queen's health declining, Marlborough came as far on his road to England as Ostend. Lord Oxford and Lord Bolingbroke had been long at variance, and it was evident to each of those ministers that the accession of the house of Hanover must bring back the absent general to his country and to power. Each, therefore, courted him whom they had combined to overthrow; and while they strove to expel each other, called on him for aid. Bolingbroke triumphed, and Oxford was dismissed; but the continual discussion which had lately agitated the council had still further affected the weak health of the queen, and on the 1st of August she expired, leaving the crown to the elector of Hanover. On the same day Marlborough arrived at Dover, where the queen's death was not known. He soon, however, hastened to London, and made a public entry into the town, which, if considered as a triumph over his enemies, was indecent, and almost cruel, but which might originate in better motives. The country was in an unsettled state; fears, though groundless, were entertained of an attempt to alter the succession. Marlborough's friends declared that this public entry was against his wish, but that he yielded to the importunity of those who desired it, in order to overawe the turbulent and give confidence to the adherents of the house of Hanover.

After the arrival of George I., the life of the duke of Marlborough offered so few events that they may be comprised in a very short space. His long adherence to the house of Hanover, and to those principles which placed it on the throne, met with gratitude and reward. He was restored to many of his former offices, was treated on all occasions with deference and distinction; and, at length, honour and success shone upon his waning days. Marlborough witnessed the first attempt, in 1715, to restore the family of the exiled king, and contributed, as captain-general of the forces, to bring about its defeat. Shortly after, worn and weary with a long and active life, he retired from public business; and, having spent a few years in tranquillity and repose, he died on the 16th of June, 1722, at the age of seventy-three.

So many characters have been drawn of the duke of Marlborough, that it is scarcely necessary to add another in this place. His glory is a part of the glory of Great Britain; and as in the body of this sketch I have dwelt as much as I thought necessary on his faults, I shall not recall them here. No man was ever more dear to the army he commanded; no man was ever more esteemed by the foreign princes he served; no man was ever more admired by the generals he opposed. His own nation, with the usual injustice of contemporaneous prejudice, sometimes lauded him to the sky, sometimes denied him the merit that strangers and adversaries were willing to admit; but the world at large did him justice even during his life, and posterity have placed his name amongst the immortal.

PRINCE EUGENE OF SAVOY.

Son of the count of Soissons and Olympia Mancini, niece of Cardinal Mazarin—Destined for the church, but, inclined to a military life, leaves France in disgust, receives a command in the imperial service, and is present at the siege of Vienna by the Turks—Capture of Belgrade—Defeated by Catinat—Carries the war into France—Created field-marshal, and receives the order of the Golden Fleece—Successes and defeats, as a general—Commands in Italy—Confers with Marlborough—Fails the Hungarians in their attack upon Vienna—Shares the honour of the battles of Blenheim, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet, with Marlborough—Other successes—Visits England—Minor successes, with the celebrated victory before Belgrade, terminate his military career—Final retirement, death, and character.

PRINCE EUGENE, nearly as much famed from being a sharer in the victories of Marlborough as from his own individual merit, was the son of Eugene Maurice of Savoy (by the mother's side, count of Soissons) and of Olympia Mancini, niece of Cardinal Mazarin. His father intrigued, and was banished from the court of France; and his mother also quitted Paris not many years after, suspected of many vices of which she very probably was innocent; and guilty of a thousand follies, which were more strictly scrutinized than her crimes. Eugene was originally destined for the church, and, according to a scandalous custom then common in France, as well as other Catholic countries, he obtained several benefices while but a child, of which he was eager to divest himself as soon as his mind was capable of discriminating between one profession and another. He seems soon to have felt within himself that ardent desire for military service which is sometimes a caprice and sometimes an inspiration; but Louis XIV., at whose court he still remained, positively forbade his throwing off the clerical habit, notwithstanding all the entreaties of the young abbé, and, by so doing, incurred the enmity of one who inherited from his mother no small faculty of hatred.

At length various circumstances, with which he was in no degree connected, brought about a change in the affairs of

Europe that afforded him an opportunity of escaping from the restraint placed upon his inclinations, and of turning the genius they had despised against those who had condemned him. France and Austria had long been either secretly or openly at strife; but now the dilapidated state of the German empire, after tedious and expensive wars, together with the combination of external foes and internal insurrection, threatened the nominal successor of the Roman Cæsars with utter destruction. The Hungarians in revolt, joined with the Turkish forces which they had called to their assistance, marched into Germany and laid siege to Vienna. Louis XIV. had hitherto taken care to foment the spirit of insurrection, and to aggravate the more pressing dangers of Germany; but at this moment, to cover the encouragement he had held out privately to the rebels, he permitted the nobility of his court to volunteer in defence of Christendom, which the fall of Vienna would have laid open to infidels. A large body of young men set out immediately for Austria, amongst whom Prince Eugene contrived to effect his departure in secret. The famous, but unamiable, minister, Louvois, when he heard of the young abbé's escape, remarked, with a sneer, "So much the better; it will be long before he returns."

The speech was afterwards repeated to Eugene, who replied, "I will never return to France but as a conqueror;" and he kept his word—one of the few instances in which history has been able to record that a rash boast was afterwards justified by talents and resolution.

On arriving at Vienna, Eugene cast away the gown for ever; and his rank instantly procured him a distinguished post near the person of the duke of Lorraine, then commanding the imperial forces.

The whole of Germany was in a state of consternation and confusion utterly indescribable. The emperor had fled from his capital; and the duke of Lorraine, with a small army, had taken up a position near the city, apparently rather with the expectation of witnessing its fall, than in the hope of bringing it succour. At the same time the Turkish forces, powerful in numbers, but despicable in discipline and skill, had encamped in the most disadvantageous situation it is possible to conceive, with high grounds commanding their camp in every direction, and without any natural defence to

counterbalance, even in a degree, so great an inconvenience. Still, as no efficient army could be brought into the field by the emperor without long preparation, and as Vienna was in no condition to protract its resistance, the fate of the capital seemed inevitable. The very apprehension of such an event struck terror into the country, and paralyzed the means of resistance. Such was the state of Germany when Eugene arrived; but shortly after he had joined the army, John Sobieski, the valiant king of Poland, advanced to the assistance of the emperor, and the Turks were forced to raise the siege of the Austrian capital. In the campaign that followed against the infidels, Eugene distinguished himself greatly, both by a sort of light, unthinking courage, and by a degree of skill and judgment, which seemed to show that the levity he was somewhat too fond of displaying, though perhaps a confirmed habit, from his education in an idle and frivolous court, was no true type of the mind within: it was the empty bubble dancing on the bosom of a deep stream. This was felt by those who surrounded him; and promotion succeeded with astonishing rapidity. Before the end of three months he was in command of a regiment of horse.

Continual battles, sieges, and skirmishes, now inured Eugene to all the hardships and all the dangers of war, and at the same time gave him every opportunity of acquiring a thorough knowledge of his new profession, and of obtaining higher and higher grades in the service. In the course of a very few years he had been wounded more than once severely; but at the same time he had aided in the taking of Neuhausel, Vicegradt, Gran, and Buda; was the first who entered sword in hand into the intrenched camp of the Turks at Hersan; and had received a commission as lieutenant-general in the Austrian service. The storming of Belgrade was the next great event in which Eugene was called to act; and here, in command of a body of reserve, he attacked the walls, after the first parties had been repulsed, and succeeded in forcing his way into the city. The regiments which had failed at first now rallied; and, the path being open, the imperial forces poured in in all directions, and Belgrade was taken after a most obstinate defence.

Victor Amedæus, duke of Savoy, was shortly after this persuaded by his cousin Eugene to embrace the interests of the house of Austria, and to enter into the great alliance

which had been formed for the purpose of depressing France.

The vast power which Louis XIV. had acquired, and the evident disposition he displayed to extend that power to the utmost, had armed the fears of all the monarchs of Europe against him. At the same time, the armies which had conquered for him were dispersed, and the generals who had led them to victory had in most instances fallen into the grave. Perhaps these considerations might lead the duke of Savoy to withdraw from an alliance which promised little support and imminent danger; but he had soon reason to repent of having done so. Marshal Catinat, the best of Louis' living officers, was ordered to act against him; the whole of Piedmont quickly fell into the hands of the French; and on the 18th of August the duke was completely defeated by the adverse general. Eugene, who was present, though wounded with a spent ball, covered the retreat of the troops of Savoy; but the battle was nevertheless completely lost, and influenced for long the fate of Piedmont.

After various campaigns in Italy, where little was effected but a diversion of the French forces from the scene of war in Germany and the Netherlands, Eugene prevailed upon his cousin, the duke of Savoy, to lead his troops into France, and to draw the French army from Italy, by carrying the war into their own country. The scheme was a bold one; but it proved most successful; and Embrun, Quilestre, and Gap, having fallen, the allied army, under Victor Amedæus and Eugene, advanced rapidly into Dauphiny. Terror and consternation spread before them; and, in revenge for the devastation committed by the French in the Palatinate, they now ravaged the whole of Dauphiny, burning the villages and hamlets, and laying the cities under heavy contributions. The heart of France was open to the invading army; but, fortunately for that country, a severe illness put a stop to the proceedings of Victor Amedæus. Returning to Turin in haste, he left his army to the command of Prince Eugene: but the Italian generals contrived, by hesitation in their obedience and opposition to his wishes, to defeat Eugene's best schemes, so that he was glad, by a rapid retreat, to bring his army in safety to Savoy.

Eugene was now created field-marshal, and received the order of the Golden Fleece; but his gratification at these

marks of approbation was bitterly alloyed by a severe defeat which he suffered near Pignerol, in company with his cousin the duke of Savoy, who madly engaged the French forces in a position where his own discomfiture was a certain consequence.

Few movements of any import took place in Italy for some years after this, in which Eugene was concerned. Victor Amedæus, partly from caprice, partly from fear, withdrew from his alliance with Austria, and once more signed a treaty of neutrality with France. The imperial troops, unable singly to keep the field against the French, abandoned Savoy; and Eugene, though his efforts had proved unsuccessful, was received at Vienna with the highest distinction.

The emperor, probably judging rightly in this instance, that the prince had failed from his energies being crippled by a divided power, now gave him the sole command of the army opposed to the Turks in Hungary.

Eugene immediately found himself menaced by the whole force of the Turkish empire; but after some masterly manœuvres, he saved the city of Peterwaradin, on which the Ottoman forces were marching; and then, though with very inferior power, approached the intrenchments of the grand vizier at Zeuta, with the intention of forcing him in his camp. At the very moment, however, that the army had advanced too far to retreat, a courier arrived, bearing the emperor's commands to Eugene, on no account to risk a battle. Eugene's measures were already taken; he put the letter in his pocket, attacked the Turks, defeated them completely, left twenty thousand Mussulmans dead on the field, and ten thousand drowned in the Danube; pursued his victory by burning Serai and securing the frontier line of fortresses; and then returned to Vienna in expectation of reward and honour.

The emperor received him coldly, and before the day was over he was put under arrest for disobedience of orders. The clamour, however, of the people, and some feeling of shame in the bosom of the proud, weak Leopold, soon caused him to restore Eugene to his rank, and to send him once more against the Turks. Success, however, did not follow the prince through the succeeding campaign; and before the season brought it naturally to a

close, peace had been determined on between Austria and the Porte.

Some time previous to the period of which we now speak, Louis XIV. had endeavoured to tempt Eugene back to his court, by the offer of a marshal's rank in the French army, the government of Champagne, and a considerable yearly pension. Eugene, who felt that, however flattering to himself, the offer originated alone in the selfishness of an ambitious monarch, refused it in terms sufficiently galling to the proud king of France. Nevertheless, after the peace of Westphalia, Villars, who was sent as ambassador to Vienna, is supposed to have been again charged with a mission of the same nature to Eugene. The fact, however, is not only doubtful, but very improbable, from the character of all parties concerned. Eugene was not a man to leave himself the possibility of changing; Louis was not a man meanly to solicit where he had once been refused; and Villars was not a man to undertake a mean commission, even for a king. It is probable that the courtesy which the prince evinced towards Marshal Villars, from a sense of his personal merit, at a time when the haughty court of Vienna was mean enough to treat even an ambassador with cold disrespect, was the sole origin of the report. However that might be, Eugene remained for a length of time at Vienna, filling up his inactivity by trifling with many arts and many enjoyments, till at length, the war of the Succession, as it was called, breaking out, he was appointed to the command of the army in Italy.

Thirty thousand excellent troops were put under the command of Eugene; but the great difficulty of the campaign seemed to be the march of these troops into Italy. Venice, with its usual temporizing policy, had remained neuter, and Catinat rested upon the verge of that republic, ready to attack the German army in its passage through the only defiles by which it could enter Lombardy without violating the Venetian territory.

Prince Eugene, however, was not a man to suffer his plans to be thwarted by any attention to ceremony. He at once effected his passage through the difficult passes of the Tyrol; and marching calmly across the neutral territory, sent a formal apology to the republic, and pursued his journey. He soon came in presence of the French army;

and after deceiving them by a demonstration of crossing the Po, he passed the Adige at Carpi, where he defeated a division of the French under General St. Fremont, out-mancœuvred Catinat, joined the reinforcements which had followed him, and passing the Mincio, made himself master of the whole country between the Adige and the Adda.

The duke of Savoy, who was joined in command with Catinat, was a strange combination of the most heroic, perhaps the most chivalrous courage, and the most capricious treachery. To fight a battle, whether with any chance of success or not, was always his desire; and, in the present instance, he pressed Catinat to engage Eugene under every disadvantage. The French general resisted, and the dispute being referred to Louis XIV., he sent Villeroy to command the army in Piedmont, with orders to risk a general action. Catinat was disgusted and retired; and for some time Eugene had the good fortune to be opposed by Marshal Villeroy, one of the most inefficient officers in the French service. Consequently, though no very signal victory was gained by the imperial forces, the result of the whole campaign was infinitely unfavourable to France. Villeroy, however, was at length taken, in a daring attempt made by Eugene to surprise Cremona, which was worse than unsuccessful; for the loss of that officer to the service of Louis XIV. was the greatest advantage that could be conferred on it. The consequence was, that on the arrival of Vendôme, who succeeded to the command, the French army, always superior in number to the Austrian, regained at least as much as Villeroy had lost.

At length a general engagement took place at Luzara, at which Philip of Spain was present. The forces of the French have been estimated at forty thousand, those of the imperial general did not much exceed one half that number. The battle was long and fierce, and night only terminated the contest. Both parties of course claimed the victory. The French sung a *Te Deum*, but retreated; the imperial army retained their ground.

Nevertheless, the fruits of victory were gathered by the French. Their immense superiority of numbers gave them

the power of overrunning the whole country; and the imperial court, either from indolence, heedlessness, or intrigue, failed to take any step to support its army in Italy; so that all which Eugene had taken, sooner or later fell into the enemy's hands, and he himself, disgusted with the neglect he had met with, left his army under the command of another, and set out to see whether he could not procure some reinforcement, or at least some supply of money to pay or provide for his forces.

At Vienna he found good reason to suspect that Count Mansfeld, the minister at war, had by some means been gained to the interest of France. Everything which could tend seriously to depress that country was either opposed in the council, or rendered ineffectual by procrastination, difficulties, and neglect. Whether Count Mansfeld was really guilty or not may be doubted, for men's follies are very often mistaken for vices; but that his conduct produced as baneful an effect on those operations of state which he was called upon to conduct as if he were criminal, there can be no doubt. That such a man should be removed, was absolutely necessary for the interest of Germany, yet the authority and remonstrances of Prince Eugene, together with evident proof of Mansfeld's mismanagement, were not sufficient to procure his dismissal, till Prince Louis of Baden joined in the same demand; when, at length, the weak or criminal minister was transferred from the department of war to a high station in the emperor's household. The season was too far advanced for the armies, which his conduct had nearly ruined, to experience any speedy benefit from his absence; but in the mean while Eugene was appointed minister at war; and some time after, in this capacity, proceeded to confer with Marlborough on the united interests of England and Austria.

This negotiation was most successful; and here seems to have been concerted the scheme which Marlborough afterwards so gloriously pursued, for carrying on the war against France on the side of Germany, and of thus freeing the empire. In a military point of view, also, Eugene's efforts, though supported by no great army, and followed by no great victory, were wise and successful. He foiled the Hungarian rebels in their bold attack upon Vienna, checked

them in their progress everywhere, and laid the foundation of their after-subjection.

Soon after this, Eugene took the command of the imperial army on the Rhine; and after considerable manœuvring, singly, to prevent the junction of the French army with that of the duke of Bavaria, finding it impossible, he effected his own junction with the duke of Marlborough, and shared in the glories of the field of Blenheim.

Eugene was here always in the thickest of the fight, yet never for a moment forgot that he was called upon to act as a general rather than a soldier. His operations were planned as clearly and commanded as distinctly, in the midst of the hottest conflict, as if no tumult had raged around him, and no danger had been near to distract his attention: yet his horse was killed under him in the early part of the battle; and, at one moment, a Bavarian dragoon was seen holding him by the coat with one hand, while he levelled a pistol at his head with the other. One of the imperialists, however, coming up at the moment, freed his general from this unpleasant situation; and Eugene proceeded to issue his orders without the least sign of discomposure.

Having given a more detailed account of this great battle in another part of this book, it is necessary to say little more of Eugene's conduct on this occasion than that he seconded Marlborough as Marlborough deserved; but the trait in which the peculiar character of his mind chiefly developed itself, is to be found in the account that he gave of the battle, both to his own court and several other powers. Marlborough is the theme of his whole praise—to Marlborough is attributed the success of the day; and though the army receives its just share of approbation, scarcely a word is found of Prince Eugene.

The following year Eugene returned to Italy, and once more began the war against Vendôme. Notwithstanding all his skill and activity, however, the superiority of the French numbers, and the distinguished military genius of their chief, prevented Eugene from meeting with any very brilliant success. He surprised various detachments, relieved several towns, was successful in many skirmishes; but he failed in drawing the French out of Savoy, and was totally repulsed in endeavouring to pass the Adda.

In the attempt to do so, many men and several valuable officers were lost on both sides. The battle was long and furious. Both Vendôme and Eugene displayed all their skill to foil each other; and perhaps so bravely contested a field was as honourable to each as a great victory. Neither, however, could fairly claim the battle as won; for though Eugene failed in passing the river, the French were the greatest sufferers in the contest, and they did not succeed in compelling the Germans to fly, though they prevented them from advancing to join the duke of Savoy. Eugene, with his wonted reckless courage, exposed himself more than even was necessary; and, in the very commencement of the engagement, was wounded severely in the neck, notwithstanding which he remained a considerable length of time on horseback, reiterating efforts upon efforts to gain his object, till a second musket-ball in the knee forced him to absent himself for a time from the field. These wounds probably decided the failure of his attempt; but they did not prevent him from securing his army in good winter quarters, and checking all active operations on the part of Vendôme.

The next campaign was more successful. Vendôme, after defeating a body of imperial troops at Calemato, was recalled, and the command of the French forces given to the duke of Orleans and the Maréchal de Marsin, who, with an army of eighty thousand men, invested Turin, the last hold of the duke of Savoy.

Eugene immediately marched to form his junction with the duke; and, no longer opposed by the genius of Vendôme, passed the Adige unattacked, crossed the Tanaro and the Po, joined his cousin near Carmagnola, and advanced to the succour of Turin.

By this time the capital of the duke of Savoy had sustained a long and close siege of four months. La Feuillade, who commanded the besieging army, had sacrificed nearly fourteen thousand men; but his force, together with that which covered his operations, consisted of eighty thousand well-disciplined and well-supplied troops, while Daun, who defended the city, had already lost six thousand out of the small number of his garrison. The ammunition and the provisions were all equally exhausted; and four days must have seen the fall of Turin, when Eugene and the duke of Savoy

arrived within sight of the French camp. The German general brought up thirty-three thousand troops to the relief of the town; but, as a shrewd writer has observed, the effects of Marlborough's victory at Ramillies were felt even in Italy. The French were dispirited, and uncertainty and divided counsels pervaded their camp. On the 7th of September, the allied army, with less than half their numerical force, attacked them in their intrenchment, forced their position in every direction, and after one of the severest conflicts ever known, completely defeated them, and raised the siege of Turin. The battle, however, was at one time nearly lost to the allies by an accident which befell Eugene. In rallying a body of imperial cavalry, the prince's horse received a ball in his chest, fell with the rider, and threw him into a ditch, where, stunned with the fall, he lay for several minutes amongst the dead and dying. The report spread through the army that he was killed; a general alarm was the consequence; and the infantry were beginning to give way, when, suddenly starting up, Eugene commanded the nearest German regiment to fire upon the French cavalry that were coming up to the charge. The effect was tremendous; the French went to the right about; and, though they rallied again and returned to the charge, the imperial troops continued gradually to force their way on, till their adversaries fled in confusion.

Never did the French on any occasion suffer a more total defeat; and the immense booty taken in their camp served to satisfy and encourage the ill-paid army of Eugene. On this occasion all their historians discover that treachery was the cause of their misfortune. St. Simon accuses some, and Beaumelle others of the French commanders; but it is by no means easy to ascertain where this treachery lay. As to La Feuillade, who commanded the siege, he had comparatively little to do with the battle; and it seems certain at present, that he pressed the city vigorously, and would have taken it, had it not been for the complete rout of the army which protected his operations. Many doubts are entertained whether Marshal de Marsin acted wisely or not in opposing the duke of Orleans' desires to go out of the lines, and fight Eugene in the plain. The day was lost, and its event brought the stigma of folly upon De Marsin's opinion; but he gave his life to win the battle, and therefore

could hardly be accused of treachery in losing it. The truth is, the French fought bravely, and none of them more bravely than their generals. Marsin was killed, the duke of Orleans twice wounded; but they wanted the impetus of attack; their first efforts were unsuccessful, they lost heart, got into confusion, and fled.

The consequence of this victory was the evacuation of the north of Italy by the French. Eugene was now everywhere successful for some time. He forced the passage of the Col de Tende, carried the French intrenchments on the Var, and laid siege to Toulon. Here, however, he failed; the defence was long and obstinate, reinforcements arrived at the French city, and Eugene, together with the duke of Savoy, agreed to raise the siege and retire once more into Piedmont.

Eugene was now again called to join Marlborough, in company with whom he fought and conquered at Oudenarde, took Lisle (where he was again severely wounded), Ghent, Bruges, Tournay, and Mons; and forced the French lines at Malplaquet, after a severe and long-protracted struggle, in which two hundred thousand men were engaged, and nearly sixty thousand fell.

The French position on this occasion was naturally strong, covered by woods, hedges, and villages; and every effort had been made to render it impregnable which the time permitted. Lines and redoubts were thrown up in various parts of the field; and all natural advantage had been improved by promptitude and skill. The allied army, when first it appeared in presence of the French, was considerably inferior in number; but a detachment of eighteen battalions, recalled from the force besieging Tournay, put the two forces nearly upon an equality in this respect. In position the French still remained superior; but Marlborough and Eugene both decided on attacking them; and about eight o'clock on the 31st of August the battle began by a heavy cannonade. The first attack of the allies was made upon the French intrenchments in front of the woods of Sart and Taisnières, and on the left of their position. The right of the allies, by which this operation was performed, was commanded by Eugene in person; and, after struggling with a thousand impediments, and forcing several intrenchments and barricades of felled timber, the confederate troops succeeded in

less than an hour in driving the French back into the woods, and thus completely turning the left of their position. The attack on the enemy's right was as successful, but not so rapid; and it was some time before Marlborough found himself justified in striking one great blow for complete success, by pouring the whole of his remaining strength upon the centre of the French army. By this time, however, Prince Eugene had completely triumphed on the right; and the most hazardous battle which had been risked during the war was crowned with conquest.

If the victories of Blenheim and Oudenarde might more fairly be attributed to Marlborough than to Eugene, the success at Malplaquet was chiefly obtained by the prince, who had forced the intrenchments, taken the wood of Sart, and turned the enemy's flank, before Marlborough had made much progress against the other wing.

Eugene had strongly counselled the battle, though opposed by the States of Holland, and had in a measure taken the responsibility upon himself. On all occasions Eugene's impetuosity led him to expose his person more than mere duty required, and now, having staked his fame on the success of his attempt, he seems to have resolved not to survive a defeat. In the very first attack he received a severe wound behind the ear, which bled so profusely that all his staff pressed him to retire for the purpose of having it dressed. "If I am beaten," replied Eugene, "it will not be worth while; and if we beat the enemy, I shall have plenty of time to spare for that."

Shortly after this victory, Marlborough was disgraced; the French interest triumphed in the cabinet of St. James's; and though Eugene, who was sent ambassador to England, was received with acclamations by the people and favour by the court, he could not shake the determination of Queen Anne, who, to justify her resentment, cast away her success. Eugene returned to his command in the Low Countries, but fortune no longer awaited him. Marshal Villars struck yet one great stroke in favour of France, and by his victory near Landrecy, shed a bright gleam of glory on the evening of Louis XIV. Eugene, hampered by raw forces under his command, and a raw monarch commanding him, was not more successful in the next campaign on the Rhine than he had been on the Scheldt.

Europe was sick of war; bloodshed and carnage, famine, plunder, fire, and desolation, had swept, turn by turn, each district of the continent, and even monarchs began to appreciate glory justly, and to long for peace. England, Russia, Savoy, Portugal, and Holland, had already entered into a treaty with France: Eugene strongly recommended the same conduct to the emperor, and prevailed. He was in consequence appointed to treat with his friend and adversary Villars, at Radstadt. Between two such men, few difficulties occurred. They met each other with generosity and frankness; and the terms being soon concluded, the treaty was signed by the plenipotentiaries at Radstadt, and ratified shortly after at Baden.

After some short repose, we soon find Eugene once more acting against the Turks in Hungary. Both Austria and Turkey had for some time shown a disposition to renew the war which had been so long abandoned; and a good pre-
tence was easily found on both sides. The Ottoman power, though verging towards its decline, was not at that time the decrepit thing which it now appears. While other countries have advanced rapidly in all arts, and in none more than that of war, Turkey, with a government entangled in all its movements by a religion which admits of no improvement, has stood fixed on the particular spot in the march of human knowledge, where first she took her station in the history of years. Nation after nation has left her far behind; but at the period of which I speak, the distance between her degree of civilization and that of other lands was infinitely less than at present. No sooner was war determined, than Achmet III. marched an immense force down to the frontiers of Hungary, to act against Eugene, who had just taken the command of the German forces at Peterwaradin. The Vizier Hali, commanding the Ottoman troops, full of confidence in his own skill, and in his immense superiority of numbers, advanced rapidly upon Eugene, and crossed the Save, which formed the boundary of the two countries, determined to crush his adversary by one great battle. Eugene was as desirous of such an event as the vizier, and therefore the troops were soon engaged, almost under the walls of Peterwaradin. The Turks fought bravely for many hours, and the battle was long undecided; but, at length, Eugene's superior skill prevailed, and the

enemy fled in every direction. The grand vizier struggled, to the last, with long and desperate bravery; but after having received two severe wounds, he was borne away by the fugitives to Carlowitz, where he died the next day, muttering to the last imprecations against the Christians.

The siege of the important town of Temeswar followed; and, though the Turkish army was still far superior to that of Prince Eugene, it made no effort of any consequence to raise the siege. The garrison of the town, however, defended themselves for some time with great gallantry. The fortifications had been lately strengthened, the stores increased, and the troops reinforced; but the great extent of suburbs rendered the town more difficult of defence than it would otherwise have been. To protect the principal suburb, a strong work, called the *Palanka*, had been erected, and against this Eugene directed his chief operations. Notwithstanding every exertion, it was the end of September before an assault was practicable; but then the *Palanka* was stormed, and, after an obstinate and bloody fight of four hours, remained in the hands of the imperialists. The fate of the city now appeared certain; but the heavy rains which then set in, inundating the camp of Eugene, and spreading disease and destruction among his troops, had nearly compelled him to raise the siege; when, on the 13th of October, the garrison demanded to capitulate. Eugene granted them honourable terms, and the city was given up to the Austrians.

After the death of Hali from the wounds he had received at Peterwaradin, the command of the Turkish army was given to the pacha of Belgrade, one of the most skilful officers in the Ottoman service. But Eugene was destined to destroy the Turkish power in Hungary. The campaign of the next year commenced with the siege of the often-captured Belgrade; and it was soon completely invested and reduced to some distress. The Porte, however, was not unmindful of its preservation; and, in the beginning of August, the pacha appeared on the mountains surrounding the town with an army of near 200,000 men. Thus shut up, between a strong fortress and an immense army, with the dysentery in his camp, and forces enfeebled by long and severe labours, Eugene's situation was as difficult as it is possible to conceive. Notwithstanding every dis-

advantage, his usual bold course of action was pursued in the present instance, and met with that success which is almost always sure to attend the combination of daring and skill. After a short delay, to enable himself to employ all his energies (having been himself greatly debilitated by the camp-fever), he attacked the Turkish army in their intrenchment, and at the end of a very short but severe struggle, succeeded in defeating a force more than three times the number of his own.

Belgrade surrendered immediately; and the next year, without any great military event, put an end to war.

After the conclusion of peace, Eugene, who had been appointed governor of the Austrian Netherlands, resigned that office, which he had never personally filled, and was appointed vicar-general for the emperor in his Italian dominions.

For many years after this, Eugene spent his days in peace and tranquillity, endeavouring to raise up a spirit of commerce among the Germans, and to improve the finances of his sovereign, by whom he was appreciated and loved. His greatest efforts were in favour of Trieste, which he changed from a petty town to a great commercial city, and which remains to the present day the best and the noblest fruit of all his talents and all his exertions.

At first, everything promised that the old age of Eugene would have passed in peace, uninterrupted by any warlike movements; but he was once more called from his calmer occupations, by the short war which broke out with France in 1733.

Perhaps, in point of military skill, the two campaigns which followed were the most brilliant of Eugene's life; but with only thirty thousand men, opposed to a force of double that number, he could alone act upon the defensive.

He did so, however, with more success than the scantiness of his resources promised. He prevented the French from penetrating into Suabia; and though Philipsburg was taken notwithstanding all his efforts, he contrived, by turning the course of the neighbouring rivers, to inundate the country on the German side of that city, and to render its possession unprofitable to France.

Peace soon succeeded, and with these two campaigns ended Eugene's life as a commander. He lived for some

time after this, indeed, amusing himself with the embellishments of his palace and gardens, and employing a great many mechanics and labourers, during all seasons of dearth or scarcity ; but the battle-field never saw him more. His health gradually and slowly declined ; and, on the 21st of April, 1736, in the seventy-fourth year of his age, he was found dead in his bed, after having been slightly indisposed the night before.

As a general he was skilful, enterprising, bold, but somewhat rash and full of confidence both in his own powers and in his own good fortune. His mind was active, indefatigable, full of resources, and teeming with stratagems. He was proud of his talents, but not vain ; and he had no envious jealousy in his nature. He was sparing of all praises where he was concerned himself ; but liberal of commendation to the merits of others. He was extremely cautious in blaming any one ; but was bold, perhaps to affectation, in examining his own faults, and criticising his personal conduct. In comparing his own behaviour upon any occasion with that of any other great man, it seemed as if he looked upon the actions of others with the eye of a partial friend, and regarded everything he did himself with the calm scrutiny of an unbiassed censor. He was lively and witty in conversation, and frank and generous in the usual routine of life. He was also charitable, if he was not profuse ; and might have been distinguished as humane, if he had not permitted his soldiers to commit acts of cruelty, that even the heat of battle and the exultation of victory could neither justify nor palliate.

EARL OF PETERBOROUGH.

Born about the year 1658—Accompanies the expeditions against Algiers and Tangiers—An opponent of the Stuarts—Instrumental in bringing over William III.—First lord of the Treasury, with the title of earl of Mordaunt—Dismissed from employment—Inherits the earldom of Peterborough—Commands the expedition sent to Spain—Siege of Barcelona—Drives the French across the Pyrenees—Recalled from Spain—Receives the thanks of Parliament, and is made Knight of the Garter—Ambassador to Sicily—Effects the fall of Alberoni—Close of his public life—His character, death, letters, &c.

CHARLES MORDAUNT was descended from a family equally illustrious by actions and by station. His father, John Mordaunt, the younger brother of Henry earl of Peterborough, having exhausted his fortune and employed his best days in the service of Charles II., received from that monarch the title of Lord Mordaunt of Reigate in Surrey, and Viscount Avalon in the county of Somerset—titles which at that moment were empty honours indeed, as Charles had not yet been restored to the throne of his ancestors, and poverty and misfortune were the portion of those peers who shared his exile.

Danger and distress, however, had not withheld a daughter of the house of Monmouth from uniting her fate to that of the proscribed follower of the banished king, and the first fruit of the marriage of John Lord Mordaunt with Elizabeth Carey was Charles, of whom we now speak. He was born about the year 1658, though the precise date is obscure; and at the age of seventeen, succeeded his father in the titles which King Charles had bestowed. About that period the Mediterranean, which was infested with pirates, became an object of attention to Great Britain; and a fleet being appointed against Algiers, a fashion grew up amongst the idle nobility of the court of Charles II. to volunteer upon remote and dangerous expeditions. The young Lord Mordaunt was amongst the first to follow a custom well suited to his chivalrous and somewhat erratic

character; and he accordingly accompanied both the armament destined for the attack of Algiers, and that sent afterwards to the relief of Tangiers, which was then a dependency of England and besieged by the Moors.

On his return from these services, where he gained the first knowledge of war as a science, he took his seat in the House of Peers; and as but a small portion of his family's attachment to the house of Stuart had descended to himself, he pursued, with the most determined vehemence, all those measures which could thwart the court and exclude the duke of York from the throne. Witty in discourse, but loose and vague in reasoning, perfectly fearless of all consequences, and rapid but not always just in his conclusions, he more frequently bore down argument than proved himself right, oftener incensed his opponents than convinced his hearers.

His political life, being little connected with his history as a commander, I shall touch upon but slightly. However, it may be necessary to remark, that his antipathy to the reigning family increased under James II., and that he made himself particularly obnoxious to the government on the introduction of the bill for the repeal of the Test Act. He is presumed, also, to have been one of the first in the secret machinations which were carried on for the purpose of expelling James and calling the prince of Orange to the throne, and his after-actions proved him to be at least one of the most strenuous supporters of that measure. How he had acquired fame as a commander, without having shown any military talent, except as a boy in the expeditions I have mentioned, is not at all clear; but it seems certain that the Dutch offered him, towards the year 1687, the command of a fleet and army in the West Indies. This he made an excuse for demanding the king's permission to go over to Holland; and James, who appears to have been obstinately blind to his approaching fate, granted his request. The moment he arrived in Holland, he visited the prince of Orange, and a conversation took place between them, the precise tenor of which, it is probable, was never clearly known. It appears, however, that then, for the first time, Peterborough proposed boldly to the prince the scheme of an invasion of England, which William received in such

a manner as showed that the idea was already familiar with his mind.

With his usual taciturn caution, the prince gave little encouragement to the proposal, but kept Lord Mordaunt about his person ; and though he seemed to condemn the expedition which that nobleman had suggested as a romantic dream, he continued to consult him on all occasions, while, with a watchful eye upon England, he suffered James, by acts of madness, to bring about the favourable moment for that very undertaking, and made quiet, but complete preparation, to take advantage of opportunity.

The young peer continued to urge forward the willing but deliberate Dutchman, till at length the repeated representations of the English nobility, and the evident disaffection of the nation, showed William that the time for action was come.

Lord Mordaunt accompanied him to England, the nation deserted the house of Stuart, and William was placed upon the British throne. Rewards and honours of course fell to the lot of those who had countenanced or who had prompted his successful enterprise ; and on the 13th of February, 1689, amongst several other persons, two of the most extraordinary men of that age were together sworn in privy councillors and gentlemen of the bedchamber to the new sovereign—the Lord Mordaunt, afterwards earl of Peterborough, and the Lord Churchill, afterwards duke of Marlborough. Both these noblemen had acted a conspicuous part in the revolution, Mordaunt being one of the first, and Churchill one of the last, who abandoned King James ; with this difference, however, that the house of Stuart owed much to the family of Peterborough, while Marlborough owed everything to the house of Stuart.

Employments implying more substantial power and emolument were soon after bestowed upon Lord Mordaunt. On the 8th of April, 1689, he was appointed first lord of the Treasury, and on the 9th was created earl of Monmouth. The regiment of horse raised by the city of London in favour of the Revolution was placed under his command ; and nearly at the same time he was constituted lord-lieutenant of Northampton. This favourable position of his affairs did not continue long. Burnet accuses him of favouring the Nonjurors and the partisans of King James, even

while in office under King William; and either from some suspicion of his conduct, or perhaps from a desire to soothe the refractory spirit of his new Parliament, the king soon dismissed Peterborough from the Treasury, without any apparent cause. The earl does not seem to have regarded the loss of office as any great privation, and found plenty of occupation for his time in elegant and classical pursuits.

In regard to the period of his quitting his public situation I am not fully informed. One authority before me says he was removed from the Treasury in 1690; another represents him as retaining it till 1694; but it is certain that in 1692 he accompanied William through a campaign in the Low Countries, an employment not very compatible with the duties of a commissioner of the Treasury.

The leisure which now fell upon him was unhappily too much devoted to the pleasures of the senses; and though he strove to adorn immorality with taste and refinement, and to enlighten the darkness of infidelity by the flashes of wit, there is nothing in the years which, at this time, he spent in privacy, that the eye can regard with pleasure or the mind contemplate with approbation.

The society of men of genius, which he greatly affected, did not teach him to govern his passions or restrain his inclinations; and though he himself declared that a visit which about this time he paid to Fénelon had almost persuaded him to be a Christian, yet he resisted an example of religious virtue which might have converted the vainest of unbelievers.

In the year 1697, the death of his uncle Henry earl of Peterborough without heirs brought him a considerable accession of property, and the title by which he is chiefly known in history.

Passing without further detail over the intervening years between his dismissal from office under King William and the accession of Queen Anne, we find him suddenly invested with the title of governor of Jamaica, and commander-in-chief both of the fleet and army on that station. What motives brought about this extraordinary appointment of a man who had no military experience to a situation of high military responsibility, are not now to be discovered. His advancement in the army has generally been attributed to the penetration of the great duke of

Marlborough; which may indeed have been the case, although Marlborough afterwards looked upon him with the eye of a rival, and though Peterborough not only blamed the conduct of his great competitor, but endeavoured to thwart his plans, and often satirized his person.

Whether he ever really exercised the office to which he had been appointed in the West Indies I do not know, but in March, 1705, he was named commander-in-chief of the army destined to support the house of Austria in their claim to the throne of Spain; and, conjointly with Sir Cloudesley Shovel, admiral of the fleet about to sail for the coast of Spain.

It would occupy too much space here to notice all the particulars which gave rise to the War of Succession in Spain; but a brief explanation may be in some degree necessary to the elucidation of the events which follow. On the marriage of Louis XIV. to the sister of Charles II., king of Spain, Maria Theresa had renounced her claims to the succession; but these claims were soon revived, and continually kept up, although the house of Austria had at least an equal title to the territories which the deceased and childless Charles II. was about to leave as matters of contest amongst the powers of Europe. To calm those states who had no claim upon the Spanish monarchy, but were not indifferent to the great accession of power which its possession would bestow upon one or other of the competitors, Louis XIV. proposed the famous partition treaty, by which the dominions of the hourly dying sovereign should be divided between the Dauphin his son, and the Archduke Charles, in whose favour the emperor and the king of the Romans had renounced their pretensions. To this treaty for dividing dominions not yet vacant, England and Holland consented; but Austria hesitated, and the king of Spain was offended. The field, however, being open to the diplomacy of Louis' court, and shut against the house of Austria, he succeeded in persuading Charles II., by a series of the most unjustifiable intrigues, to appoint by will his second grandson, Philip duke of Anjou, the successor to the whole Spanish monarchy. The agitations and terrors to which the weak monarch had been subjected for the purpose of forcing him to this disposition, hurried on his end, and Philip was immediately declared king of Spain.

England and Holland, neither of which were in a situation to desire war, assented to his nomination, notwithstanding the scandalous violation of all good faith which the whole intrigue made manifest. But Austria remonstrated with arms, and poured her troops into Italy, to save at least a part of the inheritance which had so long descended in her royal house. In Spain, Philip was received without opposition; but the Austrian party, though held down, were not extinct. The indolence of the young king, and the oppression of his ministers, soon gave cause for hatred and encouragement to revolt; and the grasping policy of Louis XIV., who strove to dismember even the dominions of his grandson of the finest portion of the Netherlands, excited the irritable jealousy of the Spaniards, and taught them to turn their eyes once more to the Austrian family.

This design of the French monarch, to make himself master of Spanish Flanders, together with the obvious tendency of his government to unite the crown of Spain to that of France, in case of failure of heirs on either part, and the struggle to raise his own commerce at the expense both of Holland and England, at length roused the two great maritime powers of that day to resist his system of aggrandizement. The victories of Marlborough are spoken of elsewhere in this book, and it is only necessary to observe, that they acted as the most powerful diversion in favour of the house of Austria. But other efforts were, at the same time, directed by England and Holland against Spain itself, at the suggestion, it is said, of the prince of Darmstadt, a bold, but vain and arrogant officer, whose strongest recommendation was his activity, his courage, and his attachment to the imperial family.

The first expedition despatched by the allies was equipped for the purpose of surprising Cadiz; but on that point it failed in the most disgraceful manner, serving only to irritate the minds of the Spaniards by the lawless rapacity which the commanders permitted their soldiers to exercise.

At Vigo, however, the French and Spanish fleets were attacked; and the revenues of the new world, instead of recruiting the finances of Philip, went to swell the purses, or supply the extravagance, of the Dutch and English sailors.

Notwithstanding the failure of the attempt upon Cadiz.

the defection of some of the first and most powerful Spanish nobles, who fled from the court of Philip to Lisbon, soon raised the hopes of the confederates in regard to a new attack upon Spain. The Archduke Charles was placed on board the fleet of Sir George Rooke; and, accompanied by fourteen thousand English and Dutch troops, landed at Lisbon, where he was received with joy and magnificence. Portugal immediately declared war against Philip of Spain. Charles by proclamation asserted his right to the whole of the dominions of Charles II., and the united armies prepared to take the field. Notwithstanding the great expectations excited, little was effected on the side of Estramadura; and the prince of Darmstadt, who under the late monarch had for some time governed Catalonia, persuaded the archduke that the whole of that province was prepared immediately to rise in his favour, if he would but show himself on its shore.

Charles accordingly landed near Barcelona with three thousand men; but finding himself boldly opposed by the viceroy, and unsupported by the people, again embarked, without success. Gibraltar compensated for this disappointment. A few English sailors, by that mixture of boldness and activity which has always characterized our navy, made themselves masters of a fortress reckoned impregnable, and the prince of Darmstadt was left to hold it in the name of the queen of England.

The difficulties of the French party in Spain increased with every hour. Faction ruled the court and divided the country; and, while a thousand defeats and misfortunes withheld Louis from giving that active aid to his grandson which both interest and affection prompted, Philip found himself without finances or forces, in the midst of a land torn with parties, and menaced with invasion. The attempt to recover Gibraltar failed completely, and the defence of the Estramaduran frontier was weak and imperfect.

At this period the earl of Peterborough set out upon the expedition before named, the third which had left the shores of England to place Charles upon the throne of Spain. It was not a little extraordinary to see a man who had very little title to either military or naval command, entrusted with supreme power over the army and divided power in the fleet; and well, indeed, might Dean Swift say, in one of

his letters to that nobleman, "I have often admired at the capriciousness of Fortune in regard to your lordship. She hath forced courts to act against their oldest and most constant maxims:—to make you a general because you had courage and conduct; an ambassador, because you had wisdom and knowledge of the interests of Europe; and an admiral, on account of your skill in maritime affairs;" and all this—he might have added—without any previous proof that you were competent to any one of those stations.

The military force under the command of Peterborough amounted to fifteen thousand men; and it was intended that, landing a part of his force at Lisbon, he should proceed with the archduke and six thousand soldiers to Italy, and form a junction with Victor Amadeus, duke of Savoy. These instructions, however, were not exactly followed, though, after visiting Lisbon, he proceeded by the Straits of Gibraltar towards Italy. His force was joined in its passage by the prince of Darmstadt, who, though only acting as a volunteer, soon introduced dissensions into the councils of the army, and persuaded the archduke, notwithstanding Peterborough's desire to proceed, to attempt once more a landing on the eastern coast of Spain. Peterborough accordingly ran into the bay of Altea, in Valencia, where he immediately published a manifesto, setting forth the rights of the archduke to the throne of Spain; and declaring his only purpose to be, that of freeing the Spaniards from a burthensome yoke.

Such are almost universally the pretences of invasion, but such pretences also are generally more or less successful. In the province of Valencia, the sway of the Bourbons had somewhat galled the people, and an immediate rising took place in favour of the house of Austria. The same spirit spread to the other side of the cape at the base of which Altea is situated; and Denia, a town of more importance, was surrendered to the English troops. Here the archduke was proclaimed king of Spain, by the title of Charles III., and, leaving the government of Denia in the hands of General Romero, Peterborough and his companions sailed on for Barcelona, where they landed in August, 1705.

The troops were disembarked to the eastward of the city, and the siege immediately begun; but the enemy's full pre-

paration for defence, the number of troops in the garrison, the firmness and gallantry of the viceroy, and the want of zeal which the Spaniards of Catalonia displayed in regard to the house of Austria, left no reason to hope that the city would be soon reduced.

Besides the regular fortification of the town, the only weak point was guarded by a citadel called Montjuich, the natural position of which, with its scientific defences, rendered it apparently impregnable. This fortress was also furnished with a strong garrison, and the viceroy, Velasco, with the famous duke del Popoli, had taken every precaution to secure its defence.

It is beyond a doubt, that the people of Barcelona, and the neighbouring country, were indeed attached to Austria, as the prince of Darmstadt had stated; but the influence of the viceroy, and the strength of the garrison, overawed every disposition to revolt; and during the three first weeks after the landing of the expedition Charles saw his standard only joined by fifteen hundred Miquelets, or irregular partisans from the mountains.

In the mean time the dissensions grew every day higher and higher in the allied camp. Peterborough continued to represent to the archduke that he was consuming time, wasting his forces, and hazarding his Italian dominions, on a project which offered no probability of success; that nothing but some of those unforeseen and fortunate occurrences, on which no general ought to reckon, could render their efforts triumphant; and that in the mean while Victor Amadeus, disappointed of the succour he expected, might either be overwhelmed by the French, or induced once more to change his party and go over to the enemy. At the same time, the commandant of the Dutch troops declared that the attempt they were pursuing was madness, and that he would stay no longer at any one's command. Nevertheless, the prince of Darmstadt still urged the archduke to wait for the rising of the peasantry in his favour, and Charles willingly lingered in a country which he considered his own.

Such were the disputes which agitated the councils of the allies, and so far were they carried, that Peterborough and the prince of Darmstadt were hardly seen to speak. At length, wearied of resistance and remonstrance, the earl

applied the whole energies of his mind to win success for their attempt, rather than urge his companions any further to desist; and one of those bold schemes suggested itself to his mind which sometimes occur to fools, but never succeed but with men of genius. His plan was to surprise the citadel itself, the chief defence of the town; and he carried on his preparations for that purpose with as much caution as he evinced daring in the design. His intention was communicated to nobody. He suffered Charles and his advisers to convince themselves of the inutility of further efforts; he permitted the day to be fixed for re-embarkation; the news of their failure to spread through the country; and the battering-train, with greater part of the camp equipage, to be placed on board the fleet. The viceroy and general congratulated themselves on the approaching departure of the enemy; the people of Barcelona, who had begun to feel the evils of a siege, gave themselves up to rejoicing; and the garrison of the citadel yielded themselves to security and repose.

On the very night which preceded the day appointed for embarkation, Peterborough, having placed a body of one thousand men in a convent between the citadel and the town, led a detachment somewhat larger under the heights on which the fortress was situated; and passing by the quarters of the prince of Darmstadt, informed him of his design, and demanded his co-operation. All enmity was instantly forgotten; and, passing on together, they came, by a path through the hills, within gun-shot of the fortress before daybreak. Dividing his forces into two parties, Peterborough waited the approach of light; and then immediately led one division against a bastion which overlooked the town. The other party was directed to attack a demi-bastion to the west; and both assaults were made at once. Although the enemy soon became aware of the presence of a hostile force, and poured a sharp fire over the glacis as Peterborough advanced, the numbers they could instantly oppose were not sufficient to resist the sudden attack of the English. The glacis was passed, the covered way taken, and a lodgment effected on the bastion itself before half the garrison were informed of the assault, while at the same time the demi-bastion, on the other side, was captured in a moment.

The firing, however, had attracted the attention of Barcelona, and a reinforcement was sent up, a part of which, hurrying forward, made their way into the citadel. The garrison welcomed their coming with a loud shout; and the prince of Darmstadt, mistaking this acclamation, it would appear, for an offer of surrender, advanced beyond the stones with which the English had fortified themselves on the bastion, and hurried forward, with three hundred men, into a dry ditch between the outer and inner works. A tremendous fire was instantly opened upon him by the besieged, and he himself was amongst the first that fell, while two hundred of those who followed were taken prisoners, and many more were killed and wounded. Fresh succour now hurried up from the town, and so great was the panic which for a moment seized the handful of assailants, that Peterborough, on returning from reconnoitring the advance of the enemy's reinforcements, found his troops in actual flight. His presence soon restored confidence and order. The Spaniards were met as they marched up by some of the English prisoners, from whom they learned that both the prince of Darmstadt and the commander-in-chief of the British forces were present at the assault. It is probable, also, that the prisoners somewhat magnified the force of the assailants; but at all events the commander of the detachment, never dreaming that so bold an undertaking would be attempted with so small a force, became alarmed lest his retreat should be cut off by the advance of the whole allied forces, lost heart, and returned to Barcelona.

While this was taking place, the thousand men who had been left in the convent were ordered up to support the first assailants. The advantages already gained were made good and fortified. A part of the artillery, relanded from the fleet, was brought up to the bastion, and several shells being thrown into the inner works, a powder-magazine was blown up, which killed the governor, and completed the consternation of the garrison. The Spanish partisans, who had now joined the body of assailants, rushed in, in the midst of the confusion; the allies followed with less ardour but more regularity, and the defenders of Montjuich were forced to surrender at discretion.

A first success had been all which was wanting to the cause of Charles in the hearts of the Catalonians. That

first success was as brilliant as it well could be, in the capture of a fortress deemed impregnable, and an immense accession of strength immediately accrued to his party. Fourteen thousand men are said to have joined the army within a few days of the taking of Montjuich, and a spirit of revolt against the Bourbon dynasty spread far and wide through the neighbouring country. But Barcelona still held out; and the courage and loyalty of the governor would have protracted the siege for many weeks, had not the discouragement of the soldiery and the murmurs and tumults of the people forced him to a capitulation. The terms which were granted to him were such as his gallantry deserved, and the garrison were suffered to march out with the honours of war; but the angry feelings of the people towards the French government were so strongly displayed on the surrender of the city, that it required every exertion of the English general to insure the viceroy's safety.

Although the garrison were permitted to depart in peace, yet a great proportion of the soldiers of which it had consisted abandoned their colours and came over to the Austrian party. Not twelve hundred men accompanied the viceroy to Roses, and a universal rising against Philip, through the whole of Catalonia, evinced the popularity of his rival and the errors of his own government. On the 25th of October, 1705, Charles entered in triumph the streets of Barcelona, and the populace, who had submitted to the French in silence, now welcomed the return of a family which had so long ruled them, with loud and continued acclamations.

Peterborough immediately applied himself to gather as rapidly as possible the fruits of his success, lest any other competitor should step in to dispute the harvest. With astonishing facility for one so little acquainted with military details, he embodied and organized all the Spanish volunteers; and while he himself with his chief force moved about as necessity required to garrison the towns taken and to secure possession of all that had been acquired, he directed various corps of partisans to spread themselves over the neighbouring country, diffusing the spirit of revolt against France, and gaining city after city with scarcely any effusion of blood.

After the fall of Barcelona a day seldom passed without

the capture or voluntary surrender of some town; and the whole of Catalonia, except Roses, and the whole of Murcia and Valencia, except Peniscola and Alicante, submitted to Charles III. before the winter of 1705-6 had come to a conclusion.

In the mean time the successes of the Austrian party in Catalonia, the failing power of France in Europe, and the victories of the allies of the imperial family in Flanders and in Germany, struck terror into the Bourbon councils at Madrid; while the spirit of disaffection, encouraged by the prospect of support, if it did not yet venture to show itself in absolute revolt, took the less tangible, but more effectual, shape of continual opposition to the French government, which in public was delayed by discussion, and in private thwarted by intrigue.

Finding no affection amongst the Spanish nobles and nothing but murmurs, turbulence, and discontent throughout the nation, Philip each day threw himself more and more into the arms of France. At the same time, however, he determined boldly to meet the greatest danger at once; and with what troops he could collect to march into Catalonia, and to oppose his rival on the threshold of the realm. Overruling the timid councils of Marshal Tessé, who would have proceeded step by step from fortress to fortress, Philip advanced at once with the twenty thousand men he commanded to Barcelona itself; while the duke de Noailles, with a large reinforcement from France, passed the Pyrenees and joined him under the walls of the city. To oppose this force not three thousand regular troops could be mustered in Barcelona; and Peterborough, who kept the field to annoy the enemy in their approach, commanded a still more insignificant force. Charles III. himself with gallant determination refused to abandon the city, and declared that he would stand and fall with his brave Catalonians. Such conduct won the whole enthusiasm of the people to his side; and, working also on their superstitious feelings, he declared that the Holy Virgin had appeared to him and promised success. These means of excitement had all the influence he could desire; and the approach of the French was welcomed by the Barcelonese rather as an opportunity of proving their zeal and devotion than as a matter of terror and danger.

At the same time Peterborough, by his activity and his exertions, his fertility of resource, and indefatigable perseverance, supplied the want of numbers, laid the country waste before the French army, harrassed it by continual attacks, cut off every party detached in search of provisions, and, even after the siege was formed, left the camp not a moment's repose night or day. While he thus delayed the progress of the enemy in Spain, he entreated, he conjured the English government to send early and efficient succour to the place; and, though he well knew that so small a garrison could hold out but a short time against a large besieging force, he took every means to keep up the spirits of the inhabitants, by throwing in continual supplies by sea from the neighbouring coast, which he continued to effect, notwithstanding the efforts of the French fleet, which blockaded the port. Still the enemy made terrible progress; and the fatigues and privations of the allied forces diminished their number and cramped their energies. The whole strength of the French army was in the first place turned against the citadel, which underwent a severe cannonade during three-and-twenty days; at the end of which time, the commander being killed, the garrison retreated to the town, and the fall of Barcelona seemed assured.

Still the manœuvres of Peterborough and the cautious prudence of Tessé delayed the progress of the French arms; and at the very moment that a general assault was about to be made upon the half-ruined fortifications by the French army, the reinforcements from England and Holland appeared off the port. The French fleet bore away from that of the allies; and a sufficient body of troops was thrown into the town to secure it for some time to come. Nevertheless, the forces of Philip were still superior to those of his rival; and his opinion was decidedly in favour of continuing the siege; but Marshal Tessé, intimidated by obstacles which he had not expected, abandoned the design in despair, and, in spite of the remonstrance of the young monarch, drew off his forces before daylight on the morning of the 12th of May, N.S.—a morning which witnessed in Flanders the victorious efforts of Marlborough at the famous battle of Ramilies. On that eventful day a total eclipse of the sun occurred, which, however well understood to be but a natural event, did not fail to give a vague and superstitious feeling of joy to the

adherents of Austria, as the sun, now totally darkened, was the favourite device of the house of Bourbon. In truth, had the conduct of Philip's armies been always entrusted to such feeble minds as that of Tessé, the sun of Bourbon would have been obscured indeed in Spain.

The retreat of the French army was far more disastrous than the loss of a battle could have been. Cut off from communicating with the central provinces of Spain, the French general retreated towards Roussillon with a rapidity almost approaching to flight. The populace of the country through which he passed, being universally inimical to the French, hovered in large parties of guerillas round them on their march, swept the country of provisions, and suffered no detached party to escape; while Peterborough hung upon their rear, and, notwithstanding the handful of men which he commanded, harrassed the enemy with repeated and successful attacks. The boldness of his measures, the sagacity with which they were conceived, and the celerity and vigour with which they were executed, left the French not a moment's pause to rally from their confusion, or to recollect their energies. Nor did he himself halt till, with extraordinary skill and daring, he had driven across the Pyrennees an army of twenty-five thousand men; while he himself never united under his command a force of more than ten thousand.

Notwithstanding all his reverses, King Philip took the bold resolution of immediately returning to Madrid, in opposition to the opinion of all by whom he was surrounded. The confidence, however, which this action showed in his Castilian subjects produced a great reaction in his favour; and even those who had opposed his government were ashamed to take arms against a monarch who so deeply trusted them. The earl of Galway and the marquis de las Minas, with a large body of troops, advanced from Portugal, proclaiming King Charles III., and driving before them the duke of Berwick and his very inefficient forces. The earl had been led to expect that all Spain would rise in favour of the house of Austria; but as they entered Castile, and approached the capital, no acclamations greeted their approach, and the proclamation of Charles was received at best with cold indifference. Philip, unable to defend his metropolis, retreated to Burgos; but he was accompanied

by all the nobility of Castile, and was evidently supported by the wishes, though not by the energies, of that kingdom. The duke of Berwick, in the mean time, made immense exertions to remedy the disasters of the last campaign; and, fortunate circumstances enabling Louis to send reinforcements to his grandson, those exertions were crowned with success. The efforts of Peterborough to penetrate from Valencia to Madrid were rendered ineffectual by the disunion which prevailed in the councils of the archduke; and, shortly after the battle of Almanza was fought, the earl of Galway and the marquis de las Minas were defeated; and Valencia, Murcia, and Arragon were recovered by the French in a wonderfully short space of time. One of the greatest misfortunes, however, which befell the cause of the Austrian prince, originated in some differences which arose between him and the earl of Peterborough. In 1707 that nobleman was recalled from Spain; and though there appears to be little doubt that the immediate cause of that proceeding was some private representation of Charles III., as much mystery envelopes the details of his dismissal from the command of the allied forces as exists in regard to his appointment to that office.

Peterborough now returned from the activity and bustle of the camp to the more irritating and painful struggle of political intrigue. A strong party was rising up in England against the duke of Marlborough; and every effort was made by his opponents to remove the principal scene of war from the Netherlands to Spain, probably more with the idea of putting an end to the successes of the duke, than with any desire to facilitate the progress of Charles III. To the views of this party Peterborough lent himself, although it is beyond doubt that his motives were of a purer character, and that the real honour of his country, by the fulfilment of her promises to Austria, was the sole object that he had in view. Nevertheless it was evident that the two great generals were now rivals, and that the schemes of the one were made the means of attack upon the other. Marlborough's influence was still so great at the court, and the prejudice excited in the mind of Queen Anne against Lord Peterborough appears to have been so strong, that on his return he was not admitted to the royal presence.

At length, on the 19th of December, the affairs of Spain were brought before the House of Peers, and the two great parties tried their strength against each other in a long and somewhat stormy debate. The queen herself was present upon the occasion, under an affectation of *incognito*; and the debate was opened by the earl of Rochester, with a warm panegyric upon the conduct of Lord Peterborough, and a detail of the eminent services he had rendered in Spain. He then proceeded to remark that it was customary, on the return of an officer intrusted with such high and important commands as those which the earl of Peterborough had exercised, either to offer him the thanks of the house for his services, or to call him to account for his misconduct; and he therefore proposed, as the great actions of the earl in Spain were well-known and admitted, that the house should express its sense of his conduct.

This proposal was combated by the famous earl of Halifax, who, without impugning the character of Peterborough, declared that the thanks of the house could not be properly voted till the whole tenor of the earl's behaviour in his command had been examined. To this investigation Peterborough declared himself perfectly willing to submit; but urged strongly the necessity of carrying on the war in Spain till Charles III. should be fully and securely seated on the throne of that country. The enthusiasm and fire with which he pressed forward on all occasions towards his object was never more strikingly displayed than in that debate. He declared that sooner than consent to peace on any other terms than the full recognition of the archduke as king of Spain, the English Parliament should vote the queen nineteen shillings in the pound to carry on the war; and he ended by declaring that, if necessary, he was willing immediately to return to Spain, and, yielding his chief command, to serve under the earl of Galway.

The debate now turned towards the means of effectually aiding the archduke in recovering his dominions; and Lord Rochester moved that the war in Flanders should be for the time restrained to defensive operations; and that twenty thousand men should be drawn from that country to carry on the operations begun in Catalonia. This was seconded by the earl of Nottingham, and immediately called up the duke of Marlborough to oppose it. All his designs were

now menaced with utter subversion, and it cannot be matter for surprise that he felt strongly upon the occasion; but Marlborough did more, he forgot his usual prudence and moderation, became violent and angry, and exposed himself to a sharp reproof from Lord Rochester for his intemperance. His influence, nevertheless, was still so strong that the proposal was not entertained; and Lord Peterborough was threatened with all the tedious infliction of a parliamentary investigation of his conduct.

This was suspended after some preliminaries had been entered into, and was only adverted to afterwards, when, a change of ministry having taken place, the enmity of party faction turned against the earl of Galway. On this occasion which occurred in 1711, the duke of Marlborough strongly defended that unfortunate general; but the discussion soon drew on an investigation in regard to the advice he had himself given for carrying on an offensive war in Spain, contrary to that of Lord Peterborough; which inquiry ended in a vote of censure being passed upon him and several other members of the former ministry for their conduct upon that occasion. About the same time the earl of Peterborough received the thanks of the House of Peers for his signal services in Spain—thanks which undoubtedly he deserved, but which were valueless as the fruit of party faction; which would have been highly gratifying had they been voted three years before, as a tribute of national gratitude for a national benefit, but which were poor indeed, adulterated by party virulence and the mortification of a great and fallen rival.

Whether Peterborough regarded them in this light or not, I cannot tell; but at all events the vote cleared his reputation in the most complete manner from any charge in respect to his conduct while leading the British forces in Spain. It declared, I find, “that his lordship, during the time he commanded the army in that kingdom, had performed many great and eminent services; and that if the opinion which he had given to the council of war at Valencia had been followed, it might very probably have prevented the misfortunes that had since happened in Spain.”

Certain it is that, from the time of Peterborough's departure from the Peninsula, the affairs of Charles III. languished, and a long train of disasters and defeats reduced

his power to a very low ebb. Peterborough was now restored to high favour, and his talents were employed in various ways, but he never returned to the command which he had formerly enjoyed. Though still holding military rank, he was now chiefly occupied in diplomacy, and showed himself as active and skilful a tactician in the cabinet as in the field. His first embassy was to the court of Vienna, in 1710, and then to Turin and several other Italian courts. With his negotiations, however, we have less to do here, than with his military actions; and, indeed, the very character of such transactions involves them in so much obscurity, that much difficulty and little pleasure occurs in the endeavour to trace them through their narrow and tortuous course.

After having conducted several embassies with complete success, he returned to England, and was appointed colonel of the royal regiment of horse guards, and general of marines; and on the 4th of August, 1713, was installed, at Windsor, as knight of the garter.

He did not remain long in England, but was soon despatched as ambassador extraordinary to the king of Sicily, and appears at the same time to have been charged with various other negotiations with the Italian princes through whose states he passed. Shortly after (in 1714), as if it were determined that his appointments should never have any reference to his former services, he was named governor of Minorca. How long he held this appointment I do not know; but probably only for a short time, for in 1719 he is found travelling on the continent, mingling gratuitously in diplomatic affairs, and aiding to bring about one of the greatest and most beneficial events which had occurred in Europe for some time. Although scarcely connected with his life as a great commander, this transaction must not be passed over, even in this very brief and imperfect sketch of the life of Peterborough.

A needy Italian adventurer, of the name of Alberoni, had raised himself by bold speculations and cunning intrigue, to the highest ranks of the church and state. From the petty station of a poor priest, the son of a gardener of Placentia, he had obtained the crimson, and the office of prime minister at the court of Madrid; his cunning governed a king and a kingdom, and his policy convulsed a world. During his administration of the affairs of Spain, his mind, continually

occupied with vast and extraordinary schemes, far beyond the power of the country he governed to effect, kept Europe in continual agitation and alarm, without producing anything but defeat and disgrace to the Spanish monarch. His influence with Philip V. and his second queen, a niece of the duke of Parma, was unbounded; and, from a conviction that his removal was absolutely necessary to the tranquillity of Europe, England and France united together to work his fall. The duke of Orleans, at that time regent of France, one of the most extraordinary men of the day, from the combination of talents and vices which his character displayed, was entrusted with the execution of the design; and it was determined that peace should only be granted to Spain on the condition of the total banishment of Alberoni from that country.

The first means taken were to induce the confessor of the Spanish monarch to join in working the disgrace of the minister, which was effected without difficulty; and the king's partiality, which had been shaken by the failure of all Alberoni's vast plans, and the ruinous effects of his counsels, was now totally alienated by the insinuations of Aubenton. Still the strongest prop to the cardinal's power remained, as long as he retained his influence over the queen, for the personal inclinations of Philip were bent to those of his wife. This princess owed her elevation from a petty Italian sovereignty to the throne of Spain in a great degree to Alberoni, and notwithstanding the ill-success which had attended his vast efforts, and the misfortunes he had brought upon Spain, she continued to regard him with gratitude and esteem. It became necessary, therefore, to the views of England and France, that the queen should be convinced that the safety of her husband's dominions depended upon the removal of Alberoni, which could only be done through the medium of her uncle the duke of Parma. The least rumour of the negotiation would have completely prevented its effect, by putting the obnoxious minister upon his guard; when the means of preventing the communication between the queen and her uncle would easily have been obtained. A formal embassy to Parma, therefore, was out of the question and the regent sought anxiously for some one to whom he might trust the private management of so delicate a transaction. Lord Peter-

borough happened to be at that time in Paris, and the duke of Orleans applied to him, explaining his object, and desiring his assistance. The earl at once undertook the commission, and as there was nothing wonderful in the journey of a man who was continually moving from place to place, the eyes of Alberoni's adherents were not particularly attracted by his progress from Paris to Italy.

Travelling apparently for pleasure, he stopped for a few days at Parma, won over the duke to his design, and arranged the whole plan for carrying it into execution. Scotti, an envoy who had before been employed in Spain, was sent back to Madrid, and notwithstanding Alberoni's jealous precautions, obtained a private interview with the queen through the mediation of Laura Pescatori, who had been her nurse. It was now clearly shown to that princess that the fate of her husband and her husband's dominions, the safety of his crown, and the tranquillity of Europe, depended upon the fall of Alberoni; and no longer hesitating between her duty and her inclination, she withdrew the support which had so long upheld the minister.

The whole transaction had been conducted with such secrecy that Alberoni had not the slightest idea of his approaching fate; he transacted business with Philip as usual before that monarch's departure for the Prado, and was next morning presented with a royal decree announcing his dismissal, and commanding him to quit Madrid within eight and Spain within one-and-twenty days.

This was the last negotiation in which I find Peterborough taking any active part. Under George I. and George II. he remained general of all the marine forces in Great Britain, but his public life was now closed, and he devoted himself to the enjoyment of private happiness. No man knew so well how to fill every moment, and in travelling through all the countries of Europe, mingling with eminent men in every nation and of every class, friendly to many, accessible to all, he passed the subsequent years till 1735.

Through the greater part of his life he enjoyed uninterrupted health; but he was not by any means free from personal sorrows. The loss of his two sons, who died some time before their father, after having distinguished themselves in the service of their country, was a severe affliction



THE MARRIAGE OF THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH.

to Lord Peterborough. The death of their mother also, his first wife, Carey, daughter of Sir Alexander Fraser, interrupted his domestic happiness in 1709, but he afterwards formed a connection which, though its character was for some time doubtful, tended much to his comfort in after life. This was a private marriage with the celebrated Anastasia Robinson, a public singer. Her station in society, and the secrecy which his pride enjoined, at first caused the lady to be considered as his mistress, though the delicacy and respect with which he treated her on all occasions could only be paid to acknowledged virtue. She bore the inconveniences and discomfort to which the concealment of their marriage subjected her with the most exemplary patience, and by her kind counsels and gentle management softened the advance of age and alleviated the approach of sickness and infirmity. The endearing name by which Lord Peterborough always mentioned this lady, "My best friend," sufficiently showed his appreciation of her character; and towards his latter years his conviction of her excellence overcame the weak pride which had produced a private marriage, and gave him strength to do full justice to her reputation. The matrimonial ceremony was not in those days guarded by so many forms as at present; and though to all who knew him his asseveration was sufficient to establish the fact of his marriage, yet the legal proof was obtained with difficulty, from the death of the clergyman who had officiated. Under these circumstances he was remarried at Bristol, and his wife, who survived him, was placed in that rank of society to which she was properly entitled.

His great delight in his retirement was in laying out his grounds and in embellishing his property, and even age took nothing from the sprightly cheerfulness of his disposition, or his fondness for society. Courting the company of men of learning and men of wit, he was himself courted; and a thousand anecdotes have been handed down by many a celebrated writer, of the talent, the generosity, and the singularity of the earl of Peterborough. To the circumstances thus recorded no particular date can be assigned, as the authors from whom we derive them have not fixed their period.

While in Spain he is said to have paid the English troops himself on the failure of remittances from the British government; and Voltaire relates an anecdote of him which shows the reliance that even strangers and enemies placed in his chivalrous honour. On the attack of one of the towns in Spain, while he was treating with the governor at one gate, a body of the allies forced their way in at another, on the opposite side. The governor for a moment thought himself betrayed. "Your only resource," exclaimed Peterborough, "is to suffer my troops to enter. We will make the others depart, and I will return and grant you the same terms, or place you in the same condition as you were before." The governor consented; the English general entered the city, obliged his allies to retreat, and returning to the spot where the treaty had been interrupted, signed the convention as it had been at first proposed. Another anecdote, more to the credit of his wit than his good feeling, is told of him, connected with the rivalry which sprang up between him and the duke of Marlborough. At the time that nobleman was in disgrace the popular mind had been greatly irritated against him, and as Peterborough was passing along the street, in the midst of an excited crowd, he was pointed out as the great general. The multitude immediately conceived him to be the duke of Marlborough, and proceeded to insult him with the indiscriminate haste with which the vengeance of a crowd is generally expressed. Nothing that Peterborough could say would persuade them of their mistake, till at length he exclaimed, "Gentlemen, I can convince you by two reasons that I am not the duke. In the first place, I have only five guineas in my pocket; in the second, they are very much at your service." The mob shouted loudly, received his purse, and suffered him to depart; but it may be greatly doubted whether in their eyes the money was not the point of the jest. Witty himself, he was also by his singularities the subject of wit to others, especially in regard to the rapidity with which he travelled, and the number of countries he had visited. He was said to have seen more kings and more postillions than any other man in Europe; and the ministry used to declare that while he was on the continent they were obliged to write *at him*, for

such was the celerity of his movements, that they never knew where to write *to him*.

With both Pope and Swift he was intimate; and one of his letters to the former concerning the latter may be given as a good example of what Lord Orford has happily called his careless wit and negligent grace. It is dated 1732, at a period when he had considerably passed seventy years of age: "I am under the greatest impatience," he writes, "to see Dr. Swift, at Bevis Mount, and must signify my mind to him by another hand, it not being permitted me to hold correspondence with the said dean, for no letter of mine can come to his hands. And whereas it is apparent, in this Protestant land, most especially under the care of Divine Providence, that nothing can succeed or come to a happy issue but by bribery; therefore let me know what he expects to comply with my desires, and it shall be remitted unto him. For, though I would not corrupt any man for the whole world, yet a benevolence may be given without any offence to conscience. Every one must confess that gratification and corruption are two distinct terms; nay, at worst, many good men hold that, for a good end, some very naughty measures may be made use of.

"But, sir, I must give you some good news in relation to myself, because I know you wish me well. I am cured of some diseases in my old age which tormented me very much in my youth. I was possessed with violent and uneasy passions; such as a peevish concern for truth, and a saucy love of my country. When a Christian priest preached against the spirit of the gospel, when an English judge determined against Magna Charta, when the minister acted against common sense, I used to fret. Now, sir, let what will happen, I keep myself in temper. As I have no flattering hopes, so I banish all useless fears. But as to the things of this world, I find myself in a condition beyond expectation; it being evident, from a late parliamentary inquiry, that I have as much ready money, as much in the funds, and as great a personal estate as Sir Robert S-tt-n.

"If the translator of Homer find fault with this unheroic disposition; or, what I more fear, if the Draper of Ireland accuse the Englishman of want of spirit; I silence you

both with one line out of your own Horace, *Quid te exempta juvat spinis e pluribus una?* for I take the whole to be so corrupted, that to cure any part would be of little avail. Yours," &c.

Shortly after this period, the heath of the earl of Peterborough, who had hitherto hardly known an hour's illness, began to decline; and his sufferings from the stone became extremely acute. He bore up with great fortitude, however, and would in no degree change his mode of life, or yield the least point under bodily pain. He travelled, he employed himself as before, and appeared to take as much pleasure in society as in his happier moments. He had often declared that his courage in battle arose from the unconsciousness of danger; but during the last year of his life, his resolution—which is surely a quality near akin to courage—was severely tried by the actual presence of intense corporeal agony. At length the progress of his disease required one of the severest operations of surgery; to which he submitted with the same calmness which he had manifested during the course of his illness.

Though he possessed sufficient power of mind to endure the extremity of pain, he had not sufficient self-command to yield to even necessary restraint. Immediately after the operation, in spite of every remonstrance, he got into his carriage, and proceeded from Bristol to Southampton; apparently resolved, as Pope observed, to die as he had lived, unlike any other mortal. Finding the wound which the operation had left tardy in healing, he resolved to go to Portugal for change of air; and, while waiting for a favourable opportunity to set sail, continued a course of life but little calculated to restore his health, or assuage the agony which he still underwent.

Some extracts from the letters of Pope, however, who was amongst the last that saw him before leaving England, will afford a far better picture of his state and character, than anything which could be now said, and as the death of this extraordinary man was amongst the most curious and characteristic circumstances of his history, I shall not apologize for introducing them here, although they may be somewhat long. In a letter from the poet to Martha Blount, dated "Bevis Mount, Southampton, August 17th, 1735," he says,—

"I found my Lord Peterborow on his couch, where he gave me an account of the excessive sufferings he had passed through, with a weak voice, but spirited. He talked of nothing but the great amendment of his condition; and of finishing the buildings and gardens for his best friend to enjoy after him; that he had one care more when he should go into France, which was to give a true account to posterity of some part of history in the queen's reign which Burnet had scandalously represented; and of some others, to justify her against the imputation of intending to bring in the Pretender; which, to his knowledge, neither she nor her ministers had any design of doing.

* * * * *

"The warmth with which he spoke on these subjects made me think him much recovered, as well as his talking of his present state as a heaven compared to what was past. I lay in the next room to him, where I found he was awake and called for help most hours of the night, sometimes crying out from pain. In the morning he got up at nine, and was carried into the garden in a chair. He fainted away twice there. He fell about twelve into a violent pang, which made his limbs all shake and his teeth chatter, and for some time he lay cold as death. His wound was dressed—which was done regularly four times a day—and he grew gay, and sat at dinner with ten people. He is dying every hour, but obstinate to do what he has a mind to. He is engaging a yacht to sail, but no place fixed to reside at, nor any accommodation for his going on land. He talks of going to Lyons, but undoubtedly he can never travel but to the sea-shore. I pity the poor woman who has to share in all he suffers, and who can in no one thing persuade him to spare himself. I think he will be lost in this attempt, and attempt it he will. He has with him day after day, not only his relations, but every creature of the town of Southampton that pleases. He lies on his couch, and receives them, though he says little. When his pains come on, he desires them to walk out, but invites them to dine or sup. He is to go at the month's end, if alive. Nothing can be more affecting and melancholy to me than what I see here; yet he takes my visit so kindly that I should have lost one great pleasure had I not come."

According to his intention, Lord Peterborough did set sail for Lisbon; but, as every one had anticipated, the voyage, far from improving his health, terminated his existence. He died on the 25th of October, 1735, just having accomplished his expedition, and no more. He was now in his seventy-fifth year; and up to the day of his death his mind retained the whole of its energies. In writing to Swift at the time of the earl's death, Pope alludes again to the visit mentioned above, or perhaps to another paid subsequently to Bevis Mount. "Lord Peterborow," he says, "I went to take a last leave of, at his setting sail for Lisbon. No *body* can be more wasted, no soul can be more alive.

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"Poor Lord Peterborow!" he adds, in the same letter; "there is another string lost that would have helped to draw you hither. He ordered on his death-bed his watch to be given to me (that which had accompanied him in all his travels), with this reason, 'that I might have something to put me every day in mind of him.' It was a present to him from the king of Sicily, whose arms and insignia are graved on the inner case," &c.

The character of Lord Peterborough, like that of every other man that ever lived, has been differently estimated according to the character itself of those who have spoken of him. Some have seen nothing in him but a passion for notoriety, and a mania of being talked of; but in general a man who is actuated by such motives does not content himself with performing deeds worthy of mention, but rather strives to call attention to his deeds, whether they be worthy or not. I can conceive no man to be absolutely indifferent to the commendation of his fellows, for such a state of feeling would imply a want of all sympathy with human nature, which I believe seldom exists, even in the most depraved heart, though it may sometimes be assumed by a diseased brain. Yet in Lord Peterborough we do not discover any of those mean arts by which persons whose whole object is the uncertain meed of popular applause, and still more those who are indifferent to the better part of fame and only covet attention, are accustomed to strive for the gaze and babble of the multitude. It is much more probable that the original conformation of his mind caused

him naturally to form singular combinations of ideas ; and that a peculiarly ardent temperament, acting upon great corporeal powers, hurried him from excitement to excitement, while the habit of indulgence induced wilfulness of purpose, and native excellence of impulse directed his efforts in general to great and worthy objects.

Those who had the most immediate opportunities of judging of his character—and they were men in whom the investigation of motives and the scrutiny of human nature became a fault—who applied microscopes to man's mind, and magnified the fine tissue of feelings and actions till it became a web so coarse that the smallest thread was discernible—even they judged nobly of the character of Lord Peterborough. Nor do his recorded actions show any cause for impugning their opinion. As a general he was bold, decisive, persevering, successful, full of just views and great resources, active in enterprise, calm in conduct, and resolute in execution. As a politician and diplomatist, he appears to have possessed the great qualities of frankness and sincerity, joined to the fine ones of a clear insight into the characters of others, a just appreciation of their motives, a correct estimation of measures, and a great fertility of means.

As a man of letters he possessed a considerable portion of that species of wit which characterized the age. I mean that sort of epigrammatic smartness which is apparent in the lighter writings of all who pretended to talent from the reign of Charles II. to the beginning of the second George—whatever may be the tone of their mind in other respects—from Voltaire and Pope to Swift and Prior. Of these the only exception, perhaps, is Addison, whose mind, notwithstanding his vast power of humour, was more inclined to dwell upon the beautiful than to sneer at the absurd.

As a man Lord Peterborough is said to have had many faults ; but we must remember that he was educated, either in the gay debauchery of the court of Charles II., or the cold sensuality of that of James. In the one he unhappily learned to despise religion, in the other to abhor bigotry, and in both to forget that morality was a virtue. However, although the assertion has been made, and possibly was well-founded, that Lord Peterborough was guilty of many moral errors, those errors I have not found particu-

larly specified, and I am not anxious to discover them. Did they obtrude themselves upon me, I would not conceal them; for the lenity which leads a historian to hide faults, though less evil in its consequences, is no less unjust than the prejudice which teaches him to conceal virtues; but at the same time I do not see that it is necessary to seek amongst the ashes of past ages for the purpose of commemorating the weaknesses of the dead, without conferring any benefit on the living.

JOHN MANNERS,

MARQUIS OF GRANBY.

Born in 1721—Son of the duke of Rutland—Receives a good education—Enters the army—Raises a regiment in 1745—Marries—Major-general in 1755—Joins the army in Germany—Battle of Minden, in which he gains great honours—Commands in chief in Germany—Successes after the battle of Minden—After a return to England, joins Prince Frederic of Brunswick—Good conduct, and minor successes—Celebrated defence of the Passage of Ham—Appointed commander-in-chief in 1766—Attacked by Junius and defended by Sir W. Draper—His real character—Dies in 1770.

CELEBRITY does not always depend upon very great deeds or very splendid abilities, and the marquis of Granby, though he himself never achieved any signal victory in the field, was as celebrated in his day as many who have personally effected more. His name was continually mingled during his life with the many important events which at that time agitated Europe; and as, in the details of the campaign and the battle, it was always spoken of with praise, he acquired a happy fame by his share in many great exploits.

John Manners, marquis of Granby, first saw the light in January, 1721. Born in the highest grade of society in England, the son of the duke of Rutland, he received a polished and liberal education, which, working upon a kindly heart and a generous disposition, produced those amiable manners which distinguished him in after-life. A decided predilection for a military career, and considerable talent for command, induced his father to place him in the army, although fortune had raised his son above the necessity of choosing a profession. In 1745, when the arrival of an unhappy prince, whose claims are now extinct, threw all the adherents of the house of Hanover into agitation and alarm, and raised up throughout the country a spirit of political rancour and party hatred hardly paralleled in the annals of

Great Britain, the raising of troops for the service of either party became a sort of mania, and, amongst others, the marquis of Granby levied a regiment of foot to act against the young adventurer, who was struggling to regain a crown that had been torn from his imprudent and criminal ancestor.

Little of any consequence is recorded of the life of Lord Granby from that period till in the year 1750 he married the Lady Frances Seymour, the eldest daughter of the duke of Somerset; an union which, originating, it is said, in affection, was productive of happiness to both.

The government would have been purer than governments generally are, if the interests of two such families as those of Somerset and Rutland had not been able to raise an aspirant high in the profession he had chosen; but the marquis of Granby had claims which his rank and connections only served to place in a just point of view. He was active, enterprising, courageous, had exerted himself strenuously in behalf of the reigning family, and merited promotion as well by services rendered as by personal qualifications.

In 1755 the approach of an open rupture between England and France occasioned several movements in the British army, and the marquis of Granby was raised to the rank of major-general. During the hostilities which preceded the declaration of war, I do not find that he was employed in any active service; and it would appear that he spent the two following years in the commerce of ordinary society, and in those kindly and generous actions which, though they sometimes in him degenerated into profusion, are, when properly regulated, fruits of the noblest virtue, and even when pushed into excess, are amongst the noblest faults. At this period the marquis and marchioness of Granby, in conjunction with Lady Guernsey, another daughter of the duke of Somerset, presented to the senate-house of Cambridge a statue of that nobleman, who had for many years been chancellor of the university. It was executed in marble by Rysbrach, and even to the present day does honour to the genius of the artist. This fact is only worth preserving in the biography of Lord Granby, as the statue was executed under his immediate directions, and some information may be thence derived in regard to his pursuits in time of peace, and the general course of his domestic occupations.

From the society of his friends, however, and the current of calmer pleasures, the marquis of Granby was soon called to the field by events of which some detail must be here given. The duke of Cumberland, who had in the commencement of the war of 1756 commanded the Hanoverian army opposed to the duke de Richelieu, was obliged, as I have noticed elsewhere, to sign a convention at Closter Seven, the ostensible object of which was to pacify the Hanoverian dominions, and the allies of the elector; and to restore tranquillity to that part of the empire. The convention, which was drawn up with great care, seems studiously to have left so much ambiguity in the terms, that the consenting parties might recommence the war whenever it suited their convenience, and in the mean time derive what advantage they could from an unsettled state. The king of Great Britain recruited his forces, and made every preparation for breaking the convention as soon as possible; and the French pillaged Hanover at leisure, and endeavoured to fix their government upon the country they had acquired.

Everything was completed for the recommencement of hostilities on the part of the Hanoverians before the end of the summer; and the duke of Cumberland having resigned the command, it was bestowed upon Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, who soon began active measures of aggression. The duke de Richelieu remonstrated for the sake of appearances; but the German general thought it little worth his while to enter into any prolonged altercation, and consequently, after a very brief reply, marched directly to attack the enemy. The French general, who, in all probability, expected that long disputes would precede the rupture of the convention, and give him time to collect his troops, and press some more contributions from the country, was taken unaware by the quick movements of the Hanoverian army. Several of his detachments were surprised and defeated; and he himself was obliged to retreat to Zell with great precipitation. Affecting high indignation at the breach of the convention, Richelieu committed a great many of those atrocious barbarities which occasionally disgrace even the most civilized warfare. He was, however, soon removed from the command; and while Prince Ferdinand, having been joined by Prince George of Holstein and a body of Prussian cavalry, advanced upon Bremen, taking Rothen-

burg and Ottersburg by the way, Monsieur de Clermont, who succeeded to the station of commander-in-chief of the French, endeavoured to recruit and consolidate a sickly, scattered, and dissolute army. The Hanoverian general gave but little time for such a purpose, and, marching upon Hanover and Brunswick, took the fort of Hoya, upon the Weser, after a vigorous resistance, and cleared the whole country beyond the line of Hanover, Zell, and Brunswick. The French retired from all those places with more haste than was either agreeable or glorious; and in some instances the sense of ignominy, and the thirst of revenge, induced them to ravage and waste the country they were forced to abandon. Hanover was treated with less severity; no plunder was permitted on the retreat of the army, and the provisions accumulated for its use were distributed among the poor. By drawing his troops from all the garrisons as he advanced, the prince de Clermont greatly strengthened his force, and more than once attempted to make a stand; but the rapidity of Prince Ferdinand's movements gave him no time to fortify himself in any position; and, in order to check the Hanoverians, 3,500 men were thrown into Minden, while the French head-quarters were formed at Hamelin. Minden could hold out but five days, and the advance of Prince Ferdinand again drove his antagonist to Paderborn, and thence to Wesel on the Rhine. That immense efforts would be made by France to retrieve her military renown, and recover the territory which had thus been wrenched from her grasp, could not be doubted; and Prince Ferdinand anxiously solicited aid from England to meet the danger by equal exertion.

The difficulty of transporting cavalry to the scene of action delayed the movement of the English; for the Dutch treaty with France prevented the possibility of carrying the reinforcements through their country, and Emden, the only convenient port, was in the hands of the French. To remedy this, a fleet under Admiral Holmes was sent against that place; and Prince Ferdinand did not retire to winter quarters in Munster, till he had seen the French nearly beat back to their own frontier, and a port opened for his communication with England.

The army of Hanover was soon once more in the field. Supplies for carrying on the war had been liberally voted

by England, and everything promised support and success. The French were again forced to retreat, though their numbers were now very superior; and Prince Ferdinand, after having crossed the Rhine, drew the prince de Clermont out of his intrenched camp at Rhinefeldt, and completely defeated him at Crevelt. Dusseldorf immediately surrendered, but the fruits of these victories were obliged to be abandoned; for while Prince Ferdinand was pursuing the prince de Clermont, the prince de Soubise had penetrated into the landgravate of Hesse, had defeated the force of Prince Yssemburg, and made a demonstration of interposing between the Hanoverian army and the supplies from England which by this time had arrived at Emden. These considerations induced Prince Ferdinand to retreat, and effect his junction with the British troops, which was carried into execution without loss, by the skilful manœuvres of the commander-in-chief and the gallant resolution of General Imhoff.

The troops sent from England consisted almost entirely of cavalry, and did not amount to 3,000 men; but their presence was nevertheless of the utmost importance to the Hanoverian army. The two officers in command were the duke of Marlborough and Lord George Sackville; and shortly after their arrival, Prince Ferdinand found himself sufficiently strong to detach General Oberg, with 10,000 men, to support Prince Yssemburg, who was opposed to the prince de Soubise. The principal French army still continued in the rear of the Hanoverians, and a great and advantageous change had been worked in its commanders, the chief of whom was now Monsieur de Contades, in the place of the prince de Clermont.

General Oberg was defeated at Luttenburg; and Prince Ferdinand finding that no more could be effected that year, from the severity with which the winter set in, retired to winter quarters in Munster. The duke of Marlborough having died at that place, the chief command of the British forces in Germany devolved upon Lord George Sackville, who appears to have come over to England while the army remained in quarters at Munster. His situation as commander-in-chief having been confirmed, he returned to his post early in March, accompanied by the marquis of Granby, by this time lieutenant-general and colonel of the Blues.

In the interim the French had made themselves masters of Frankfort by stratagem; and Prince Ferdinand soon found the necessity of dislodging them from that position. A diversion, however, on the side of Hesse, prevented him from making the attempt till the beginning of April, when he marched rapidly for the city, hoping to take it by a *coup-de-main*. Notwithstanding his precautions, the French gained information of his movements, and on the 13th of April, he found the enemy in force at the village of Berghen, between him and Frankfort. Prince Ferdinand hesitated not a moment to attack them, though they were both strongly posted, and superior in number to himself. The French, commanded by the duke de Broglie, stood their ground; and, after three successive attacks, in one of which Prince Yssemburg was killed, the Hanoverian commander found the necessity of retreating. To effect this in presence of a superior and victorious enemy was difficult; but by making fresh dispositions, as if for renewing the attack, Prince Ferdinand succeeded in amusing the enemy till night, when he fell back without molestation, gaining, perhaps, more military renown by the skilful manner in which he concealed his defeat from the enemy, than he would have done by success in the engagement.

The French thus maintained possession of Frankfort; their armies on the Upper and Lower Rhine were both strongly reinforced; and in June, having united at Marburg, under the command of Monsieur de Contades, they began a plan of operations which threatened to cut off the retreat of the Hanoverians. Prince Ferdinand, forced to recede before them towards the Weser, threw every impediment in their way. But Munden, Gottingen, Ritburg, Minden, and Munster were taken by assault or siege; and proceeding as if to certain conquest, the French forced their adversary back upon Petershagen. Here, however, having been joined by a considerable reinforcement under General Wangenheim, Prince Ferdinand made a pause and fortified himself in a strong position, in order to arrest the farther progress of the enemy. Various skirmishes now took place, in which the advantages fell to the Hanoverians. Osnabruck was surprised; and while General Wangenheim remained at Thornhausen on the banks of the Weser, opposed to the advance of the French army from Minden,

the hereditary prince of Brunswick was detached with ten thousand men to cut off the French supplies from Paderborn.

The French general Contades found that he must either retreat or attack Prince Ferdinand in position, and his determination was soon fixed by a movement which the Hanoverian general made towards Hille, for the purpose of either luring him to a battle, or attacking him at a disadvantage if he did not advance. Contades suffered himself to be deceived, and imagining that Prince Ferdinand had marched with his principal force so far to the right as to be unable to support General Wangenheim on the Weser, resolved to attack the latter immediately, and open the path into the heart of Hanover. The duke de Broglio was accordingly directed to pass the little river Werra, and the morass which lay between Minden and the Hanoverian camp, and forcing the position of General Wangenheim early the next morning, to turn upon the flank of Prince Ferdinand's army at Hille, while Marshal Contades proceeded against him with his main body in front. The news of the first movements of the French reached the prince at three o'clock in the morning; but his troops were all prepared to march, and in a short time his communication with his left was completely restored. The right and left of the French army, under Guerci and Broglio, consisted principally of infantry, while the centre was almost entirely composed of cavalry. As it was intended to turn the left of the Hanoverian army, by driving back the corps of General Wangenheim, the right of the French under the duke de Broglio was thrown forward, and passing the morass late on the evening of the 31st July, had arrived within half a mile of the Hanoverian left before daylight the next morning. Along the whole front ran a rising ground, which covered the dispositions of the allied army, but was only defended by a few weak posts, which were soon driven over the hill. Advancing to reconnoitre, the duke de Broglio immediately perceived, to his great surprise, the whole of the Hanoverian army drawn up in order of battle. At this moment the forces of Prince Ferdinand were all under arms upon the ground, except the detachment he had sent to cut off the French supplies. On his left were the corps of General Wangenheim, advanced so far

as to be supported by a battery at Thornhausen on the Weser, and a body of Prussian cavalry under the Prince of Holstein. The centre was composed principally of infantry, with the farmhouse of Tostenhausen forming a strong post in front; while on the right Lord George Sackville, with a large body of cavalry, continued the line as far as the village of Hartum.

The marquis of Granby commanded the second line of cavalry; and, as upon the conduct of these two bodies some of the principal events of the day depended, it may be well to notice more particularly the nature of the ground. As already stated, the cavalry was formed in two lines, the first commanded by Lord George Sackville, and the second by the marquis of Granby. The extreme right of the right wing approached nearly to a little hamlet, with some rising ground; and its left was somewhat disjointed from the infantry of the centre, by a small open wood, beyond which extended a very narrow corn-field, having in front a wide moor, called in the accounts of the day Minden-heath. Unincumbered by any brushwood, the trees of the wood were far apart and offered little impediment except to the sight, from which they shut out the plain. The infantry from the beginning of the action was slightly advanced; and Lord George Sackville, who was late at the head of his troops, and late upon the field, seems to have been behind the position intended for him to occupy.

As soon as the duke de Broglio had passed the hill, he saw that full dispositions had been made for a general action; and as this state of things was very different from that which either himself or the marshal de Contades had anticipated, he paused and, opening a sharp cannonade upon the Hanoverian line, he despatched information of the circumstances to the commander-in-chief. Contades was at this time advancing with his centre and left wing; and, as the duke de Broglio received no answer, he rode to the centre to seek directions himself. Several hours were thus wasted, but as the French army were now too much entangled with the morass to think of receding, the attack was continued upon the left of the allies by a sharp cannonade from a battery now erected on the rising ground. The Hanoverian artillery, however, had been so well placed and was so well served that the French bat-

tery was speedily silenced and their right wing kept in check.

In the meanwhile, in the centre, six regiments of English infantry, with two battalions of Hanoverians, without waiting their adversaries' approach, advanced, under a tremendous fire from two French batteries, to attack the cavalry of the enemy opposed to them. The boldness of the movement, and the success with which it was attended, did honour both to the general and his troops. The French cavalry, finding themselves about to be charged by the English infantry, instantly poured down upon them; but the British regiments already had the impetus in their favour, the French were driven back in confusion, and the duke de Broglie's corps was obliged to make a movement from their right, to cover the disarray of the centre. Prince Ferdinand instantly despatched his aide-de-camp, Count Wintzingerode, to command Lord George Sackville to come up through the open road to the left with the cavalry, and complete the rout of the French army. Whether from cowardice, or folly, or dislike to his commander, Lord George Sackville could not or would not comprehend the order, demanded several times how it was to be executed, and at length prepared to march forward, not by the left, but in a direct line. Having seen some dispositions made towards advancing, the first aide-de-camp left the English commander; and, in a moment after, a second messenger, Lieutenant-colonel Ligonier, came up to press the instant march of the cavalry. Still, however, Lord George Sackville was about to move straight forward, instead of to the left, which was the only spot where his presence could be useful; and a new cause of dispute arose upon the arrival of Colonel Fitzroy with repeated commands for him to bring up the British cavalry. The unhappy general now pretended to look upon the orders brought by the two aides-de-camp as contradictory—the one stating the cavalry, the other the British cavalry; and his unwillingness to comprehend was so apparent, that the lieutenant-colonel of the regiment at whose head he was, exclaimed aloud, addressing one of the aides-de-camp, "For God's sake, repeat your orders to that man, so that he may not pretend to misunderstand them." Lord George, however, would not be satisfied with the commands he received, and pro-

ceeded himself to seek for the commander-in-chief. Three quarters of an hour had now been lost; but as the infantry were still engaged, the prince, on being informed of the dispute, instantly sent off for the second line of cavalry, saying, "Give my commands to the marquis of Granby, for I know he will obey me."

While this mismanagement had passed in front, Lord Granby had remained at the head of the second line, wondering that so strong a body of cavalry, forming nearly the whole of the right wing, should remain unemployed while a severe contest was evidently going on in the plain. In the impatience of the moment, after waiting some time for orders, he had ridden a little way in advance, to gain a sight of the battle, when an aide-de-camp rode up, and commanded him to bring up the second line to the support of the infantry. Lord Granby immediately asked why those orders had not been communicated to Lord George Sackville, his superior officer. In reply, the aide-de-camp informed him that they had been delivered, but had not been obeyed, and that the commander-in-chief had now directed them to him. Lord Granby now hesitated no longer, but, putting his troops in motion, passed through the grove of trees without difficulty, and reached the plain. At that moment, however, Lord George Sackville sent an order for the second line to halt till the first came up, which was so far obeyed, that the movement in advance was suspended for a few minutes; but fresh commands being received from Prince Ferdinand himself, Lord Granby immediately galloped on; and in a few minutes the first line also appeared, forming with the second behind the infantry.

The battle was now over. So much time had been lost, that, though the centre of the French was totally defeated, their right had by this time taken measures to cover the retreat. The bridges over the stream were broken down behind them, and the passes destroyed through the marsh. Prince Ferdinand, unwilling to hazard the success of so glorious a day, abandoned the pursuit, and the enemy retired, and reposed under the cannon of Minden. The news, however, reached their camp that night that the hereditary prince of Brunswick, who had been detached from the Hanoverian army to cut off their supplies, had completely defeated Monsieur de Brissac at Coesfelt, and that in con-

sequence their communication was interrupted with the country behind them. A precipitate retreat was the consequence; and the victory at Minden was thus rendered complete and serviceable.

In the morning which followed the battle Prince Ferdinand issued a general order of thanks to the officers who had principally contributed to his victory, from the list of whom the name of Lord George Sackville was purposely excluded. His commendation was chiefly bestowed upon the British infantry, to whose gallant efforts success was certainly to be greatly attributed; but at the same time he publicly declared to the marquis of Granby that he felt sure if he had had the good fortune to have him at the head of the cavalry of the right wing, the victory would have been much more complete and brilliant.

Such strong expressions of disapprobation could not pass unnoticed by Lord George Sackville; and he solicited leave to resign his command, and return to England, which was immediately granted. He was instantly, on his arrival, dismissed from all his military appointments, and a court-martial was called to try him for disobedience of orders. In the meanwhile the marquis of Granby was appointed commander-in-chief of the British forces in Germany, and master-general of the ordnance—two posts of which Lord George Sackville was deprived. To the battle of Minden succeeded a long train of successes against the French, in all of which Lord Granby participated. Minden and Cassel immediately fell into the hands of the Hanoverians; and the French army was driven across the Weser, into a country offering but small means of subsistence, and in which no preparations had been made for their support. Munster also surrendered after a short siege, and Fulda was taken by surprise. The year being now far advanced, both armies retired into winter quarters; and Lord Granby returned to England, with the painful task before him of attending as a witness at the trial of Lord George Sackville. To aid in the condemnation of another, whatever may have been his faults, and however loudly justice may call for his punishment, can never surely be a grateful undertaking; and though, where the public weal is concerned, the least modification of truth by a witness is either weakness or crime,

yet in the minute shades of human conduct we are always more pleased to see the heart turn rather towards mercy than towards severity. In his evidence against his former commander-in-chief, Lord Granby told the truth as mildly as the truth could be told without perverting its purity. Other witnesses were more harsh, and gave importance to minor facts by the weight of indignation, and perhaps of prejudice. The evidence, however, was so strong and conclusive, taken as a whole, that, notwithstanding all the interest and exertions of a powerful family, Lord George Sackville was condemned, and dismissed the service with disgrace.

During the absence of the marquis of Granby from the scene of war, Prince Ferdinand had remained in winter quarters in the neighbourhood of Paderborn, Cassel, and Munster. Several unimportant skirmishes had taken place during the winter and spring; but the commencement of active hostilities was deferred by both armies to a late period in the year, the French pausing for want of forage for their cavalry, and Prince Ferdinand remaining inactive in expectation of the reinforcements which had been despatched from England. These reinforcements at length arrived by the way of Embden, and after various preparatory movements, and one or two serious encounters, in which the French and the allies were alternately successful, all seemed to tend towards a general battle. The French army, divided into three bodies, marched forward as with the design of surrounding the Hanoverian forces. The left, commanded by Monsieur de Muy, passed the Dymel, and extending itself down the river, interposed between Prince Ferdinand and Westphalia, while their right, under Prince Xavier of Saxony, endeavoured to turn the left of the allies by marching upon Cassel: and the main army, commanded by the duke de Broglio, who had now been appointed commander-in-chief, advanced directly upon the Hanoverian position.

The situation of the allied army now became critical, but the duke de Broglio had committed the common error of extending his line of operations too far, in hopes of surprising his adversary. Of this Prince Ferdinand immediately took advantage; and, paying no attention to the centre and right of the enemy, he marched to attack their

left, consisting of thirty-five thousand men under Monsieur de Muy. This force was posted with its right resting on the small town of Warburg, and its left reaching nearly to the heights of Menne. The Hanoverian army advanced against it in two divisions. The right commanded by the hereditary prince of Brunswick and General Sporken, a little in advance of the centre, proceeded round the heights on the enemy's left, and, sheltered by a thick fog, contrived to get both upon their flank and rear; while the main body, under Prince Ferdinand and the marquis of Granby, marched forward to attack the French in front. The ground in advance was marshy and difficult, and the hereditary prince had reached the rise of the heights before the rest of the corps were upon a parallel with that which he commanded. At that instant the fog cleared away, and the French, who were aware of the march of an enemy, but did not well know in what direction to expect their attack, now found two columns of the allies advancing upon them, one already in their rear, and the other climbing the heights upon their flank.

Three brigades were immediately pushed forward to oppose the ascent of the Hanoverians; but the attacking party reached the summit first, and the battle began on the flank and rear of the French left, almost at the same moment. In the meantime the centre and right of the allies, in which were the principal force of the British troops, toiled on to come up to the scene of action; and such were the exertions made that several of the English infantry dropped down dead with the hot sun and the fatiguing nature of the ground. By the distance and the difficulty of advance, the foot were prevented from reaching the spot in time, but the British artillery was hurried up with a speed previously unknown, and the cavalry arriving, charged the main body of the French, while the hereditary prince upon the heights drove back their left upon their centre. Warburg being attacked at the same time, the retreat of the enemy was immediate; and, though there was some confusion in passing the Dymel, it was conducted in such a manner before a superior force, as to do high honour to Monsieur de Muy and the French officers under his command. After passing the river, the French once more formed on the opposite heights; but the

marquis of Granby following, with a part of the British troops, the enemy again decamped and retreated to Wolfshagen. A number of minor movements succeeded, which belong more to the general history of the war than to the biography of an individual. It is perhaps only necessary to state that in all the events of the campaign Lord Granby played his part, and maintained his own character as a brave man and a skilful officer.

Though acting only as second in command, he acquired a high reputation as a military man; and, brave to a fault, generous and kindhearted, he also gained the devoted love both of his soldiers and officers. Notwithstanding all the efforts of Prince Ferdinand, the immense numerical superiority of the French army acted as a weight which he could not throw off; and, at the end of the campaign, the enemy were in possession of Hesse, with a great number of fortified places, strengthening the long line on which they had taken up their winter quarters, and with the whole of Hanover open before them for the next campaign.

The fact of having during a whole year kept in check so formidable a force, was highly glorious to the allies; but the plan laid down for the ensuing season was one of the grandest schemes of military operations perhaps ever planned. The French had hitherto never shown themselves very active in the winter season, and Prince Ferdinand resolved to put his army in motion at a time when the enemy were least disposed to act; and by attacking their line on four different points to drive them back, or so disperse them that their concentration would be afterwards both difficult and dangerous. Before each of the columns a sort of advance guard was thrown out, and in the very beginning of February the allies were in the field.

Consternation and surprise spread through the French army at this unexpected attack; and flight became the order of the day. The strong forts, however, with which they had furnished their line, offered secure places of retreat, and gave them the means of rallying from their first confusion. The Hanoverian forces still eagerly pursued their advantage. Fritzlar was taken by the hereditary prince, and the marquis of Granby made himself master of Gudersburg. The French retired in every direction, burning the stores and magazines they had provided for the

winter; and General Sporken, with a considerable body of Hanoverians, forced his way between the French and imperial armies, effected his junction with a reinforcement from the Prussian army, and completely defeated the Saxon forces near Langensaltze.

Notwithstanding the great success which attended the first operations of the allied army, various circumstances were rapidly combining to render their triumph short. Cassel and Ziegenhayn held out against them, the French were rapidly recovering from their first surprise, and the duke de Broglie was collecting gradually his detachments from the Lower Rhine. At length, finding his force superior to that of the Hanoverians, he marched to the relief of Cassel, defeated the hereditary prince of Brunswick, forced the allies to retire towards Paderborn, and then, having recovered all that had been lost, retired again into winter quarters, nearly on the same line which he had formerly occupied.

It was some time before either party thought fit to recommence the campaign. The French suffered extremely from the loss of their stores; and the want of forage kept them in quarters till June. As soon as they took the field the army of Prince Ferdinand was obliged to retreat before them, and fall back upon the Lippe; but here the prince took up a position, the natural strength of which gave him some hope of being able to oppose with success the superior force of the enemy.

The road from Lipstadt to Ham, for some way, ran along a sort of peninsula formed by the rivers Aeth and Lippe, which flow side by side for several leagues, leaving occasionally less than half a mile between them. To command this road, the left wing of the Hanoverian army, under the marquis of Granby, was drawn up across the peninsula, with its left leaning on the Lippe, and its right touching the Aeth at the little village of Kirch Denkern, where the Aeth is joined by the Saltzback. This last-mentioned stream flows through a deep ravine at a right angle with the Aeth, and is dominated for some way by a considerable range of heights, on which the centre and right of the Hanoverian army were posted.

The dispositions for taking up this position were hardly complete on the 15th of July, when the French appeared in

superior force on the peninsula, and instantly commenced the attack upon the corps of the marquis of Granby. The event of the war now depended upon the skill and firmness of the British general, and the courage and resolution of his small body of troops. The fire of artillery and musketry was tremendous, the attacking force overwhelming, and the charge of the French conducted with all that impetuous confidence in their own success which has so often won them the victory. At the same time no succour could be afforded to the British forces. General Wutgenau, destined to support them, could not reach the spot for nearly three hours; and during the whole of that time, Lord Granby resisted, without yielding a step, a force of more than ten times the number of his own troops. The bold, determined courage, however, of their general gave every support to his men in their perilous situation; and the great carelessness of his own person which the marquis of Granby displayed, though in general approaching to rashness, could not be blamed on an occasion when the least appearance of timidity would have been ruinous to the whole army. At the end of three hours the reserve of the left wing came up; and, thus strengthened, Lord Granby renewed his efforts, and succeeded, before nightfall, in driving back the French into the woods. During the night the allies, feeling certain that the French, though repelled, were not conquered, employed their time in strengthening their position. The village of Kirch Denkern was fortified as well as could be effected in a few hours; and the division of the marquis of Granby and General Wutgenau was reinforced by several fresh regiments. As this was the weak point in the Hanoverian line, in regard to natural defences, every effort was made to secure it by other means; but a high ground commanding the front of the British troops, was left unoccupied, either by neglect or by the impossibility of embracing it within the line without leaving the left flank exposed.

At daybreak on the 16th the whole forces of France, now united, poured down again on the post of Lord Granby; but, though now trebled in number, they were met by the same determined resolution which had repelled them the night before. As on the passage towards Ham the success of the campaign greatly depended, the whole efforts of the French were directed against this point, and five hours were

expended in useless efforts to drive Lord Granby from his position. At length the heights, which had been equally neglected by the French and the allies, caught the attention of the prince de Soubise, and he instantly ordered a battery to be erected there, which would soon have dislodged the Hanoverians from their ground. But Prince Ferdinand, seeing the enemy's movements to that effect, despatched information to Lord Granby, and, at the same time, detached a considerable reinforcement under General Sporken, to enable the British commander to charge the enemy in flank, while embarrassed with an alteration of proceedings. This was immediately effected. The British troops, supported by the Hanoverians, charged with steady intrepidity, and drove the right wing of the French back in confusion. One whole regiment of the enemy surrendered; and the rest of that division abandoned the field in haste, leaving behind them their cannon and their wounded. The left of the French, and the centre, which had been posted to keep in check the Hanoverian divisions on the heights behind the Saltzback, now moved to the right to cover the retreat of their defeated brigades. This was done with coolness and regularity, and their force being far too strong for Lord Granby to attack, the retreat of the whole French army was effected without much loss.

They left about three thousand men killed and wounded upon the field; and fifteen hundred prisoners, as well as possession of the ground, attested the triumph of the allies. This victory produced the effect of checking the French progress for the time, but that was all. The immense numerical superiority of the enemy gave them advantages which all the activity and skill of Prince Ferdinand could not counterbalance.

The French army now divided, and throwing out large detachments into different parts of the country, ravaged, pillaged, and destroyed as they went, waging a much more dreadful warfare than by the ordinary course of siege and battle. This continued to the end of the year, when the troops of both nations retired into winter quarters.

The next campaign opened somewhat unfavourably for the allied army, and after a number of skirmishes and manœuvres from which neither force derived any considerable advantage, the French took up a position between

Meinbrexen and Grebenstein, on which last-named place the right rested, while a considerable body of troops was thrown out on the same side as far as Carlsdorff. At the same time Prince Xavier of Saxony lay near Gottingen, keeping a large detachment of the allies, under General Luckner, in play to watch his movements.

Notwithstanding the advantages which the French possessed in their position, which was defended by a number of streams and deep ravines, and was raised upon the heights near Grebenstein, Prince Ferdinand determined to attack them. General Luckner was ordered to draw off his forces from the side of Gottingen, and to co-operate with General Sporken, who passing the Dymel was to attack the French right at Carldoff in flank, while the former officer charged them in the rear. The marquis of Granby, passing the same river at Warburg, was to attack the enemy's left by marching over the heights of Zierenburg, while Prince Ferdinand himself proceeded to assail them in front. The French, in addition to the advantage of the ground, had the superiority of numbers, being in regard to the allies as five to three; but the rapidity and precision with which the movements of the Hanoverian army were made, took them by surprise in every quarter. Attacked at once on both flanks and in front, the French scarcely attempted to defend their position; but retreated as fast as possible under cover of a brief stand, made by Monsieur de Stainville with a part of the infantry. This gallant little corps, taking possession of the woods of Wilhelmstaht, sacrificed themselves for the rest of the army; and after fighting resolutely for some time against the marquis of Granby, were almost all either killed or taken.

Little loss took place on the Hanoverian side; the allies having only three hundred killed. The resistance, however, of the French infantry swelled the loss of the enemy to near four thousand in prisoners and slain.

Marshal d'Estrées immediately retreated under the cannon of Cassel; and Prince Ferdinand proceeded to cut off the French communication with the Rhine. To compensate this success, the prince of Condé, who commanded the army on the lower Rhine, completely defeated the hereditary prince; and after various partial engagements, in which the marquis of Granby continued to distinguish him-

self both for valour and for conduct, the French captured the fort of Amoenburg; but were much greater losers by the fall of Cassel, which surrendered to the allies on the first of November, 1762.

This was the last act of the war. A short time before, George II. had closed his career in death, and his grandson George III. having succeeded him, new feelings and interests were brought into play. However sad it is that the fate of nations and weal of worlds should hang upon the frail thread of one weak human life, so it has ever been, and never was more strongly shown than in the events which followed the death of George II. Mr. Pitt and Lord Temple retired from the ministry; the influence of Lord Bute became predominant, and after a struggle to maintain their places for some time, the whole of the former administration seceded also, and peace was almost immediately concluded between England and France.

Lord Granby, with the rest of the English forces returned to England, where for some time he spent his days in tranquillity, mingling but little in the political strifes of the time. Amidst the various changes, however, which took place in the offices of state, though not selected for any post of great importance, he was not forgotten, and seems to have enjoyed a considerable portion of that unsubstantial good—court favour. The want of that continual and active exertion both of mind and body, which by long habit in actual warfare becomes a necessity, has often driven old soldiers to a thousand of the minor vices, in the time of peace. About this period of Lord Granby's life we find him accused of too great conviviality of disposition, or to call it by a truer name—of addiction to excess in wine. His good humour also was frequently imposed upon, and perhaps deviated into too great facility; but still he retained his high character as a man and a soldier, as well as the love and respect of the men he commanded. He was a correct though not a severe disciplinarian, was minutely acquainted with every particular of the service; and, having through the whole course of a long war distinguished himself greatly as a second in command, well deserved to be tried in a still more elevated station. No officer in the British service at that time had so many recommendations to that office of commander-in-chief of the British forces

as he had ; and whether it was consideration for his great claims, or merely party influence which procured him that appointment, he received the office in 1766, and continued to exercise it under the administration of the duke of Grafton and Lord North.

At this time a multitude of follies and weaknesses—the approaching separation of our American colonies from the mother country, the fury of party faction, and probably the disappointment of individual ambition, called up an anonymous writer, who, to the most potent virulence of invective, added the most felicitous force of expression, the fearlessness of secure concealment, the poignancy of minute information, profound knowledge of constitutional law, contempt of every human feeling, and the gift of magnifying truth without the appearance of hyperbole. This writer on the 25th of January, 1769, published a letter in the *Public Advertiser*, under the happily assumed name of Junius, in which he attacked the personal and political character of every member of the ministry. Now that the prejudices of the parties of that time have passed away, and that we can judge the characters of the dead by facts and not assertions, abstract justice may be done to those whom Junius slandered ; but unfortunately, the magnificent record of his own powers which his works afford, and the benefit which they have produced to his country, withhold us from sufficiently detesting the man who, for any motives, could make calumny a profession, and win his reputation by bitterly traducing his fellow-men.

Notwithstanding the immense and unequalled powers that he displayed in one of the most difficult tasks on which the human mind can exercise its faculties, the fame of Junius is an unenviable one ; and as inferior to that of his contemporary, Howard, as the fame of Milo the wrestler to that of Trajan. Amongst the many virulent accusations and biting sneers by which the majestic truths of his first letter are accompanied, Lord Granby, as forming a part of the ministry whom he attacked, was not forgotten by Junius. After noticing in the same manner all the other members of the administration, he proceeds, “ It has lately been a fashion to pay a compliment to the bravery and generosity of the commander-in-chief at the expense of his understanding. They who love him least make no question of his

courage, while his friends dwell chiefly on the facility of his disposition. Admitting him to be as brave as a total absence of all feeling and reflection can make him, let us see what sort of merit he derives from the remainder of his character. If it be generosity to accumulate in his own person and family a number of lucrative employments; to provide, at the public expense, for every creature that bears the name of Manners; and neglecting the merit and services of the rest of the army to heap promotions upon his favourites and dependants—the present commander-in-chief is the most generous man alive. Nature has been sparing of her gifts to this noble lord; but where birth and fortune are united, we expect the noble pride and independence of a man of spirit, not the servile humiliating complaisance of a courtier. As to the goodness of his heart, if a proof of it be taken from the facility of never refusing, what conclusion shall we draw from the indecency of never performing? And if the discipline of the army be in any degree preserved, what thanks are due to a man whose cares, notoriously confined to filling up vacancies, have degraded the office of commander-in-chief into a broker of commissions.”

Such were the charges against Lord Granby produced by Junius; and though assertions without any proof or instance, especially from an unknown writer, cannot affect the character of any one, yet it is worth while to remark that the principal accusations brought by Junius, namely, the neglect of the services and merit of the army in general, the non-performance of all promises, and sole attention to the sale of commissions, is sufficiently refuted by the known and universal love of the whole army for the person of whom he spoke. The disingenuousness of attributing courage to Lord Granby, only from want of all feeling and reflection, requires hardly a comment. On the same principle, Junius, who concealed his name while he aspersed others, might argue that he himself was a man of feeling because he was a coward.

The marquis of Granby himself took no notice of the attack; but one of the many whom the better parts of his character had bound to him stood forward to defend him in the eyes of the world. This was Sir William Draper; and, having heard the language of party hatred, let us mark the character drawn by affectionate panegyric, first remarking,

that Sir William Draper was himself a distinguished officer, a classical scholar, and a gentleman.

"A very long, uninterrupted, impartial, and, I will add, a most disinterested friendship with Lord Granby," he writes, "gives me a right to affirm, that all Junius's assertions are false and scandalous. Lord Granby's courage, though of the brightest and most ardent kind, is amongst the lowest of his numerous good qualities; he was formed to excel in war by nature's liberality to his mind as well as person. Educated and instructed by his most noble father, and a most spirited as well as excellent scholar, the present bishop of Bangor, he was trained to the nicest sense of honour, and to the truest and noblest sort of pride, that of never doing or suffering a mean action. A sincere love and attachment to his king and his country, and to their glory, first impelled him to the field, where he never gained aught but honour. He impaired through his bounty his own fortune: for his bounty, which this writer would in vain depreciate, is founded upon the noblest of human affections—it flows from a heart melting to goodness from the most refined humanity. Can a man, who is described as unfeeling and void of humanity, be constantly employed in seeking proper objects on whom to exercise those glorious virtues of compassion and generosity? The distressed officer, the soldier, the widow, the orphan, and a long list besides, know that vanity has no share in his frequent donations: he gives because he feels their distresses. Nor has he ever been rapacious with one hand to be bountiful with the other. Yet this uncandid Junius would insinuate, that the dignity of the commander-in-chief is depraved into the base office of commission broker; that is, Lord Granby bargains for the sale of commissions: for it must have this meaning, if it have any at all. But where is the man living who can justly charge his lordship with such mean practices? Why does not Junius produce him? Junius knows that he has no other means of wounding this hero than by some missile weapon, shot from an obscure corner. He seeks, as all defamatory writers do—

—— spargere voces
In vulgum ambiguis,

to raise a suspicion in the minds of the people. But I hope

that my countrymen will be no longer imposed upon by artful and designing men, or by wretches, who, bankrupts in business, in fame, and in fortune, mean nothing more than to involve this country in the same common ruin with themselves. Hence it is that they are constantly aiming their dark and too often fatal weapons against those who stand forth as the bulwark of our national safety. Lord Granby was too conspicuous a mark not to be their object.

“He is next attacked for being unfaithful to his promises and engagements. Where are Junius’s proofs? Although I could give some instances where a breach of promise would be a virtue, especially in the case of those who would pervert the open unsuspecting moments of convivial mirth into sly insidious applications for preferment or party systems, and would endeavour to surprise a good man, who cannot bear to see any one leave him dissatisfied, into unguarded promises. Lord Granby’s attention to his own family and relations is called selfish. Had he not attended to them when fair and just opportunities presented themselves I should have thought him unfeeling, and void of reflection indeed. How are any man’s friends and relations to be provided for but from the influence and protection of the patron? It is unfair to suppose that Lord Granby’s friends have not as much merit as the friends of any other great man. If he is generous at the public expense, as Junius invidiously calls it, the public is at no more expense for his lordship’s friends than it would be if any other set of men possessed those offices. The charge is ridiculous.”

Such was the character of the marquis of Granby, as drawn by the hand of friendship; and his defence by an able and intelligent officer, who further went on to appeal to existing facts, in order to prove that the army under the chief command of that nobleman was in as good a state, if not a better one, than it had ever been. From the beauty of the portrait, as given by Sir William Draper, we must of course take away something on account of the partiality of friendship and the desire of pleasing a person much beloved; but still such commendations would hardly have been ventured in the face of the public, had they not been founded in some degree; for, unfortunately, constituted as the world

is at present, abuse may always be sent out into it much more safely than praise, certain that the one will always find patrons and propagators, while the other is too often suffered to drop into oblivion.

To the letter of Sir William Draper, Junius replied as a giant contending with a child. There seems to have been in his feelings a degree of satisfied virulence in the opportunity afforded him of impaling Sir William Draper on the same stake with which he had transfixed his friend, which made the beginning of his letter almost polite. In the course of it, however, he found himself obliged to shuffle or retract, notwithstanding the immense command of language which gave him the power of rendering his attack dreadfully potent without being clearly defined. The words he had formerly used, saying that Lord Granby had "degraded the office of commander-in-chief into a broker of commissions," could but have one straightforward meaning; yet Junius in his second letter declares, "I acquit him of the baseness of selling commissions." He is also under the necessity of receding so far from his assertion in regard to the ruined state of the army, as to acknowledge that the portion of it which was in England was "perhaps in some tolerable order." By one of those bold falsehoods, also, which generally convince the weak, and often stagger the more discriminating reader, he assumes that Sir William Draper had admitted that "Lord Granby often made promises which it was a virtue in him to violate," though his opponent had but asserted that there might be such things as promises which it would be proper to break, without granting at all that Lord Granby was in the habit of making them.

Junius then turned his attack upon Sir William Draper personally, and the subject of Lord Granby was soon after dropped by his opponent, it is said at the express desire of the marquis himself. On this subject it is only necessary further to remark, that Junius, though sufficiently willing to bring forward proofs and individual instances of misconduct, wherever it was in his power to do so, confined himself to general assertions in regard to Lord Granby, though frequently called upon by Sir William Draper to substantiate his accusation. Secure in the cloud with which he

had involved his person, he dared to make any charge that might injure his political opponents, certain that the powers of his mind, and the vigour of his style, would drive the dagger home even through the shield of truth: but he dared not at once be both false and circumstantial.

A degree of remorse seems to have touched the mind of Junius in regard to Lord Granby, after the death of that nobleman. In the collection of the famous letters, with notes by Junius himself, the following observation is appended by the author to the seventh letter:—"Sir William Draper certainly drew Junius forward to say more of Lord Granby's character than he originally intended. He was reduced to the dilemma of either being totally silenced or of supporting his first letter. Whether Sir William had a right to reduce him to this dilemma, or to call upon him for his name, after a voluntary attack on his side, are questions submitted to the candour of the public.

"The death of Lord Granby was lamented by Junius. He undoubtedly owed some compensations to the public, and seemed determined to acquit himself of them. In private life he was unquestionably that good man who, for the interest of his country, ought to have been a great one. *Bonum virum facile dixeris; magnum libenter.* I speak of him now without partiality: I never spoke of him with resentment. His mistakes in public conduct did not arise either from want of sentiment or want of judgment, but in general from the difficulty of saying 'no' to the bad people who surrounded him."

If *this* was the real character of Lord Granby, *that* put forth of him in the first letters of Junius was an infamous falsehood; and political writers should remember, that it is as base, as degrading, as criminal, to traduce an honourable man for the interests of party, as it is for the mean consideration of money. Had the atonement made by Junius been complete, I should have offered no further observations upon his accusation; but it was not complete, and after having attacked him as a military man, he did not do him justice as such. The conduct of the marquis of Granby, however, while commanding the British forces in Germany, needs no defence. He gained honour in every field; in every endeavour he was successful; and when peace put a termination

to the operations of the army under his command, he led it back to England crowned with glory and victory.

The letters of Junius gave him considerable pain—the more, perhaps, because he had never been strongly attached to Lord North's administration. Shortly after their first appearance, he resigned his command; and on quitting the ministry, animadverted very severely on some of their measures. This was his last public act. His health was at this time considerably shaken, and on the 19th of October, 1770, he died at Scarborough, in the fiftieth year of his age.

GENERAL WOLFE.

Born in 1726—Promising as a boy—Enters the army—The army he first served in defeated at the battle of Laffelt—Distinguishes himself—During peace studies his profession earnestly—Commands under Sir John Mordaunt against Rochefort, and gains reputation—Under General Amherst at Louisbourg, 1758, that place being captured principally by his bravery, skill, and exertions—Great honours at home—Sent by Mr. Pitt against Quebec, in 1759—After overcoming great difficulties, the object of the enterprise is gained, but with the loss of the young general—Great results of the victory—Honours justly paid to his memory.

I BELIEVE that no contemporary account of General Wolfe exists. At all events I have not been able to meet with any; and therefore, though in regard to the many public transactions in which he mingled, no materials are wanting for his biography, the particulars of his private life* seem difficult to be procured. Born in a rank of society where no facilities were wanting for his education, and in a family whose interest was sufficient to uphold his merit, though not to push him forward without talent; James Wolfe was placed by fortune, perhaps in the happiest situation it is possible to conceive for cultivating his abilities and distinguishing his name.

He was the son of Lieutenant-general Edward Wolfe, and was brought into the world at Westerham in Kent, in the year 1726. His infancy passed without record, and of his early education I do not know the details. The only information which I have been able to collect from any authentic source concerning the first development of his character, represents him as having very soon shown extraordinary quickness of comprehension, and an extremely retentive memory.

* Since writing the above, I have learned that a very superior pen to mine is about to be employed on a life of Wolfe, and I therefore cannot regret that the following sketch has been rendered so brief by the paucity of materials.

As a boy he was always prompt and active, and though keen of apprehension and ready in action, had withal that calm steadiness of purpose which is generally the concomitant of a slower disposition. At a very early period of his life he made choice of the same profession in which his father had long moved with honour, and from that time devoted himself with the utmost assiduity to gain a thorough knowledge of the science of war. As soon as it was possible, a commission was procured for him in the army, and before he had reached twenty years of age, he was engaged with the duke of Cumberland in the war in the Low Countries.

On the 21st of June, 1747, he fought at the unfortunate battle of Laffelt near Maestricht, where the left wing of the allied armies was defeated, and Sir John Ligonier made prisoner. The young soldier, however, distinguished himself so highly, that he called the attention and received the thanks of the commander-in-chief, and went on from that period rising rapidly in his profession. The honour and reputation which he obtained proceeded more quickly than his preferment; and on signature of the pacific treaty at the end of 1748, he was, at the age of twenty-three, one of the most distinguished officers in the British service.

The life of a great commander can hardly be written without some detail of the political events which called his talents into action, and therefore, even at the risk of tediousness, a light sketch must be given here of the rise of that war in which General Wolfe fought, distinguished himself, and fell.

The peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, granted by all parties with the sole view of regaining strength by repose, soon drew towards a close. Nor indeed were hostilities ever totally suspended, for both in the West Indies and on the frontier of Nova Scotia, acts of aggression were continually committed between the French and English local governments, while incessant wranglings were the consequences of those acts at home. The greater part of 1755 was spent in preparations for general war; and while a considerable fleet was sent to the coast of America, immense efforts were made in Germany to raise a coalition in opposition to the designs of France and Spain. Little could be effected, however, by Great Britain. The faith of treaties is proverbial; and all the allies of England hesitated in the fulfilment of their

engagements, while France raised her naval power, increased her armies, and not only threatened, but struck, many a blow which weakened her enemy and strengthened herself, both by their physical effect, and by the power of reputation.

Thus passed nearly two years, nominally in peace; but never yet was there a peace which bore so much the aspect of war, which left the world so little in repose, or which produced so little real benefit to mankind.

Nevertheless, the space of time which was thus consumed brought forth many a revolution in the interests of European states, and was fruitful in excuses for breach of faith and contempt of treaties. Austria and Hungary, in whose alliance, and for whose best interests, England had fought during the whole of the former war, now leagued with France against her; and Prussia, after misunderstandings innumerable, became the great ally of Britain on the Continent.

For nearly a year, while America remained the scene of the most disgraceful outrages, while mercenary motives were held out to give the most barbarous character to hostility, and while premiums were paid by a European government for Indian scalps, the monarchs of the old world were protesting their desires for peace, though they were thirsting for war, and pretending to respect their former alliances, while they were machinating the ruin of their allies. The siege and taking of Minorca by the French, which was followed by the tragedy of Admiral Byng, together with innumerable acts of open aggression on both parts, ushered the war into Europe; and at length, what had long been in existence, was openly announced by royal proclamation.

At this period every thing appeared in the most unfavourable state for England; and all her endeavours in America and Europe had been equally unsuccessful. France had triumphed by land, and boldly disputed our superiority at sea; Spain naturally leaned towards the interests of France; and England, governed by a weak, dilatory, and timid ministry, was foiled in her military efforts, and baffled in her negotiations. The continental operations of France were evidently destined against the electoral dominions of the king of England; and the preparations

made by the empress queen of Hungary, were also clearly intended for the recovery of Silesia, which had been wrung from her by the king of Prussia, and ceded unwillingly by the treaty of Dresden. But the activity of that monarch disconcerted the measures of his enemy, and marching an army into Saxony, he at once removed the seat of war from his own dominions. While he thus assumed the offensive in that quarter, he collected two considerable armies in Silesia, one of which, under the command of Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, menaced the frontier of Bohemia; but at the same time that prince received orders to advance to Gros Kugel, and then, turning off upon Leipsic, to take possession of that city: after which, by marching along the Elbe, he might get in the rear of the Saxon forces, cut them off from their supplies, and prevent their junction with the Austrian contingent. This plan was perfectly successful; but as it was a most notorious outrage upon the country of a neutral prince, it instantly called upon the king of Prussia a hostile declaration from almost all the powers of Europe.

Confident in his own resources and his military genius, Frederic, however, proceeded without fear or hesitation. The whole of Saxony was overrun and conquered; the Saxon army encamped near Lilienstein was forced to surrender; and committing every sort of insolent injustice with the most consummate skill, the Prussian monarch opened the war with complete success. In the following campaign, pursuing the same bold measures, he advanced into Bohemia, defeated the Austrians near Prague, and laid siege to that city.

At this period first appeared the celebrated Count Daun in the character of commander-in-chief, and collecting the scattered remains of the Austrian forces, he gathered together a sufficient army near Kolin, to effect a diversion in favour of Prague. The king of Prussia instantly marched to attack him, fought and was defeated. The siege of Prague was immediately raised, and Frederic retreated in haste upon Pirna.

In the mean time an army of observation had been collected on the frontiers of Hanover, to oppose the French, whose purpose of invading that part of the empire had long been sufficiently apparent. This army, however, under the

command of the duke of Cumberland, could effect nothing in presence of the superior French forces, led by the duke de Richelieu; and after being forced to retreat to Stade, a convention was signed by the English commander, by which he agreed to pass the Elbe with the Hanoverian forces, while all the auxiliary corps which formed the strength of his army were sent to their respective countries.

Some time previous to this event a change had taken place in the British ministry, and Mr. Pitt, famous as Lord Chatham, had infused a great degree of vigour and activity into the administration. On his receiving office, he found the affairs of Germany in a very unpromising situation; while France, with immense armies all directed upon one point, overran the whole of Westphalia, and the Austrians pressed the king of Prussia in front. A force sufficiently large to oppose with success the troops of France in Germany, would have taken an immense time to collect and to bring into activity; but a much smaller army might serve by some sudden attack upon France itself, either to gain some important post if unopposed, or create such a diversion in favour of the king of Prussia, as would enable him to extricate himself from his very perilous situation.

This was represented to the ministry, and the plan was immediately embraced. Much, however, depended upon the choice of the spot destined to be the object of attack; for of course, whether the purpose were to acquire a portion of territory, or to effect a diversion, it was necessary that the point of assault should be sufficiently important to merit a struggle and to repay endeavour, and yet sufficiently weak to promise success to the assailants, and rouse the fears of the possessors.

As immense efforts had been made by Louis XV., to raise up the naval power of France to an equality with that of England; and as, under an inefficient administration in London, those efforts had been found but too successful, it became one of the first objects of Mr. Pitt to strike at the growing navy of the French monarch, by the annihilation of some of those ports from which so many fleets had lately issued forth against Great Britain.

Brest and Rochefort had been for some time the two principal towns from which the armaments of France had been poured into the British Channel; and, as the natural

advantages and skilful fortifications of the former rendered attack difficult and success impossible, the attention of the ministry was turned strongly towards Rochefort. Their determination was fixed by the report of a Captain Clerk, who had visited that city, and declared the fortifications to be very insufficient in themselves, as well as totally out of repair; and immediate preparations were made for a naval and military expedition against that city.

Great precautions and deliberations promised success to the undertaking; and an immense mass of information was obtained, both from Captain Clerk, and a French pilot, of the name of Thiery. The most experienced officers in the service were consulted, and amongst the rest Colonel James Wolfe, who, since the conclusion of the late war, had remained without employment in any very distinguished situation, but by no means inactive. His time had been spent in introducing the most exact discipline into Kingsley's regiment, of which he had been appointed lieutenant-colonel; and mingling kindness, generosity, and humanity, with immense personal activity and scrupulous justice, he had succeeded in his endeavour to an extraordinary extent, at a time when the British forces were more celebrated for their courage than their regularity and subordination. His efforts in these respects had not passed without notice; and Mr. Pitt, one of whose great qualities it was to call latent talent into activity, marked and estimated the abilities of Wolfe, and brought him forward into the sphere in which he was most calculated to shine.

Wolfe was amongst those appointed to the expedition against Rochefort; but his rank in the army not permitting him to hold any distinct command, he served under General Sir John Mordaunt, to whom the chief control of the army was entrusted. The fleet, consisting of sixteen sail of the line, and several smaller vessels, was commanded by Admiral Hawke; and the preparations on all parts justified the most sanguine expectations. About ten thousand men were collected at the Isle of Wight, and the whole arrangements of the fleet were complete; but the transports, by some unaccountable neglect, did not arrive for a considerable time after every thing else was in readiness, and the expedition was still at Portsmouth on the 7th of September, 1757.

Secrecy and haste were the two great requisites for the

success of the enterprise ; but delay, besides being detrimental in itself, brought publicity also ; and the French were not only apparently well aware of the preparations of England, but also of the point of attack.

On the 22nd of September the fleet anchored in safety in Basque Roads. After some further time had been lost by calms and baffling winds, the fort on the island of Aix was battered and taken by the squadron under Admiral Knowles ; and the fortifications were afterwards destroyed. During the attack, Colonel Wolfe, who acted as quartermaster-general, proceeded, with the permission of his commander-in-chief, to examine the coast ; and on his return, laid down a plan for pursuing the purposes of the expedition, which, as far as we can now judge, would have proved successful, had it been adopted at once, and followed with energy.

Even at the time, it appeared so feasible to both the commanders, that their approbation was given ; and it seemed decided that some of the vessels of war were to be sent to batter Fort Fouras, which commanded the best landing-place, while the land forces effected their disembarkation. A council of war was, however, called, when a variety of new apprehensions and difficulties were discovered or created ; and doubts were even started, whether the expedition had been intended to make a regular attack upon Rochefort, or any other place of equal strength. Dangers, it appeared, were likely to attend the re-embarkation of the troops in case of failure. Obstacles were minutely calculated. What boldness might achieve was forgotten, and the principal object of the expedition was abandoned. Still a variety of vague schemes for effecting something kept the fleet for some time on the French coast ; till at length Sir Edward Hawke, finding that Sir John Mordaunt and his council of war despaired of producing any benefit by landing, hoisted sail and returned to England.

Indignation spread through the whole country, and the cry became so general that a board of officers was appointed to inquire into the conduct of the commanders of the expedition. That board decided that the cause of failure had been in not attacking Fort Fouras by sea, while the troops effected their landing. This had been the plan of proceeding laid down by Colonel Wolfe ; and therefore, while severe

censure fell upon Sir John Mordaunt, though a court-martial acquitted him of guilt, the character of the inferior officer rose by comparison with the weak, undecisive mind of the commander-in-chief.

The attention of the nation was now fixed upon General Wolfe; and the current of events was hurrying rapidly towards that point where his brief career of glory and greatness may be said to have opened. In America the aspect of British affairs had not been less unfavourable than in Europe. A gallant and enterprising officer, the celebrated Montcalm, was now rapidly turning the succession of petty aggressions by which the war had begun on the part of France into an extensive and successful system of hostility. Unhappily for human nature and his own fame, Montcalm was one of the greatest encouragers of that fearful alliance with the Indians, which mingled the horrid aggravations of savage with the extended means of civilized warfare. Amongst many of the Indian tribes he was personally popular to an extraordinary degree, and the small army of Europeans with which he at first commenced his operations, was constantly accompanied by an immense force of savages, fierce, wild, and blood-thirsty, regarding the infliction of death and torture as sport, unrestrained by law, and unknown to clemency. His first operations were directed against Ontario and Oswego, two forts which had been hurriedly constructed for the defence of the northern possessions of the British in America; and these, by strong and masterly measures on his own part, opposed by feeble and ill-concerted efforts on the part of the British officers, were taken with little difficulty or loss. The next attempt was upon Fort William Henry, situated on Lake George; but after three successive efforts to storm, the French were obliged to abandon their endeavour; and a demonstration made by Lord Loudun upon Louisbourg, called their attention and diverted their endeavours for a time.

From want of union and activity, Lord Loudun's enterprise proved as unsuccessful as all the many schemes of the English during the early part of this war; and as soon as the apprehensions of the French on that side were removed, Monsieur de Montcalm once more turned his arms against Fort William Henry. With an army of ten thousand men, including an immense proportion of Indians, he

advanced upon that fortress, and invested it in form, General Webb, the officer commanding the Anglo-American army, retreating before him with precipitation very near akin to flight. Colonel Monro, however, with a strong garrison and plentiful supplies, remained in the fort; but the fortifications had been neglected; many of the cannon were unfit for service; and though the place was tenable for quite sufficient time to permit General Webb to have marched to its relief, it was evident that it could not hold out many days. Colonel Monro did his duty as far as it was possible, and displayed great energy and courage in defence of his post.

Unfortunately, however, before the end of the fourth day, all the artillery of the fortress had burst, except four small cannon and a howitzer; yet still the defence was kept up in expectation of succour from General Webb, who had retreated for the purpose of raising the militia of the province. Nevertheless, his movements were so slow, and the progress of the enemy so rapid, that by the sixth day of the siege the place was scarcely tenable; and a letter from Webb, intercepted by the marquis of Montcalm, and forwarded to the commander of the fort, decided his purpose of capitulating. The letter admitted of no doubt, and it was to the following effect:—

“FORT EDWARD, *August 4, 12 at noon.*

“SIR,—I am directed by General Webb to acknowledge the receipt of three of your letters, two bearing date nine o'clock yesterday morning, and one about six in the evening, by two rangers, which are the only men who have got in here; except two yesterday morning with your first, acquainting him that the enemy were in sight. He has ordered me to acquaint you, he does not think it prudent (as you know his strength at this place) to attempt a junction, or to assist you, till reinforced by the militia of the colonies, for the immediate march of which expresses have been sent. One of our scouts brought in a Canadian prisoner last night from the investing party, which is very large, and have possessed all the grounds five miles on this side of Fort William Henry. The number of the enemy is very considerable; the prisoners say eleven thousand; and have a large train of artillery with mortars, and were to open their batteries this day. The general thought proper to send you this intelligence, that in case he should be so unfortunate, from the delays of the militia, not to have it in his power to give you timely assistance, you might be able to make the best terms left in your power. The bearer is a sergeant of the Connecticut forces; and if he is happy enough to get in, will bring advices.

from you. We keep continual scouts going, to endeavour to get in, or to bring intelligence from you. I am, Sir, with the heartiest and most anxious wishes for your welfare,

“ Your most obedient humble servant,

“ G. BARTMAN, Aide-de-camp.”

This curious composition was not sufficiently faulty in grammar to leave a doubt of General Webb's determination to abandon the fort to its fate; and Colonel Monro accordingly capitulated on the most honourable conditions. The marquis of Montcalm received the fort, and the garrison marched out; but, by what mismanagement it is difficult to say, the Indians of the French army were suffered to fall upon the gallant though unsuccessful defenders of Fort William Henry, and a tragedy took place too horrible to relate in its details. Thirteen hundred men, besides a multitude of women and children, were butchered, with every aggravation of savage cruelty, and a deed was recorded on the page of history which the annals of the world can never match in barbarity. To cast the whole blame of this horrid cruelty on Montcalm would be unjust; for doubtless it was not his intention to deliver over his unhappy opponents to butchery by his savage allies: but wholly to exculpate him would be equally unjust; for he should not have granted a capitulation that he was not able to maintain, and should have died himself rather than endanger the security of men, whose trust was in his honour, and in the law of nations.

At this period the French power was predominant in America; and the loss of the whole British dominions appeared the inevitable result. The proposed expedition of Lord Loudun and Admiral Holbourne had entirely failed; and the possession of the greater lakes, together with the friendship of the principal Indian tribes, gave the French complete command of the country. An attack upon Louisbourg, however, still occupied the attention of the government, and early in 1758 a better concerted scheme was formed, and preparations on a greater scale were undertaken. General Abercrombie was appointed commander-in-chief of the land forces in America; but Admiral Boscawen was intrusted with supreme authority in regard to the expedition against Louisbourg itself. Twenty-three ships of the line, and several frigates, formed the fleet; and 12,000 men, well officered and appointed, constituted the

army. The senior military officer in the expedition was General Amherst; but amongst several other brigadier-generals, General Wolfe was appointed to this service, and sailed with the fleet, which arrived at Halifax on the 9th of May, 1758.

No time was now lost. Admiral Boscawen himself was an active and intelligent officer, and he had several others under him, to prompt energy and to lead to action. As soon as the stores were completed at Halifax, the fleet again sailed for Louisbourg, and arrived off Cape Breton on the 2nd of June. The place of landing proposed was Gabarus Bay, a convenient spot for the disembarkation of troops, about seven leagues to the west of the city; but upon its being reconnoitred by Generals Wolfe and Laurence, it was found to be defended by a strong line of the enemy's posts and batteries, extending along the coast to the extreme point of the bay. These unfavourable circumstances raised hesitation and alarm in the minds of many of the officers; and the event of the expedition against Rochefort might have followed that against Louisbourg, had not the character of Boscawen himself been of decided and active nature. After waiting for several days on account of the weather, the disembarkation was commanded in a cove, since called Kennington Cove, which was defended by two batteries and an intrenched camp. Besides these fortifications, all the landing-places had been furnished with a breast-work, mounting both heavy cannon and large swivels, and maintained by about 3,000 men; while the sides of the cove, flanked with artillery, were masked by an immense number of trees, so arranged as to offer an almost impenetrable barrier of branches to the attacking force, while they permitted the fire of the defending party to tell with severe effect upon the boats and point of disembarkation.

The British forces were disposed in three divisions. The first, under General Laurence, was destined to attempt a disembarkation in the cove; another body, commanded by General Whitmore, was directed to divert the enemy's efforts by a feigned landing on the right; while General Wolfe endeavoured to effect a real disembarkation on the left. The troops under his orders consisted principally of two distinct classes of soldiers, which that war had called up, and which were unknown in any other country: these were

the American light infantry—a corps of marksmen dressed so as to pass through the woods as easily and secretly as possible, in light green or blue jackets and pantaloons, with large ruffs of bear skin round their necks; and the company of rangers—an irregular body of bold and reckless men, practised in the desultory warfare of the woods, fearless of themselves, and unsparing towards others. Besides these, however, General Wolfe was supported by a Highland regiment, and a regiment of grenadiers.

The boats collected about four o'clock under the guns of the fleet; and very soon, supported by a tremendous cannonade from the principal ships of war, they rowed off towards the shore. Almost as soon as they came within musket-shot, the batteries opened upon them so severe a fire, especially through the forest-work to the left, against which General Wolfe was advancing, that he was obliged to abandon the attempt on that point, and row towards the right of the cove. Notwithstanding the shower of grape and red-hot shot with which the enemy assailed them, Wolfe found his men undaunted, and eager to land; and he himself, cheering them on, declared his intention to force his way wherever the boats could touch without being sunk. At length, on a rocky shore a little to the right of the cove, a handful of the light infantry effected their landing; and Wolfe himself, springing into the midst of a tremendous surf, rushed on to take advantage of this first success. Such an example is never lost upon an army. The soldiers followed, in contempt of every danger and difficulty; a great many boats were stove and upset by the very hurry and eagerness of the men. But the landing had commenced; the other generals and the rest of the army followed to the spot; regiment after regiment was disembarked; every difficulty of a rocky coast and a steep ascent was overcome; and the English rushed on upon the French lines, with the excitement of fresh triumph and the confidence of coming success.

The French had relied upon the natural and artificial defences of the coast to prevent the landing of an enemy; but when they found that enemy overcoming difficulties which they had fancied insuperable, and, flushed with fortunate endeavour, pouring in upon them with redoubled ardour, discouragement and panic seized them, and after a

very short struggle, they abandoned their entrenchments, and fled to the woods. Pursuit, however, followed them; and, while one division of the army kept the ground and secured the sea-coast, Generals Wolfe and Laurence swept the country with their troops, and drove the French out of the forests and morasses in which they had sought shelter, till the cannon of Louisbourg put a stop to the chase at ten o'clock on the following morning. The woods and open grounds being thus alike clear, the whole army advanced upon the city, the commander of which, finding himself about to undergo a regular siege, destroyed the buildings round about, and as far as possible, laid the country waste.

The fortifications of Louisbourg were remarkably strong; and the nature of the soil—which, being of a soft and marshy character, rendered the approaches difficult—as well as the rocky shore, the strong surf over which often cut off the communication between the besieging army and fleet, added natural advantages to the artificial strength of the place. The garrison consisted of about three thousand men; and five French ships of the line lay in the harbour. At the same time, a considerable force in Canada was always near, to relieve the place or to annoy the assailants. The siege, therefore, promised to be one of considerable difficulty and duration; and, prior to any other measure, the British camp was fortified with redoubts and epaulments, to guard against attack. The first movement of any importance was the detachment of General Wolfe, with about two thousand men, to proceed round the northern harbour, and attack a projecting neck of land, on which a lighthouse had been erected. This point commanded a small island battery, which gave considerable annoyance to the besiegers; but, though slightly fortified itself, it was abandoned on the approach of General Wolfe, who instantly raised batteries upon it, from which he silenced the fire from the island. The ships in the harbour, however, still kept up a continual cannonade on the English camp; and to fortify the town on the water-side, the commanding officer caused several small vessels to be sunk at the mouth of the port, so as to guard against the possibility of an entrance being effected by the British fleet.

At the same time he did everything that was in his

power to weaken the enemy's force, and to retard the works which, under the active management of Wolfe, were each day pushed forward farther against the town. By the 13th of the month, the approaches had advanced within six hundred and fifty yards of the town, and General Wolfe erected four batteries to batter in breach, and a mortar battery; while, pushing forward with unceasing energy, he reached a line of heights which commanded the harbour, and there effected a lodgment, notwithstanding the most severe fire which the army had yet encountered. Whether by the shells from this position, or from some accident, it is now impossible to ascertain, but a few days after these heights had been gained, one of the men-of-war in the harbour blew up, and the two nearest took fire and burned to the water's edge. Not long afterwards, the bombardment produced the same effect in the citadel; and the two remaining French men-of-war being attacked by the boats of the English fleet, one was taken and the other burned. Several practicable breaches were now apparent, the defences of the place were ruined, no possibility existed of its holding out much longer, and no succours seemed likely to arrive. Under these circumstances, the Chevalier de Drucour, who commanded in the town, feeling that he had done his duty to the utmost, and that further resistance would be a cruel waste of human life, proposed to capitulate, and endeavoured to obtain leave to march out with the honours of war. This, however, was refused by Admiral Boscawen, as the state to which the defences were reduced did not admit of resistance; and the garrison were in consequence obliged to surrender at discretion, the governor at the same time giving up the two islands of Cape Breton and St. John's, which had been united under his command.

This stroke entirely changed the face of the French affairs in America; but its influence in Europe was even greater; for the English nation, who had been formerly disgusted with the very name of American warfare, where loss and disgrace had alone attended our arms, now restored to confidence in the measures pursued, were eager to follow up victory and to improve success. Of the fate and glory of General Wolfe also, this expedition was decisive. He had first effected the landing; to him had all the great measures of the siege been entrusted; and on him, in consequence,

fell the honour of the triumph. His activity, his energy, his courage, his skill, were in the mouth of every one; and the minister himself, prepossessed in his favour, had the good sense to see that in this instance popular applause was justified by individual merit. To Admiral Boscawen, as commander-in-chief of the expedition, and one to whose able and decisive measures much of its success was attributable, the House of Commons passed a general vote of thanks; but the principal station in the next great effort against the French in America was assigned to General Wolfe. During the attack upon Louisbourg, a diversion had been effected in favour of the army employed in that enterprise, by the march of General Abercrombie upon Ticonderoga. Opposed by Montcalm in person, Abercrombie had been defeated; but various detachments from his army had effected several important objects, and regained at least as much as former misconduct and misfortune had lost. Though, in sketching the life of an individual, I must not permit myself to wander from the subject, the names of Forbes and Bradstreet are not to be passed over without honourable notice. The one, by the most difficult march that perhaps ever was undertaken, wrested from the French the key to Philadelphia, and secured the frontier of that province; and the other, by a rapid and masterly movement, destroyed the French forts and shipping which commanded the communication of Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence, and kept the communication between Canada and the French forces in the south.

To pursue all these advantages, and finally to extinguish the power of France in America, Mr. Pitt conceived the great and masterly plan of carrying the war into Canada and striking one vigorous and decisive blow for the very capital of the enemy's western dominion. Situated on the St. Lawrence, with a magnificent harbour, and facilities which no other city in the world possesses, Quebec was a conquest worthy of enterprise. At that time its fortifications were not strong; but, as the possession of Quebec would almost decide the long struggle between the two crowns in America, it was natural to suppose that every method would be taken to defend it. For the purpose of insuring success to the operations against Quebec, General Amherst, who was at New York, was directed to march

against the city, endeavouring to make himself master of Ticonderoga, while General Prideaux afforded a diversion by attacking Niagara and Montreal. At the same time General Wolfe, with as strong an army as could be spared, was to sail from Europe to join in the attack of the Canadian capital.

A fleet, consisting of twenty-one ships of the line, set sail in the end of February, 1759, to convey General Wolfe and an army of seven thousand men to the scene of action, and to second the endeavours of the land forces.

On arriving at Louisbourg, the general rendezvous, however, the fleet found the coast so blocked up with ice, that its destination was necessarily changed, and some time was consumed at Halifax. In the mean while, no doubt existing as to the purpose of the English preparations, every effort was made by the French government to secure the capital of their American dominion. Montcalm, whose arms had always as yet been successful against the English, had marched down to Quebec, and intrenched himself, with twelve thousand men, along the shores of the St. Lawrence, with his right communicating with the town, and his left resting on the tremendous falls of the Montmorency. In front every means was taken to strengthen his position, which was naturally defended by an extensive sandbank in the river; and his rear was guarded by thick woods, which offered an impenetrable barrier.

Fresh reinforcements, provisions, and military stores, had arrived in abundance from France; and time had been found for the construction of a number of gunboats and floating batteries. Besides these, the port and city were defended by two bastions and a demi-bastion, cut in the rock; with a citadel and a high battery of twenty-five guns; a variety of defences on the river St. Charles, which lay between it and the intrenched camp of Montcalm; and a double *tête-du-pont*, with several other works, to guard the bridge of boats which formed the communication between the city and the army. A number of other fortifications were constructed on the land side, and the steep and irregular nature of the country added greatly to its strength.

It was not till the 27th of June that the British army arrived before Quebec; but by that time the weather was

fair, and their landing was effected without difficulty on the Isle of Orleans, an island which divides the St. Lawrence a few miles to the eastward of Quebec. General Wolfe then proceeded to survey the ground; but he found the fortifications of the city so much stronger than he had been led to expect, the defending force so much superior to his anticipations, and the difficulties presented by the shores of the river so great, that deep despondency seems to have taken possession of his mind; and his letters to Mr. Pitt breathe feelings near akin to despair. Nothing like despair, however, appeared in his actions; and from the moment of his arrival he applied himself, with all the native energy of his character, to overcome the unexpected obstacles that presented themselves. His first care was to secure possession of the western point of the island, and of the banks of the river opposite Quebec; which was effected, though not without many attempts on the part of the French, both to frustrate his operations by land, and to burn the fleet by rafts of combustibles and fireships.

The activity of Wolfe, and the caution and vigilance of Admiral Holmes, defeated every endeavour of the enemy; and before the 1st of July, the British were firmly established in the two points which they had chosen. No news, however, had arrived of General Amherst, on whose junction with the forces of General Wolfe the government had calculated for success. The few troops that Wolfe had with him seemed totally incompetent for the undertaking, and the French governor of Canada very openly sneered at the petty force with which Britain strove for the conquest of so extensive a country.

With that self-confidence which genius generally possesses, and which has no affinity either to vanity or to rashness, Wolfe determined to proceed in the attempt alone, without waiting for aid which might be delayed till the moment of fortune was past, and which, indeed, he never expected in time. His first measures were to summon the governor of Quebec, at the same time announcing that it was the express command of the British monarch that the Indian barbarities which had hitherto disgraced American warfare should on no account be perpetrated by any forces under his command, and demanding that the same orders

might be given out to the French army and its auxiliaries. He also published a proclamation, addressed to the Canadian colonists, assuring them of protection, as far as possible, in their persons, property, and religion, if they remained quiet; and he then immediately began the operations against Quebec.

Point Levy, on which Wolfe had established a part of his forces, was within range of Quebec, and batteries being erected there with great speed, the lower town was soon destroyed, and its defences ruined; but the means of communication with the upper town, which commanded it, were so defensible, from the nature of the ground and the precautions of the enemy, that the English general found nothing would be gained by an attack upon the lower city, even if successful, and therefore determined to draw the forces of Montcalm into an action, if possible, as the only means of reducing the place.

Accordingly, on the 9th of July, General Wolfe passed his men from the island of Orleans to the mainland on the enemy's left; and took up a position only separated from them by the river and falls of Montmorency. An attempt was made to cut a path through the woods which covered the rear of the French army, but that plan was found impracticable, and the party sent to reconnoitre were defeated and slaughtered by the Indians. The next project entertained was to cross the river Montmorency, and attack the marquis de Montcalm in flank; but all the fords were found to be so strongly defended, that no possibility of doing so appeared without consequent defeat.

Baffled in every point below the town, Wolfe now determined to attempt a landing above; which must either have given him a command of the place, or have drawn Montcalm out of his intrenchments for the purpose of defending the capital. On the attempt being made, however, the shore was found so guarded with precipices, and the enemy so well prepared in that quarter also, that it was abandoned as impracticable; and Wolfe determined to risk all, and attack the enemy in their intrenchments. Montcalm's camp occupied the heights which ran along the shores of the river; but at the mouth of the Montmorency were two batteries, and upon a low bay, apparently out of musket-shot of his main position, was a detached redoubt. Wolfe

now determined upon endeavouring to make himself master of this insulated post, hoping that the attack upon it might draw Montcalm out of his intrenchments to support it, and thus bring on a general engagement. If, on the contrary, that general abandoned it, the fords of the river would be rendered comparatively easy, and the attack on his camp greatly facilitated.

All was, in consequence, prepared for the attempt. The army was divided into two bodies; and while Wolfe himself led the attack upon the redoubt, General Townsend was ordered to pass the ford whenever the other troops were landed. One of the men-of-war was stationed to cannonade the battery which flanked the ford; and the French intrenchments were at the same time enfiladed by the fire of some pieces of artillery raised on the heights to the left of the Montmorency.

Several causes, however, combined to defeat the attempt. The redoubt was found to be commanded by the camp, which had been supposed not to be the case. The boats stuck upon a ledge of rock, which caused considerable delay and confusion; and when at length the landing was effected, the grenadiers, who were first on shore, galled by the enemy's fire, instead of forming to attack, supported by the regiments that followed, ran on at once in confusion upon the intrenchments, and suffered dreadfully in consequence. Before all these accidents could be remedied, it was too late to pursue the attempt, and a retreat was ordered, which Montcalm did not attempt to interrupt. Wolfe returned to his former position; and it would now have seemed that everything which courage, ingenuity, and even perseverance, could do, had been done, to carry into execution the undertaking with which he was charged.

But to those qualities which deserve success Wolfe joined that strong determination of purpose which generally obtains it; and though the repeated checks that he had met with, the fatigues he had undergone, and the difficulties he had still to encounter, depressed his spirits, and even severely affected his corporeal health, he resolved not to give up the enterprise as long as a possibility remained of carrying it to a happy conclusion. He sent despatches to England, giving an account of all his efforts, and their want of success; and though all at home applauded his endea-

vours, yet no sanguine expectations were entertained of their result.

The project of a landing above the town was once more entertained; and though the opinion of almost all the officers was still influenced against it, by the aspect of the heights which they had to surmount before they could gain a defensible position, yet Wolfe determined upon the endeavour, and took every means for rendering it effectual. Several days were now employed in various manœuvres for deceiving the enemy, and transporting the troops towards the spot destined for their general rendezvous. This was some distance above the place intended for landing. A movement was then made by the fleet, for the purpose of blinding the French general to the true point of attack; and before daylight on the morning of the 12th September, the troops, being embarked in flat-bottomed boats, began dropping down with the tide towards Quebec. The divisions of Generals Monkton and Murray were the first which landed; but their descent had been unobserved, and the other regiments soon followed. The rapidity of the current, however, had carried the boats some distance below the spot intended for disembarkation, and before them lay a steep ascent, broken by wood, the summit of which was known by the name of the Heights of Abraham.

The movements of the ships on the preceding evening had so far answered the purpose of deceiving the enemy, that these heights were only defended by a captain's detachment, and a few Indians and Canadian riflemen scattered through the wood. The light infantry, who were the first on shore, immediately scrambled up the steep, keeping up an irregular fire with the Indians in the bushes; and, after a short struggle, succeeded in forcing the post on the top of the hill that commanded the narrow and precipitous path by which alone the troops could advance.

Up this path Wolfe now led his army; and had the enemy been prepared to defend it properly, the advance of the British would have been impossible, for the difficulties of the way were in themselves sufficient to have deterred many a less enterprising officer from the attempt. One gun alone could be carried up, and that was effected with great and extraordinary labour by a detachment of seamen from the fleet. Wolfe was himself amongst the first at the top of

the heights, and immediately proceeding to examine the movements of the enemy, he perceived that his landing had effected its great purpose, and that Montcalm was advancing out of his intrenchments to give him battle.

Having collected all his forces, as soon as the firing and the appearance of the English on the heights announced their having effected a landing, the French general proceeded across the river St. Charles, by the bridge of boats, and marched directly to the attack of Wolfe, as the only means left of saving the town. Some bushes and shrubby ground in the front, as well as the hedges of a little garden on the right of their advance, the French lined with a considerable body of Indians and riflemen, which kept up a galling fire upon the English lines. General Wolfe, however, had by this time taken up his position, and formed his army, the advanced posts of which returned the Indian shot, though the main body had been strictly ordered to reserve their fire till the enemy were within forty yards. The only cannon which had been drawn up the height, was directed against the approaching columns of the enemy, and, being served with great precision and activity, annoyed them much in their march.

As he advanced, Montcalm extended his line, with the intention of outflanking the left of the English position; but General Townsend was immediately ordered to make a corresponding movement; and forming his men what was then called *en potence*, so as to present a double front, he neutralized the enemy's effort in that quarter. At the same time a detachment of light infantry were thrown into some houses on the extreme left, and a copse towards the rear, to keep in check a body of Indians, which had advanced considerably beyond the rest of the French line.

The enemy approached steadily and quickly, firing as they came up; but, according to the general order, the British troops reserved their fire till the distance between the armies was narrowed to forty yards, when, pouring it rapidly into the French line, they threw the advancing columns into some confusion. At that moment Wolfe gave the order to charge, and was leading on the Louisbourg grenadiers to attack the enemy with the bayonet, when he received a wound in his wrist, to which he paid no further attention than by wrapping his handkerchief round it. An

instant after, however, a second shot passed through his body, and before he fell, a third entered his right breast. He dropped immediately, and was carried insensible to the rear. The troops still pressed on, and General Monkton, the second in command, who was leading on another regiment of grenadiers, fell, severely wounded, a moment after. The French wavered, and while their officers were making immense exertions to keep them to their ground, Montcalm was killed in the centre of the line. Nearly at the same moment each of the British regiments closed with their adversaries. The bayonets of the grenadiers drove the enemy in confusion down the slope; the Scotch regiments threw away their muskets and drew their broadswords; the French dispersed in every direction, and the cry, "They run! They run!" echoed over the field.

Wolfe had lain without speech, and though he apparently revived from time to time, yet he never raised his head, and scarcely had animation returned for an instant before he again fainted away. At the moment when the French were finally put to flight, however, he was lying seemingly insensible; but at that cry "They run! they run!" his eyes opened, and looking up, he demanded eagerly, "Who run?"

"The French!" was the reply; "they are in full flight down the hill." "Then I thank God," said the general; "I die contented;" and with those words upon his lips General Wolfe expired.

To estimate the value of Wolfe's exertions on this great occasion, the fruits of his victory on the Heights of Abraham must be considered; and though he died on that field, his biography cannot exactly cease at the same period. His spirit lived after him in the consequences of what his life had achieved.

After the fall of General Monkton, the chief command devolved upon General Townsend, and he immediately proceeded from the left, where he had been in command, to the centre and the right, where pursuit had induced some confusion. At the same moment a fresh body of French troops, from Cape Rouge, appeared in the British rear; but being opposed by two battalions, and seeing the posture of affairs, they retreated in good order, and were left unpursued. Though defeated and dispersed, the enemy were still

considerably superior in number to the British forces; and General Townsend proceeded with wise caution, to reap the fruits of what Wolfe had won by persevering boldness. His first undertaking was to fortify his camp upon the heights, and he then prepared to attack the town. Batteries were consequently erected, and Admiral Saunders brought his vessels into such a position as enabled him to cannonade the city from the water. These demonstrations were sufficient to induce the French governor, Monsieur de Ramsay, to demand terms of capitulation, which were the more willingly granted, as the scattered forces of Montcalm were rallying in every direction, and fresh troops were reported to be coming down from Montreal. On the 18th of September the town capitulated, and was immediately garrisoned by five thousand English troops.

At that time very great enterprises were achieved by very small forces; and the number of men employed on both sides, in the town, armies, and shipping, did not amount to thirty thousand. The loss of the English in the battle was stated to be six hundred and fifty in killed and wounded, while that of the French was calculated at fifteen hundred. Notwithstanding the small number of men which appeared for the purpose of defending Quebec against the still smaller number of English, the French, in order to furnish that force, had been obliged not only to call their most successful generals from the south, but had also been forced to withdraw a considerable part of their troops. This necessity greatly weakened the army which covered Montreal; and, consequently, General Amherst was enabled, notwithstanding the factious delays of the provincial governments, to make considerable advances on the side of New York while the struggle for Quebec was proceeding. Ticonderoga was abandoned at his approach, and Crown Point, which had often proved a favourable and useful post to the French, fell into the hands of the British troops. At the same time General Prideaux, with some English and colonial troops, and Sir William Johnson with a body of Indians, advanced upon the fort at Niagara. General Prideaux was accidentally killed by a shot from his own guns; and while waiting the arrival of General Gage, despatched by Amherst to take the command, news reached the army that a French officer, with two thousand regular troops and a large force

of Indians, was marching to the relief of Niagara. Sir William Johnson immediately advanced to meet the enemy, and after a severe conflict of an hour, in which more than three thousand Indians were engaged on both sides, the French were completely defeated, and all their principal officers taken prisoners.

The garrison of Niagara surrendered immediately afterwards; and the campaign of that year ended, leaving the whole of Canada open to the arms of the English. In the following year the French made one great effort for the recovery of Quebec, and General Murray, with more courage than prudence, quitted the city and offered them battle. The English troops were defeated, and forced to retreat into the city; but the arrival of a fleet in the St. Lawrence obliged the French to raise the siege, and abandon the attempt with considerable loss. At the same time General Amherst resumed his march for Montreal, before which city he arrived without much difficulty; various bodies of troops from other spots were concentrated on the same point, and the marquis de Vaudreuil, governor of Canada, found himself obliged to treat for the surrender of the whole province. He struggled hard, however, for the most favourable terms; and obtained more than he could have expected. General Amherst behaved with great firmness; and many of the French proposals, which tended to invalidate the integrity of the conquest, were steadily rejected, notwithstanding a great deal of manœuvring and diplomacy by which the governor attempted to effect his object. The capitulation was ultimately signed on the 8th of September, 1760, and the battle of the Heights of Abraham was crowned by the acquisition of the whole of Canada.

After that glorious victory, the body of General Wolfe was carried to England in the *Royal William* man-of-war, and landed at Portsmouth, where the enthusiastic reverence which mankind are more inclined to feel for dead than for living worth, offered every honour to the clay of the hero. His father, also a general officer, had lived to see his son rise high in the profession which he had chosen, and tread a path of rapid glory; but died shortly before Wolfe had taken the last step in his brief and bright career. He had been buried at Greenwich, and on the arrival of the conqueror's body from Quebec, the grave of the father was

opened to receive the remains of the son. A cenotaph was erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey, and another at his native place, Westerham, in Kent. The pen and the pencil were employed to describe his exploits and portray his death; and seldom has a whole country joined in such zealous applause and universal regret.

It rarely indeed happens that so short a life—not four-and-thirty years—has been able to comprise such great actions, and to acquire such a mighty name; but Wolfe died in the happy moment of success; and the consequences of his achievements proved the best comment on their importance. Nor was the voice of a great orator and noble-minded man wanting to do full justice to the merits of the dead officer. Lord Chatham, then Mr. Pitt, in moving an address to the king, to petition that a monument might be erected to Wolfe in Westminster Abbey, pronounced a splendid panegyric upon the man by whose courage, perseverance, skill, and talent one of his own greatest schemes had been conducted to complete success. The voice of the whole nation seconded the appeal of the minister; and bright amidst the immensity of lying epitaphs and vain mausoleums, which in all ages and all countries have attributed supposititious virtues to the dead, the marble to Wolfe is a true monument of national applause, recording qualities that existed, triumphed, and were valued as they deserved. Contemporary praise paid every tribute to his memory, and passing years—those tell-tale discoverers of hidden frailties—have detected no flaw in his noble reputation. Had he lived longer, fortune it is true might have changed, his schemes might have failed, his exertions proved ineffectual; but still Wolfe would have been a great man. As it was, kind, generous, liberal, brave, talented, enthusiastic, he lived beloved and admired for his short space of being, went on through existence from success to success, and then, like the setting sun of a summer's day, he sank with the blaze of his glory all about him.

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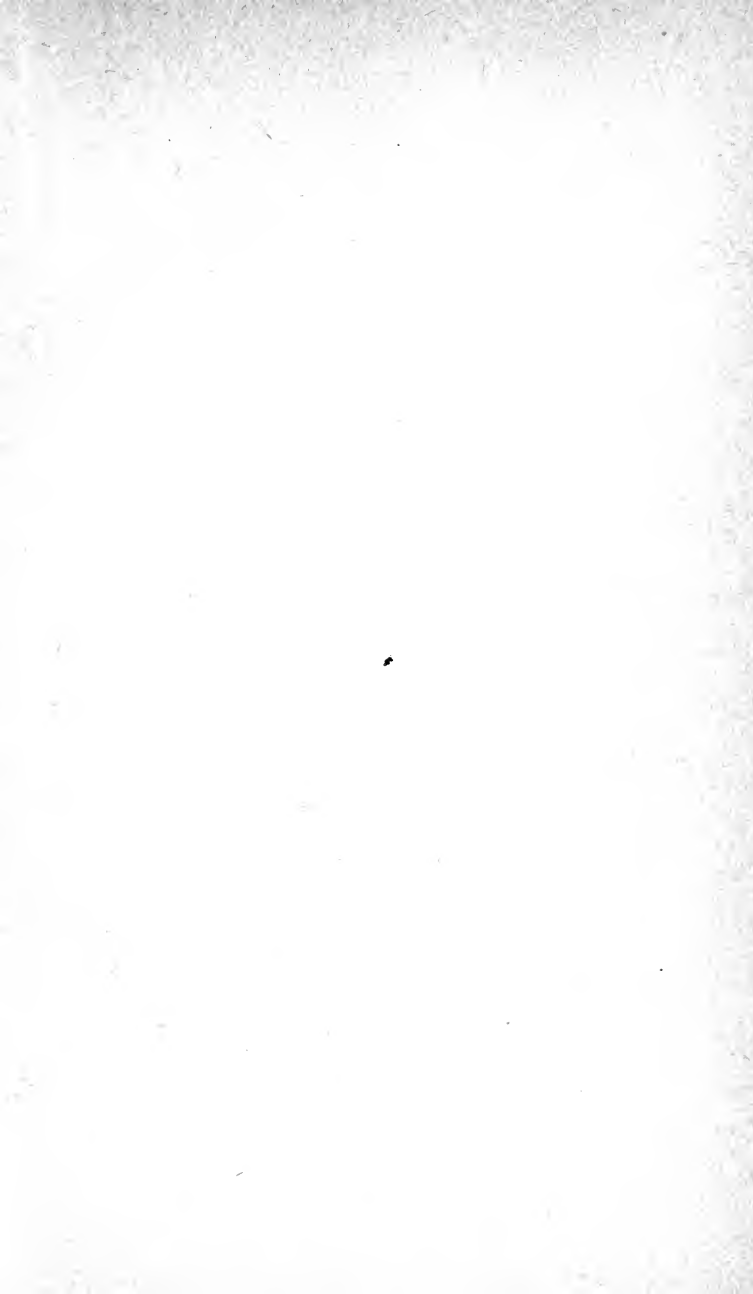
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